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Relationship:

[Derek Hale/Stiles Stilinski](#), [Aiden/Stiles Stilinski](#), [others](#), [Isaac Lahey/Scott McCall](#)

Character:

[Stiles Stilinski](#), [Sheriff Stilinski](#), [Talia Hale](#), [Derek Hale](#), [Isaac Lahey](#), [Jackson Whittemore](#),  
[Allison Argent](#), [Aiden \(Teen Wolf\)](#), [Ethan \(Teen Wolf\)](#), [Kali \(Teen Wolf\)](#), [Deucalion \(Teen](#)  
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## Forced to Bear

by [Rikudemyx](#)

### Summary

Stiles is an Omega who is the lifetime mate of Derek, but when he is kidnapped and forced to be with Aiden, he must find a way to break free and be with Derek again. There's just one thing...Henry.

### Notes

MTV owns everything.

This is NOT the prequel to Movie, I had to put that on temporary hiatus due to a hard drive error.

WARNING: Please read the tags very carefully before you precede, I've said it before, but this will be my darkest fic, yet. Everything in the tags \*will\* happen, and I am not responsible if this story offends you. This fic was the result of a req I made to myself:

"What if Derek and Stiles raised a kid, but Derek wasn't the father?" Naturally, I made it dark, because that's what I do. This fic is not for the faint hearted and comes with so many trigger warning, you'll think



that you're in a gun store. I promise to add more tags when a chapter will deal with it.

This seems like it's similar to I Need a Hero, but there are some major differences.

Don't hate me.

I understand if some of my readers don't want to read this, but I'm hoping that those of you who do will like it.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

# Henry

## Stiles

Stiles had known that he and Derek were mates for as far back as he could remember. Stiles was an Omega, a very rare thing in the world, and his father and Derek had never let him forget that he was special and treasured. Females could, of course have children, but to have an Omega was a sign of prestige and respect among many people.

*Six years old.*

*“What are you doing?” Derek asked, watching Stiles with a cocked head.*

*“I’m making you dinner. If I’m going to be your Omega, I have to learn to take care of you.” Stiles said, climbing the counter to get the cereal from the cupboard. Stiles had spent the day in school learning about the roles of the different types of werewolves. He had been told that Alphas were meant to guard and lead the pack, Betas were meant to support their Alpha, and Omegas were meant to care for the pack. It violated the beliefs that his father and Derek’s mother; Talia had instilled in him, but Stiles didn’t see why the nice Mrs. Shirley would lie to him.*

*Stiles turned around when he felt Derek pulling at his shirt. He had always worried about Stiles’ safety, and Stiles expected another lecture as to why he shouldn’t climb things, but Derek’s words were much different.*

*“You’re my mate, Stiles, which means we take care of each other. You know what our parents say.” He said, and Stiles nodded.*

*“Omegas are just Alphas that can have children.” Stiles said. “But, Mrs. Shirley-.”*



*“Mrs. Shirley has no idea what she’s talking about.” Derek interrupted.  
“Change your eyes.”*

*Stiles complied, and Derek turned him towards the chrome fridge.*

*“See? Red, Stiles, just like me and my mom and your dad. Now, jump up and down.”*

*Stiles cocked his head. “Why?” He asked.*

*“If you weren’t an Alpha, you wouldn’t be able to ignore an Alpha. So, the next time that Mrs. Shirley tries to tell you who you are, ignore her.*

The years passed much like that, with Stiles being at time revered and at time ridiculed for what he was, but Derek never let him forget that he was loved and that one day they would be a family together. A pack with two Alphas.

When Stiles hit puberty, his life was changed. Though he had known what to expect, his first heat was one of the scariest moments in his life. The slick making its way down his thighs, the fever, the need for something that he couldn’t find, all of it was horrifying, and the worst part had certainly been when John had banned Derek from the house.

His heat brought about the dawn of a new era in his life. An era he derogatorily referred to as Fascist Protectionism. Stiles had read about teenage rebellion, and his surfaced with a vengeance whenever anyone reminded him not to go out on his own.

It had led to his first fight with Derek.

*Fourteen years old.*

*“Where were you?” Derek shouted, when Stiles arrived at his front door.*

*“I went out with Danny, Jungle has a young wolf night.” Stiles replied, tossing his cigarette onto the pavement and crushing it.*

*Derek eyes bulged in his head and flashed red. Stiles didn't cower to the growl, though, he changed his own eyes in response.*

*"Stiles, your heat was only two days ago, I can still smell it on you."*

*"Good for me. Jungle has bouncers for a reason. No one did anything that could be considered untoward."*

*"That doesn't matter! Don't you know what could happen if the right Alpha caught your scent? He'd...He could take you away."*

*"I'd give him hell." Stiles replied, elongating his claws and his fangs.*

*Derek slammed the side of his fist into a tree in the yard, making it quiver, before turning his back.*

*"You don't understand, Stiles. It doesn't matter to them. Some Alphas take whatever they want, and you're strong, babe, you really are, but if an Alpha decides that he wants you...it wouldn't be enough, and I...I wouldn't be able to live without you, Stiles. If something happened, I would be lost."*

*He turned back around and pulled Stiles into a hug, which Stiles melted into, because it was Derek, and Stiles had a hard time denying him the physical contact that they both craved.*

*"You're not just my mate, you're also my anchor, my rock, and my whole world, Stiles." Derek breathed into his ear. "It's not that I don't want to lose you, it's that I can't. Life isn't worth living without you."*

*"I was safe, I promise. And Danny was with me."*

*"Danny is a Beta, and-."*

*"Would die to defend me, Derek. If you're going to sit here and pout, though...I promise not to go out so close to my heat."*

*Stiles knew it wasn't exactly what Derek wanted, but he wasn't a child, and he had spent years, hearing assurances that he was equal to Derek, that*



*couldn't change just because he had an estrus cycle.*

They had arguments, of course they did, couples fought, but at the end of the day, they remembered what was important. They compromised and discussed, and ended up agreeing that Stiles was indeed equal to Derek, and therefore it wasn't Derek's place to tell him what he could not do. And the moment Derek started requesting that Stiles do a specific thing rather than demanding it, Stiles agreed to be more prudent in his activities.

Their teenage years were spent in an odd arrangement. Stiles and Derek were not mature enough to raise children, and so had to remain separated during his heats, but otherwise were free to spend time with each other, including nights.

Stiles lost his virginity to Derek as Derek did to Stiles. Derek never demanded that he always be the active partner, and as long as Stiles wasn't at risk of getting pregnant, John and Talia accepted it as a result of two people being mated and the sexual nature that came with being a werewolf.

The ideology that Stiles had been raised with was not forbidden, but it was unorthodox. Sometimes it ended up as a burden.

He was the only Omega in Beacon Hills, and as a result was forced to attend a weekly class, headed by Ken Yukimura, to teach him how to keep a support a pack. Ken was a very nice man, but Stiles felt isolated in the room, especially considering that he had no desire or need to learn how to clean and cook for a pack, when Derek had always told him that every member of a pack helped to support it.

Derek's pack was one that had been growing throughout the years. Acquaintances became friends, and friends became pack mates, it was a relatively new idea in the werewolf world. Fifty years earlier, most packs had been inherited, but with time, it had led to bitter rivalries and exclusionary policies.

Stiles preferred the new way. Scott, Allison, Danny, Ethan, Lydia, and Jackson were all great friends of his. They had grown up together, and the

bond that they shared was, in Stiles' opinion, stronger than if they had all been forced to be pack because they were the children of John or Talia's pack.

Another new trend that Derek had accepted gracefully was the idea of 'lesser Alphas' within a pack. Ethan was an Alpha, and by rights could form his own pack and lead them. He deferred to Derek and Stiles' authority, though.

Things seemed to be going well, enough until the day that Stiles turned twenty.

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"Daddy?" Henry's voice snapped Stiles from his thoughts.

Stiles turned, ignoring the protests of his wounds and smiled at his two year old son.

"Hey, kiddo." He said, his voice raspy. "What are you doing in here?" Stiles didn't move too quickly, but he covered his body with the blanket, including the chain that kept him bound to the bed.

"I thought you might like to see our son, Stiles." The man's voice made Stiles cringe, as it had every day for the past two years. "After last week's outburst, he's been crying for you."

The referenced "outburst" had been Stiles' quiet taking of contraceptives to keep himself from experiencing his heat. It was against the rules in the home, and Stiles knew that, but he couldn't stand to go through another heat where he would be forced to have sex, again.

"Thank you." Stiles whispered, even though he held no true gratitude to the man, he was still thankful that he was seeing his son again.

Stiles opened his arms, managing to keep the grunt of pain contained when Henry leapt into his arms.



“I missed you, daddy. Papa said that you weren’t feeling well.” Then, leaning himself closer, he inhaled deeply. “You smell like you’re hurt.” And Stiles sent a glare to Henry’s second father, for it had been under his hand that Stiles was suffering.

*Better than the truth.* Stiles thought to himself.

Stiles didn’t answer Henry’s curious eyes, waiting, instead to see what sort of falsehood had been fabricated by the other man.

“Daddy got into a fight when he was out the other night.”

Stiles didn’t snort, but it was a close thing. If Stiles had been in a fight as many times as was claimed, he’d be a card carrying member of a fight club.

“Why don’t you go get washed up for dinner, Henry? Daddy and I will be out in a minute.”

Henry nodded, and hugged Stiles again, as though he feared another week long absence. Stiles hugged him back, fearing much the same thing.

“Do you think that you’ve learned your lesson?” Rough hands unlocked his chain, and Stiles pulled his leg closer to his body in case things came to violence. His joy at seeing his son had evaporated the moment Henry left the room.

“Yes.” He whispered, keeping his eyes locked anywhere else.

“I’ll let you out, but so help me, Stiles, if I find out that you prevented me from *my* right, again, and I’ll give you more than a few bruises.”

Stiles nodded, and then winced when a clawed hand grabbed his leg.

“I don’t remember attacking your throat, Stiles. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Aiden.” Stiles whimpered, gasping when the claws pulled out from his flesh.

“Good boy. Now, come and eat.” Aiden said, moving towards the door without another word.

Stiles complied, albeit a little slower since he now had a flaring pain in his leg to contend with.

Stiles was really only going to prevent more pain and to see his son. He had not had a true appetite since he had been ripped away from Derek. The result was his current state: His healing process had been slowed considerably, he had been greatly weakened, and even if he did have a heat, it was highly unlikely that he would be able to carry the child to term.

It had been one of the reason why Aiden had hurt him so badly. Aiden saw Stiles as a means to achieve children, and Stiles taking contraceptives and not eating seemed to be in direct opposition to that. In reality it was only the former, the latter was a state of depression that he had been mired in for two years.

He missed Derek in a way that he could not fully describe, but that felt like every morning he woke up missing a vital part of his body. It was a constant physical pain that had made itself at home in his chest, and no amount of posturing or pretending from Aiden would fix that. They weren't mates, and Stiles despised the man.

When Stiles reached the kitchen he sat down with the rest of Aiden's pack: Kali, Deucalion, Isaac, and Ennis. Stiles had mixed feeling about the group, but by and large, they did not treat him cruelly like their Alpha did. In fact, Ennis and Isaac frequently berated Aiden for his treatment of Stiles.

Aiden didn't listen, but Stiles enjoyed the gesture.

# No One Could Call This A Happy Family

## Chapter Summary

Stiles remembered the events that led to his situation, and Aiden makes a suggestion.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

“You hardly ate any dinner.” Isaac commented, quietly while Stiles joined the pack in the living room to watch a movie. Aiden was giving Henry a bath, and Kali had gone out to find a one night stand, which meant that Isaac would fulfill the role he always did whenever they had a moment alone: Alpha of Stiles’ Morale.

“Wasn’t hungry.” Stiles muttered, moving to a corner of the couch and pulling himself in as tight a ball as possible. It was a reflex of being a wolf, to curl in on himself when he was hurt, and it also a way for him to achieve the smallest target possible if Aiden lost his temper.

“Well,” Isaac said, obviously not going to push Stiles on the food issue... again, “in any case it was good to have dinner as a pack again. Things

aren't the same without you."

Stiles was shocked. Isaac had never been anything but friendly to him, but he honestly couldn't see what he brought to the pack besides an example of the colors a werewolf's skin would turn when subjected to abuse.

"Isaac, I'm...just Aiden's prisoner."

The pack shifted uncomfortably at the dark truth. The ones present were not entirely compliant with the Aiden's abduction of Stiles.

## *Twenty*

*Stiles walked happily down the street. It was his birthday, and he knew exactly what he was getting. Derek had offered to set them both up in a house, something that Stiles was only too willing to agree to. They were both twenty now, and were expected to begin life away from home, with their own pack.*

*Stiles had been waiting for this day for a long time. It was the first step in a long lifetime together with Derek, and there was nothing that Stiles could want more.*

*He had just finished ordering brand new furniture for himself, Derek, and the pack (a gift from himself to his new family), and was heading back home when someone bumped into him.*

*"Sorry." He muttered, initially not bothering to turn around, but he was forced to stop when a hand grabbed his arm.*

*Stiles turned to find a pair of red eyes staring at him, forcing his own to flash. It took him a moment to realize who it was.*

*"Ethan? I thought you were with Derek, helping the pack move in?"*

*The man cocked his head before letting out an amused chuckle. "You know*

*my brother? What a small world."*

*Something tickled at Stiles' memory. Ethan had mentioned a brother once or twice, but Stiles had never met him, and he didn't remember Ethan saying that they were twins.*

*"Well, I'm Stiles, and I was just heading back home, Ethan should be there soon." Stiles said, still trying to remove his arm from the man's grasp.*

*"You're an Omega." The man said, instead.*

*"And you are very observant." Stiles said with a chuckle. "Do you think that you could let go? You're kind of hurting me."*

*"What is an Omega doing all by himself?" The man asked, instead.*

*"Shouldn't someone be watching you?"*

*"I'm not a fucking child, I can watch myself." Stiles snapped, angry at the man's prodding of a sensitive issue, and the fact that he still had not let go.*

*"You're cocky. I like a bit of fire in my mates."*

*Anger gave way to fear. The nonchalant way the man had said 'mates' suggested that he had had more than one, which meant that he might have killed the last ones. Stiles also worried, because he couldn't get his arm away, and didn't know what the man intended for him.*

*"I'm not your mate...guy. I am already mated to Derek Hale of the Northern Beacon Hills Pack, we are both the Alphas of the same, so let go of me." Stiles said, changing his eyes to show how serious he was.*

*"Aiden, little Omega, my name is Aiden, and may I say how adorable it is that you think you're an Alpha. You're meant to birth pups not lead a pack."*

*The words weren't as wounding as they would be coming from someone Stiles actually cared about, but he still winced.*

*“I don’t give a shit what you think.” He said, coldly, his anger allowing him to finally pull his arm free. “I’m already mated, now leave me the fuck alone or Alpha or not, I’ll rip your throat out.”*

*Stiles turned back to the deserted street, determined to find Derek as soon as possible and let him know of the threat in their territory, when he felt a clawed hand grab his neck, and slammed his head into the wall. The last thing he heard before he passed out was Aiden’s voice:*

*“Mine.”*

*When Stiles regained consciousness he was looking into the worried face of a man with a mess of curly hair.*

*“He’s awake.” The man said, turning towards Aiden who was watching Stiles with a wicked grin.*

*“What the fuck?” Stiles whispered, sitting up and pulling back from the curly haired man.*

*“Language, Stiles. I wouldn’t want our children to pick up on your bad habits.” Aiden said.*

*Stiles opened his mouth to ask how Aiden had learned his name, when his eyes found his wallet in Aiden’s hand. When his brain caught up to what Aiden had said, he let out a dry chuckle, trying to mask his fear.*

*“What do you mean ‘our children’? I told you I was already mated. Take me home, and I’ll try to convince Derek not to kill you.”*

*“You’re mated?” The man asked. “You said-.”*

*“I said he was my mate, not that I was his, Isaac.” Aiden interrupted. “And it doesn’t matter, he an Omega, do you know how rare they are? There’s only supposed to be a million in the entire United States.”*

*“Still, if he’s mated, his mate could come after us.”*

*“He will.” Stiles said, quickly, knowing the words even close to being a lie. Derek would tear the globe apart to find him.*

*“Let him try and find you, he won’t.” Aiden said with a chuckle.*

*Stiles formed an instant bond with Isaac in that moment. Though the Beta did not directly say anything, he could see that Isaac wasn’t too happy with his Alpha’s choice.*

“Stiles, did you hear me?” Isaac asked, pulling Stiles from the past.

“No, sorry.”

“I asked if you wanted me to get you a blanket, you were shivering.”

“A blanket can’t protect me from anything but the cold, and I’m not shivering from the temperature.” Stiles replied, pulling himself into a tighter ball.

“Airplane, papa, airplane!” Henry’s jubilant voice made Stiles look up. He couldn’t help but smile at the look of joy on his son’s face, even if that joy was caused by Aiden zooming him around the living room like an airplane.

It was the hardest thing for Stiles to admit, but Aiden wasn’t a complete monster. If he was, it would have simply been a decision to wait until the time was right, and he could run away.

But Aiden was a terrific father. While he treated Stiles like a cum rag and punching bag, Henry was the apple of his eye, and though Stiles had been wary about leaving his son with the man, at first, if nothing else, he knew that Aiden would never harm Henry.

“Daddy! Come play airplane with us!” Henry cried, clapping his hands.

“Yeah, daddy, come play airplane with us.” Aiden echoed, and Stiles couldn’t tell if he was being intentionally cruel or not.



Stiles did it, though. He grinned and laughed, even though it was causing him pain. It wasn't for the sake of Aiden, it was for his son.

Later that evening, when Henry had been put to bed, Aiden took Stiles and brought him into his room. Stiles could never think of it as 'their' room, despite the fact that he had spent much of his time since he was kidnapped, there.

"He missed you." Aiden commented, removing his clothes and slipping into bed. Stiles kept his clothes on, as he always did. If Aiden wanted to fuck him, he could work for it.

"You kept us separated for a week, Aiden." Stiles said with a glare. "I'm his father, of course he missed me."

"I wouldn't have had to punish you if you hadn't gone behind my back."

This was Aiden's tactic. He always believed himself to be in the right, and if Stiles argued, fists and rape were the answer that he received.

So, Stiles didn't respond. He didn't see what good it would do to argue.

He crawled into the bed and moved as far away from Aiden as he could, like he did every night, but just like every other night, Aiden pulled him close, scenting Stiles' neck, where there were five scars. One was the mating mark that Derek had given him the first night that they had made love, Derek had a matching one, and Stiles had worn it with pride. The other four were mutilations that Aiden had given him whenever he felt that Stiles had 'forgotten his place.'

"I was thinking," Aiden whispered, "maybe we should go out tomorrow."

Stiles turned in spite of himself. Aiden rarely let him leave the house.

"You'd let me out?"

Aiden studied him for a moment before nodding. "You know what will happen if you try and run, and besides, I'm convinced that you wouldn't

leave Henry.”

“I wouldn’t.” Stiles said, quickly. Even if Derek showed up, Stiles would never be able to leave without his son.

Of course, Stiles really wasn’t expecting Derek to show up. Stiles hadn’t seen him since he was kidnapped, and had no reason to believe that Derek would come to save him anytime soon.

Or even if Derek would want him back after what he had been through.

“Good.” Aiden said. “Maybe it will help you.”

“What do you mean?”

“Two years, Stiles. Two fucking years, and you still refuse to accept your situation. Tonight, for an hour, you, me, and Henry were happy. It could be like that all the time, Stiles, if you just admitted that I’m your Alpha.”

“Never.” Stiles said, defiantly. “You can hit me and rape me, Aiden. You can force me to get pregnant and carry your pups, you can take those pups away from me to punish me for doing something I have every right to do, but I will *never* admit that you’re my Alpha.

Aiden snarled, and grabbed Stiles’ arm in a tight grip.

“You’re a stubborn little shit, you know that? I’m trying to make a gesture to make you feel more comfortable.”

“If you want to make me comfortable...let me go, Aiden. Give me Henry and let-.”

Stiles was silenced when Aiden grabbed his throat, roughly, and squeezed.

“If you ever talk about taking my son again, I will make you sorry you were ever born.”

Stiles nodded, weakly, and gasped air into his lungs when Aiden let go.

“If you want to leave so bad, go, but if you take my son from me, I will burn California to ground to bring you back again.”

Stiles knew that Aiden’s offer wasn’t genuine, and even if it was, he couldn’t take it. He couldn’t leave his son behind, and that perfectly explained the grin Aiden had on his face before he shut off the light.

## Chapter End Notes

So...in case it wasn't clear, italics are flashbacks.

Also, in the last chapter there was an error. (Already? Sigh.) Henry is two, Stiles has been with Aiden for two years, and Henry's rather advanced development can be explained by...because werewolves, that's why.

Thank you, I really expected a lot of people to hate this, but the responses are really encouraging. :)

# **He's worth more than my life.**

## Chapter Summary

Derek and Scott argue over Stiles and Stiles has a discussion with Ennis.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Derek

“Derek?” Scott’s voice was hesitant, as though Derek might lash out or not even answer at all. Not really unexpected considering the past two years.

“What?” Derek asked, not turning around to face his Beta.

“Ethan said that he found a trace of a scent he thinks might...be him. It’s further North, near Washington.”

Another lead.

Derek didn’t even get his hopes up at Scot’s words. Not anymore. The number of false leads that he had chased over the years was too great for him to count, and he couldn’t face the shattering loss that came when the

leads inevitable failed, anymore.

He couldn't face the thought that *he* had failed Stiles.

The last of his hope was reserved for keeping himself *alive*. He had to believe that Stiles was still alive somewhere, he even lied to himself in spite of the evidence and believed that Stiles had *willingly* run away. He had to. If he let himself accept that Stiles might be dead...

That was usually when Wolfsbane started looking friendly.

"If it comes to anything, let me know." Derek said, dismissively.

"Actually...We were kind of hoping that you'd come with us."

"To what end, Scott? So I can go out there, hoping to find him, only to be let down when it was just a scent on the breeze? I can't do it again, Scott."

"Derek-." Scott began, but Derek cut him off with a growl.

"I said no!"

"Fine, just pout in here. It's only your fucking mate that's missing." Scott snapped, obviously tired of Derek's morose attitude.

It was the wrong thing to say, though. Derek leapt up from his spot and tackled Scott to the ground, snarling in his face.

"What is that supposed to mean?"

"Exactly what it sounds like." Scott said, not backing down, even though Derek was nearly fully shifted. "You're sitting in here mourning and whining when you could be out there looking for him. You've given up."

"I have *not* given up, but it's too hard to keep *hoping*, Scott. It's killing me just to breathe, and every time we go out there to find him, and it ends up being a dead end...I can't do it, anymore. Go, please, but I can't go and expect to find him, only for there to be nothing."

“He needs you, Derek, *we* need you. I know it’s hard without him, but if you give up...” Scott sighed. “Derek, if you, his *mate* gives up, what’s to give the rest of us hope?”

Derek reverted to his human form and climbed off of Scott.

“Two years, Scott. Can you imagine living without your soul, your anchor for two fucking years?”

“Derek, I can’t even begin to imagine what it’s been like for you, but I *know* he’s alive, and if he’s alive, he’s somewhere, waiting to be found. The other leads have failed, but one of them *has* to lead to something. You can feel him, can’t you? You know that he’s alive.”

“I haven’t trusted my link with Stiles for a long time.”

## Stiles

“Your neck is bruised.” Ennis said, when Stiles got up to make coffee for the pack. It was almost ironic. While he had been with Derek, they had been equals, and Derek never forced him to do work, but with Aiden, Stiles was expected to do small things around the house. Those lessons he had been forced to endure, ended up coming in handy.

“You have eyes.” Stiles dead panned.

“What did he do?” Ennis always asked the question like that. He never made it seem as though Stiles was responsible.

“I threatened to leave...with Henry.” Stiles whispered.

“He’d deserve it.” Ennis muttered.

“He would, but Henry wouldn’t. Aiden has his faults, a lot of faults, actually, and I despise him, but he’s a good father, Ennis, he’s a *fierce* father. If I took Henry...” Stiles let his sentence drop away. They both knew what Aiden would do in such a situation. “At least he doesn’t hurt my

son.”

“Henry is the pride and joy of this pack, Stiles. If Aiden was violent with him, regardless of whatever you said, I’d rip his throat out and give it to the kid as a gift.”

Ennis had made a similar promise once he and Stiles had formed a bond, but he had had Henry by then, and Stiles wouldn’t subject his son to the sight of his father dying.

When Stiles didn’t respond, Ennis sighed and pulled out a skillet.

“I talked to the doctor. He said that he might be able to get you contraceptives that are more discrete.”

“No.” Stiles said, sharply.

“Stiles, you’ll go into heat again.”

“Then I’ll go into heat, again. Between rape and losing my son, I’ll take the former.” Stiles said, knowing it was what Aiden had wanted, but not caring. He couldn’t take the chance that Aiden would keep him from Henry for longer than a week.

“If that-.”

“Daddy!” Henry’s voice reached Stiles’ ears, and he didn’t have to fake a smile as turned to him.

“Kiddo. How’d you sleep?”

Henry shifted nervously. “I heard papa get mad at you.” He admitted, shyly. “I don’t like it when papa is mad at you.”

Stiles felt a pulse of anger, and closed his eyes in order to hide their flash from his son. His first duty, above all was to protect his son, and that included keeping him from knowing what Aiden did to him.

“Papa wasn’t mad for very long. We just had a little argument. Parents do that, sometimes.” Stiles lied.

“Promise?”

“I promise, kiddo.”

“I don’t like it when you and papa fight.” Henry whispered. Stiles had to take a calming breath. His son was afraid, and that was unacceptable. If Henry was starting to notice that their relationship was wrong, it would lead to problems, and Stiles couldn’t allow that to happen.

“Me neither, but we made up. Everything will be alright.” Stiles said, pulling Henry in for a hug.

“What do you say to some breakfast and then some cartoons?” Ennis asked.

“Cartoons, and then breakfast, and then more cartoons!” Henry demanded, making Stiles chuckle.

“Alright, go into the living room and turn on the T.V., but not too loud, okay? Some of the others are still sleeping.” Stiles said.

Henry’s face broke into a smile and he ran off towards the living room, leaving Stiles and Ennis alone in the kitchen.

“He’s a bright kid.” Ennis commented, facing the bacon that he was cooking. “You had to have known that he would figure it out sooner or later.”

“My natural optimism was hoping for later.” Stiles said, quietly. “I never wanted him to know the contempt I have for Aiden.”

“Now, that’s not very nice.” Aiden’s voice made Stiles jump. Ennis glared at the bacon.

Stiles wasn’t going to backtrack on what he had said, but he still felt the fear that came with Aiden as sure as a shadow.



“You scared him, last night.” He said, pouring himself a cup of the finished coffee.

“I know, I was listening.” Aiden walked into the kitchen and got a cup of coffee, too.

“Then you should probably go and reassure him that everything is alright.” Stiles hissed under his breath. “You’ve destroyed my life. I won’t let you do the same to him.”

Aiden’s eyes turned red for a moment, and Stiles knew that if Henry wasn’t only meters away, he would probably be on the ground in pain. The one thing that they agreed on, however, was that Henry needed the best life to grow up in.

Aiden nodded and moved towards the living room, allowing Stiles to let out the breath he had been holding.

*Twenty*

*“Your scent’s changed.” Aiden said, as he entered the room.*

*Stiles growled at him. The man who had taken him a month earlier had put him through the gamut. It had started with beating and verbal abuse, and then, when Stiles’ heat had flared, Aiden had taken full advantage of it.*

*The chances of Stiles getting pregnant when he was in estrus was high, but Stiles was still sickened that it had taken.*

*He was meant to have Derek’s children, not this...kidnapper’s.*

*A flash of anger and Stiles had partially shifted, claws at the ready.*

*“Again, Stiles? Fighting really wouldn’t be good for the baby.” Aiden said with a condescending smirk. Stiles had lost every fight against Aiden he had started, and he didn’t have any reason to believe that this time would be*

*different.*

*Aiden moved towards the bed, and that's when Stiles turned his claws on himself, making Aiden freeze, a true look of terror on his face.*

*"What the fuck are you doing?"*

*"I'll be damned if I'm going to carry your child, you fucking psycho!"*  
*Stiles spat.*

*Aiden moved in a flash, his eyes burning red, as he tackled Stiles back onto the bed, restraining his hands.*

*"Stop this, Stiles!" He shouted, as Stiles put everything he had into fighting off the larger Alpha.*

*He didn't want it, he didn't want the little piece of Aiden that was growing inside of him.*

*"Ennis!" Aiden roared. His face straining as he fought to keep Stiles from harming his child.*

*Ennis came into the room, hesitating when he saw the scene in front of him.*

*"I won't help you rape him, Aiden." Ennis spat.*

*Aiden snarled at his Beta's defiance. "He's pregnant. He's carrying a child of the pack, and he's going to hurt it."*

*Stiles watched Ennis' face as he processed this. His anger melted away to a soft expression. Stiles knew that members of a pack saw any pup in the pack as one of their own.*

*"No, Ennis, please, I don't want it." Stiles begged, feeling the tears start as he realized the futility of his predicament.*

*Stiles had ended up chained to Aiden's bed, the chains infused with mountain ash. It wasn't enough to harm him, but it kept him from escaping.*

*For the five months of his pregnancy, Stiles was watched carefully, force fed, and prevented from doing what he wanted, in order to protect the child.*

The outing that Aiden had promised the day before was still on, despite their argument. Stiles thanked his lucky star that it was only Isaac and Ennis joining them. He had no qualms with Deucalion, but the blind werewolf gave off an odd aura of creepiness that Stiles couldn't explain. Naturally, Kali would have ruined the whole thing, so Stiles hadn't even asked her.

Stiles actually had fun. The sun, the grass, and the illusion of freedom for the first time in two months that he bought for the time he spent with his son. He wasn't exactly on par with other wolves who were all eating healthily, but he managed to keep up with Henry for most of the day.

It occurred to Stiles later in the day, that if he wanted to run, he could have chosen that moment to do so. For most of the day, Aiden was so focused on Henry, that for a moment, Stiles froze, looking at the wide open space.

The simple thought of doing so was almost painful, though. His wolf pined in agony just for the thought, and Stiles was seized by the sudden need to hold Henry, to show him that, no matter what, he would never abandon him.

Even if it meant never seeing Derek, again.

## Derek

Despite his reservations about getting his hopes up, that's exactly what Derek did when he reached the spot that Ethan had said that he smelled Stiles.

It wasn't the location that did it. It was that fact that he could smell it, too. It was barely there, like a whisper on a windy day, but the breeze carried Stiles' scent on it and Derek nearly fell to his knees as it washed over him.

“It’s him.” Derek said to Scott. His wolf practically howling in joy. Even among mates, scents faded away after three months, which meant that if Derek was smelling Stiles now, he had to still be alive.

“Call the pack, get them here, now. Stiles has to be somewhere around here.”

## Chapter End Notes

So Derek has depression problems, and Stiles...just has problems.

I imagine it would be hard to hide from a werewolf, so I promise to give a good reason why Stiles can't be found.

# **I'd Forgotten How You Could Make Me Feel.**

## Chapter Summary

Stiles comes to a decision when Aiden loses his temper.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

Stiles awoke with to a warm feeling in his gut. He knew it well enough to let out a low moan of despair.

His heat was coming. The warmth in his stomach would radiate outwards, enveloping him in fire before the evening came.

Stiles had expected his meager diet to stop the cycle, but apparently, his body was determined to breed.

Stiles was faced with a difficult choice. When he had been clear headed, it was easy to deny Ennis' offer for contraceptives, but now that he could feel the slick beginning to make its way down his thighs, he was afraid.

Afraid, because he knew what a heat would mean. It would lead to Aiden

raping him, again, and he would become pregnant, again. Stiles loved Henry with his entire heart, but he didn't want another, not by Aiden.

Slipping out of bed, very carefully, Stiles padded towards the bathroom, and opened the medicine cabinet.

Stiles had taped two pills to the bottom of one of the shelves in case he ever needed them. He removed one and looked at it.

One small white pill and his problems could go away.

"What are you doing, Stiles?"

Stiles jumped and dropped the pill, cursing eternally Aiden's quiet footsteps.

"I was getting a drink of water." Stiles lied. After so long with Aiden, his heartbeat wouldn't give him away. His nervousness was another matter.

"What was that pill?" Aiden asked, his voice furious and thick, and sure enough, when Stiles turned around it was to a fanged werewolf.

"Painkiller. My body isn't healing itself, and what you did to my throat-."

"What you *made* me do your throat, you whiny little cunt!" Aiden growled, keeping his voice low.

*At least Henry won't hear.* Stiles thought to himself.

"Of course, it's my fault. It's always my fault." Stiles spat. He hardly had time to brace himself before Aiden had grabbed him and slammed his head into the mirror.

The glass cracked under his skull and Stiles let out a low grunt, fearful of waking Henry, but needing to express his pain.

"I warned you, Stiles. I fucking warned you about trying to take those pills again."

Stiles was shocked for a moment. He had thought that Aiden was attacking him his snarky comment.

“It wasn’t-.” He began to lie, but before he could even finish his sentence, Aiden punched him in the stomach, winding him.

“Aiden, please...” Stiles gasped. His diaphragm felt paralyzed and he couldn’t inhale.

“I thought that you had learned your fucking lesson, but I guess not.” Aiden said, dragging Stiles to the bed. Stiles flopped behind him like a rag doll, trying to get air.

“Please.” He repeated.

Aiden threw him on the bed and straddled him.

“How long?”

“How long....what?” Stiles asked, panting, trying to push Aiden off of him.

“How long have you been hiding them from me?” Aiden snarled, shaking Stiles with enough force to make Stiles’ teeth click.

“First time, had some...today-.”

Aiden punched him the face.

“How can I know that you’re telling the truth?”

Unable to speak, Stiles grabbed Aiden’s head and shoved into his neck, praying that his scent would prove that he hadn’t taken a pill since Aiden had last punished him.

Stiles let out a strangled sob when Aiden bit his neck, marking him for the fifth time.

“You’re in heat.” Aiden moaned, all anger draining from his voice,

immediately. It wasn't surprising. Whenever a male wolf smelled an Omega in heat, they were driven by basic instinct to mate with him.

"Aiden...can't...I can't breathe." Stiles said, trying to push Aiden off of him. Now that the man was no longer intent on beating him to death, Stiles needed to make sure that he wasn't going to suffocate.

"Don't need to breathe, just fuck." Aiden said, rutting into Stiles, each thrust causing a burst of pain in his abdomen.

When Aiden sat up to unbutton his jeans, Stiles used the position to flip Aiden off of him, gasping sharply when he managed to inhale. The pain related to it was such that he let out a cry. There was definitely something wrong. He couldn't breathe without severe acidic pain ripping through him.

Aiden snarled from where he had landed. "Mine." He growled.

"Aiden, you ne...need to listen. I...can't...breathe. You're going...to kill me."

When Aiden ignored him and moved towards him, again, Stiles used the little air he had to let out a howl. He didn't want Henry to know, but couldn't let his son be raised without him. He couldn't leave Henry behind, and it was looking very likely that Aiden might kill him by accident.

Stiles collapsed after that, slipping into a familiar darkness, where there was no pain.

## *Twenty*

*"I've named him Henry, after my grandfather." Aiden's voice was full of joy, and Stiles was sure that if he cared enough to turn over, he would see that joy written on his face. Stiles couldn't bring himself to turn over, though.*

*Aiden had forced him to go through with the pregnancy and was now*



*holding the result. Something Stiles didn't want to have anything to do with.*

*"Can't you shut it up?" He snapped. The baby's cries were piercing, causing his wolf to tremble nervously. It wanted the child, and it was taking everything Stiles had, not to pick up his son.*

*"He wants his father, something that I'm not opposed to." Aiden said. "You should hold him."*

*"I didn't want it in the first place-."*

*"Him, Stiles." Aiden said, for once, anger not coloring his tone. Aiden walked over to his side of the bed, and knelt down.*

*Stiles had passed out during surgery that removed Henry from him, and this was the first time he saw his son.*

*In that moment, everything changed.*

*Stiles stared at him, and Henry stared back, no longer crying. Henry's eyes flashed blue and Stiles changed his in response. Henry let out a gurgle of delighted laughter.*

*He bore a striking resemblance to John, Stiles noticed. The same eyebrows and the same nose. His simple presence was enough for Stiles wolf to grow more anxious and when Stiles caught his scent, he lost all control.*

*Reaching out, carefully, Stiles took his son into his arms and pulled him close.*

*His.*

*It dawned on Stiles that Henry was innocent. While he was pregnant, he had hated him, despised the culmination of his abuse. Actually seeing him, smelling him, holding him changed everything. This was his son. Stiles could almost kill himself for daring to ever think an unkind thing against This was his son. Stiles could almost kill himself for daring to ever think an unkind thing against the child.*

*“I love you.” He whispered to his son. It was true in the most complicated way. Henry was less than six hours old, and only six minutes previously, Stiles had despised his very existence, but there was something in him that simply melted for Henry.*

“Daddy?” It was the fear in Henry’s voice that woke Stiles more than the sound itself.

Stiles was in agony. He felt like he was breathing in napalm. Whatever damage Aiden had caused when he had punched him felt like it was getting worse.

“Hey, kiddo.” Stiles gasped, trying to hide his pain.

“Daddy, I was scared.” Henry whispered, throwing himself into Stiles’ chest. It caused him pain, but he bore it for the sake of his son.

“What happened, Henry?”

“Enny yelled at papa, and then papa threw him into the wall.” Henry whispered, pointing to the wall where a large indentation in the sheet rock showed where Ennis had hit the wall.

“Then papa put bracelets on you and told the pack to leave you alone in a scary voice, then he left.”

The “bracelets” were the shackles that Aiden used to keep Stiles from leaving, and the “scary voice” was Aiden imposing his superiority over the pack. Only Henry would have been excluded, explaining why he was the only one there.

Aiden had crossed the line. Stiles had been willing to endure for the sake of his son, but Aiden’s temper couldn’t be controlled.

“Daddy, you’re hurt.” Henry whispered, sounding terrified.

“Daddy’s fine, Henry, but I need you to do me a favor, can you do that for me?”

Henry nodded.

“Go into the living room and tell Isaac and Ennis that Alpha Stiles gave them permission to enter the room, okay? Use those exact words: ‘Alpha Stiles gives them permission to enter the room.’”

Henry concentrated for a moment before nodding and leaping from the bed. Stiles wasn’t a hundred percent sure that it would work until he saw the glowing eyes of the Betas.

“Oh, thank Lupa.” He said. “I need your help.”

“Obviously.” Isaac growled.

Stiles knew what he needed to do, and he didn’t have much time to do it.

“Stiles, you can’t stay here, anymore. Kali and Aiden are gone, and-.”

“I’m leaving.” Stiles whispered. His life was in danger, and that meant leaving Henry behind, and he...he couldn’t do that.

Isaac and Ennis both grinned.

“I’ve been waiting a long time to hear those words.” Isaac said, moving forward, and looking at the shackles.

“I don’t have the key.”

Ennis rolled his eyes and pushed Isaac out of the way. Using his claw, he dug into the keyhole of the bonds. With a click, the first one fell away, and a moment later, the second one followed.

Stiles moved to sit up, letting out a gasp when he did so.

“Daddy?” Henry sounded worried. Stiles was concerned as well, but he

didn't have to stop and think about it.

"I'm alright, kiddo." He whispered, giving the bravest smile that he could muster. "Isaac, on the bottom of the third shelf of our medicine cabinet, there's a pill, could you bring it to me, please."

Stiles knew his heat was coming, whether he liked it or not, and that he would need all of his concentration if he was going to get himself and his son to Beacon Hills.

Isaac brought the pill, and Stiles quickly swallowed it down, nodding his thanks.

"The car?" Stiles asked, standing up and nearly passing out from the pain.

"Stiles, you can't go alone, we'll go with you." Ennis said, but Stiles shook his head.

"No, I need you guys to stay for when he gets back."

"Stiles, you're hurt, very badly, and...No. You're not going alone." Isaac said. "Ennis can stay and handle him."

"Isaac-."

"Stiles, I'm going with you." Isaac said, fiercely. "At least until we find someone who can look after you."

"Fine." Stiles snapped. "Stubborn arse."

Even though it was agony to do so, Stiles carried Henry as he left the room, giving whispered orders to Ennis.

"Don't hurt him. He's...important to Henry, and...I'll figure something out." Stiles said while he pressed Henry's head into his chest to block out the words.

"He'll look for you."

“My...father will...fix this, Ennis.” Stiles said, unsure if the words were true. Derek was his mate, and had been M.I.A. for two years, he didn’t know what any of his former friends would say when they saw what he had become.

Stiles pushed those thoughts from his mind, though. He knew that Aiden’s actions would lead to his death, and he would rather take the chance that his father and Derek would hate him, then stay with Aiden another moment.

“Come on, buddy.” Isaac said, moving to the door and opening it for Stiles.

Stiles followed Isaac to his car, his heartbeat thundering as he did so. If Aiden came home to this scene, Stiles knew he would live to see the next day.

“I don’t have his car seat.” Isaac said, hesitating by his car.

“I’ll hold him.” Stiles said, nearly crying out in pain when he sat down and Henry’s knee accidentally dug into his stomach.

It wasn’t the safest thing, Stiles realized as he wrapped himself and Henry behind the seatbelt, but Henry was too small to be protected by the seat belts in the back.

“Daddy, where are we going?” Henry asked, his voice trembling in fear a little.

Stiles rubbed his son’s back and spoke in as calming a tone as he could manage.

“We’re going to go visit my daddy.” Stiles whispered, praying that his father was still in Beacon Hills.

Stiles watched the house he had been forced to live in for two years shrink as Isaac sped off down the street, his anxiety easing somewhat the further they got away.

“I’m not exactly sure where Beacon Hills is.”

“Road signs.” Stiles muttered, the pain was getting worse, and as it grew, his grip on consciousness started to fail. The logical conclusion was that he had internal bleeding, and for the first time since he had stopped eating properly, Stiles cursed himself for not eating enough to maintain his healing ability. “Just keep heading South on the freeway and you’ll see them.

Isaac nodded, his eyes drifting to him, and Stiles could smell the worry practically dripping off of him. Henry could no doubt smell it, too, and the first chance they got, Stiles was going to have to explain why they were running from Aiden. A conversation he wasn’t particularly looking forward to.

They had gotten maybe three miles away, when Stiles saw something moving in the rearview mirror.

“Isaac, I think we’re being followed.” He whispered as he watched the dark humanoid shape running towards them.

## Derek

Derek threw everything he had into chasing the car that contained his mate. The scent could not be mistaken for anything else, and neither could the hurt and blood coming off of Stiles.

Derek was going to slowly murder anyone who had dared to harm his mate, but first he needed to reach the car where he was located.

Switching to a quadrupedal form of running, Derek gained enough ground to reach the window, and felt his heart still for a moment.

Two years had sharpened Stiles’ face, though hunger was obvious in the pronounced cheek bones and the slightly sunken in look to his eyes.

Stiles stared at him, realization dawning on his face in the form of a smile that managed to seem to brighten the car’s interior, and Derek allowed himself the barest moment just to bask in it.

“Stop the car.” Derek heard the voice through the window, and nearly wept in joy.

It was *his* voice.

Derek’s first priority was making sure that Stiles was safe and well, but there was an indescribable contentment that brought his soul peace at seeing Stiles again after two years. It took Derek a moment to realize why, but slowly he understood that his soul was healing itself in the presence of his mate.

Derek managed to contain the impulse to rip the man in driver seat apart, as he had complied with Stiles’ request and brought the car to a slow stop. Derek’s first instinct was to hug Stiles and never let him go, but there was a moment of shock when Stiles shakily got out of the car.

“Don’t hurt Isaac, he’s helping.” Stiles said as he emerged holding a toddler.

Derek felt a rush of anger and jealousy at the sight of Stiles with another man’s child in his arms. The scent coming from the boy could not be mistaken, he was Stiles’ as well, meaning that for some reason or another, Stiles had been with another man.

Those dark thoughts quickly melted away when Derek noticed Stiles stumble a little. Derek moved forward to help him but Stiles flinched and shook his head.

“Just take Henry, please.” He begged, and Derek complied. Two years couldn’t change the fact that Derek had a hard time denying his mate anything.

Derek held the child awkwardly, not having held someone so young, before. His sisters were all older than him.

“It’s really you.” Stiles whispered, smiling, before his eyes rolled up and he collapsed to the ground.

## Chapter End Notes

BOOM! How's that for a long chapter. (By my standards, anyway.)

No Derek is not going to give Stiles a hard time about Henry, that was just a knee jerk reaction...that made him seem like a jerk.

So a lot happened in this chapter, and let me know if you think it was too much too fast, or if you liked it.

We have not seen the last of Aiden, that's for sure.

Alright, the rest of the day is my day off, so I might type some more or I might play Minecraft.

Thanks a lot. :)



# Isaac's Tale

## Chapter Summary

Derek takes Stiles to Deaton and Isaac explains what happened.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Derek

Derek reached Beacon Hills in less than two hours, which was pretty remarkable considering that it should have taken at least twice that. . Isaac had sat in the back seat with Henry on his lap, so that he could keep an eye on Stiles.

“You know, there are hospitals closer than Beacon Hills.” Isaac said.

“Alan Deaton knows more about werewolves than any man I’ve ever met, I’m not trusting my mate to anyone else. How is he?”

“The same, but he’s still not waking up. I’m not a fucking doctor, how would I know?”

Henry let out a gasp. “Uncle Isaac, you said a bad word!”

Derek let out a chuckle, because if nothing else, Henry hadn't come to realize just how bad the situation was.

"I'm sorry, just make sure that you don't repeat it." Isaac told Henry in a calmer tone.

"We're almost there. I'll take Stiles inside, wait out here until I tell you it's alright." Derek said, pulling into the parking lot of a small clinic.

"You do realize that you're not my Alpha, right?" Isaac asked as Derek opened Stiles' door and pulled him from the car, being carefully not to jostle his body too much.

"I'm thinking of Henry." Derek hissed, well aware that the child was listening to them. "My pack should be here, soon."

"Are they going to kill-?" Isaac couldn't finish his sentence because Derek had already closed the door. He was too worried about Stiles to comfort a foreign Beta.

"Deaton?" Derek asked as he pushed the door open with his shoulder, praying for the man to be there. He let out a sigh of relief when he heard the doctor answer.

"Derek, is that you, and...It can't be." He whispered as he walked in and his eyes caught sight of Stiles.

"I found him. He's hurt and not healing." Derek said, pitifully. He didn't need to put on the airs of an Alpha in front of Deaton.

"Bring him in, quickly." Deaton said, motioning for Derek to lead him to one of the rooms in back.

Derek gingerly placed his mate on one of Deaton's tables and stood back a little to give the doctor complete access to him.

One of the things that Derek loved most about Deaton was his directness. He was never quiet, nor was he the type to frustratingly say 'hmmmm' as

though that was helpful.

“He’s not been eating properly, which would explain why he’s not healing. Do you know what kind of conditions he was kept under?” Deaton asked, lightly pressing his fingers into Stiles’ abdomen. Derek managed to keep his jealous snarl inside. Once he knew his mate was safe, there was going to be a long process of keeping others from touching his mate, but now wasn’t the moment for possessiveness.

“I don’t. He...He was pregnant, but I don’t know what else happened.” Derek said, knowing that when he found out it wouldn’t be anything that he wanted to hear. He couldn’t imagine that Stiles was kept in ideal conditions.

“Well, without asking him, I can’t be a hundred percent, but he’s been through the ringer, Derek. This here concerns me, though.” Deaton paused on Stiles’ stomach. “I’m going to need to perform surgery.”

Derek’s heart dropped. “What is it?”

“Blunt force injury to his abdomen, it’s caused a tearing in his diaphragm. It causes a list of complications that I’m sure you don’t need to hear.”

Derek really didn’t. Just the diagnosis was enough to make him let out a whine. He couldn’t lose Stiles when he had just gotten him back. He was beginning to lose the composure that he had set up to stop himself from completely falling apart until he knew that Stiles would be safe.

“But...but he’ll be alright, right? I mean, you can...Deaton, you have-.”

“Relax, Derek. I can perform the surgery, but...he has a long road ahead of him.”

Derek was forced to leave the room so that Deaton could prep Stiles for surgery, and that’s when he collapsed. Deep wracking sobs took over his body and the tears fell thick and fast.

There was relief for finally having found Stiles, but fear for his mate’s life. If Stiles was in bad enough shape that he wasn’t healing...

Derek sobbed harder when he realized that he might lose his mate.

“Derek?”

Derek looked up to see Scott, Lydia, Erica, and Danny following behind Isaac who was still holding Henry.

“Stiles...no.” Scott said, running forward, obviously mistaking Derek’s demeanor for grief.

Henry seemed to sense this and immediately made a low whining noise.

“He’s alive.” Derek said, quickly, feeling the need to appease Henry more than Scott. “Just...hurt.”

“Is that why I can’t see papa, because he hurt daddy?” Henry asked, stunning Derek for a moment.

According to Isaac, Henry was only two, yet he seemed to be an extremely intelligent boy.

Many of the pack members looked surprised and angry, but Derek silenced them with a glare. He wasn’t sure how Stiles was raising his son, and was going to let Isaac explain to Henry.

“Your papa and your daddy...had a fight, and he asked for you to stay with us.” Isaac said, struggling for the right words.

“Can I see daddy, then?”

“Not right now, kiddo.” Derek said, trying to keep his voice as light as possible. “Stiles needs to rest, but I promise, the moment the doctor says it’s okay, I’ll bring you in there.”

Isaac stared at Derek with a raised eyebrow.

“What?”

“Stiles calls him kiddo, too.”

Derek smiled in spite of himself.

“What happened?” Scott asked, breaking the grin on Derek’s face.

“Can you be more specific?” Isaac asked, causing Scott to let out a low growl.

“My Alpha’s mate, my brother, and best friend was kidnapped, you’re obviously involved, tell me what the fuck happened!” He shouted.

Henry cowered into Isaac’s pant leg, and Derek felt a protective surge of anger. He had not heard the story, either, but he didn’t want Henry to be scared of him or his pack.

“Scott, not in front of Henry.” He hissed, then turning to the boy, he calmed his voice. “To that woman?” He asked, pointing to Lydia. “She’s a very good friend of you daddy’s, and I’m sure that if you asked her really nicely, she’ll take you to go and get some cookies.”

Henry turned to Isaac, excitement in his eyes.

Isaac hesitated for a moment before nodding.

Henry ran to Lydia who held her hand out and took Henry’s, before leading him away.

“Now, what happened?” Scott asked.

Isaac let out a heavy sigh and leaned against the wall, sliding down until he was sitting.

“Two and a half years ago, Aiden brought Stiles to our house. It was obvious, right away that Stiles wasn’t there by his own choice, but...how were we supposed to stand against our Alpha?”

“We?” Derek asked.

“Aiden’s pack is...or was? I don’t know, anyway, there’s me, Aiden, Deucalion, Kali, and Ennis. Anyway, Aiden brought him to the house and told us that he was Stiles’ mate-.”

Derek snarled, partially shifting at the thought of another wolf claiming Stiles as his own.

“I know, it’s horrible, but if you throw a fit every time you hear something that you don’t like, it’ll take me days to finish.” Isaac snapped. Derek gave one more growl at his impudence, before nodding for him to continue.

“We...most of us, anyway, didn’t like the idea of Aiden kidnapping someone in the first place, but it was made worse by the fact that Stiles was obviously already mated. I brought up my complaints, but Aiden ignored them, I think he was more excited about having an Omega than any worries about-.”

“Breaking werewolf law.” Scott threw in.

“Exactly.” Isaac said. “Stiles was...stubborn, and Aiden doesn’t take well to people “subverting his authority”, so Stiles got roughed up...a lot.”

Here, Isaac had to pause again as not only Derek, but every pack member present let out noises of discontent and anger. Isaac himself had even flashed his eyes.

“His heat wasn’t long after that and...I’m sure I don’t need to tell you what happened. Stiles...had some difficulties with the pregnancy, we had to force him not to rip it out of his own body.”

“A werewolf has the right to terminate a pregnancy.” Danny said, defensively.

“And obviously, no one in your pack has ever been pregnant.” Isaac said, waspishly. “I sympathized with Stiles, and it killed me every time that Aiden hurt him, but I could no more help Stiles abort a pack cub than rip my own arm off.”

“He’s right, Danny. It goes against our instincts.” Derek muttered. “Still, when I found you two, he seemed rather...attached to Henry.”

“Oh, he is. Stiles loves Henry more than anything. *That* happened after Henry was born. Stiles looked at him and...”

“His wolf accepted him as his son.” Derek finished for him. He had hoped that his own child would come from Stiles, and knew how their wolves reacted to pregnancy.

“Exactly. Before Henry, Stiles stayed because he didn’t have a choice. After Henry, he stayed for the sake of his son. Aiden is a twisted person, but loves Henry. Stiles didn’t want to remove a loving father from Henry’s life.”

That was Stiles, selfless to a fault, more concerned about the wellbeing of his son and willing to endure systemic abuse to keep him safe.

“How did we get here?”

“Stiles was taking contraceptives to keep himself from going through heat, again. Aiden didn’t like that, he said that Omegas are only good for having children, and that Stiles shouldn’t have gone behind his back to deny him that right. Stiles did it again, and Aiden just...lost it.”

There was so much wrong with what Isaac had just said. Derek didn’t even realize it until Erica pointedly cleared her throat, but he had dug his claws into his palm, drawing blood.

“Stiles said that leaving was his only option. I think that we all just assumed that Aiden wouldn’t kill him, since Omegas were so rare, and he wanted Henry to have his father, but this last attack showed that Aiden was more than capable of murdering him.”

The pack looked morose and Derek knew that if ever saw this Aiden, he would make the man suffer terribly for what he’d done.

“For what it’s worth, I’m sorry.” Isaac whispered. “Ennis and I wanted...”

Stiles said he had another pack and a mate, and we wanted to find you, but...You don't know what Aiden's like. This morning, when Ennis tried to stop him from hurting Stiles, Aiden nearly killed him."

Scott looked at Derek, his face displaying the same emotions that Derek was feeling. The hell that Stiles had been put through was more than Derek could have ever imagined, and Derek didn't know what kind of condition Stiles would be in when he woke up.

"Under the law, Betas can't be held responsible for their Alpha's actions, but I want to know who in your pack helped Aiden harm my mate." Derek said in a growl.

"Why?" Isaac's voice was nervous.

"You know damn well, why." Derek snapped. "Anyone who hurt Stiles is going to pay."

"You're asking me to betray my pack."

"You're goddamned right, I am. I swear, not to hurt you or Ennis, but what about the other two?"

Isaac shifted, looking frightened, but was spared having to answer by the arrival of Ethan.

"You found him? Tell me he's not-."

Isaac snarled at him and stood in front of the door, baring his fangs.

"What-?" Ethan began, echoing Derek's own confusion.

"Back off, Aiden." Isaac growled, the name inducing a similar reaction in Derek, until the air conditioner blew towards him and he got Ethan's scent. It was definitely him. If it was Aiden, he would smell strongly of Stiles, not of...pack.

But that meant...



“You look like Aiden?”

“How do you know my brother?” Ethan countered.

## Chapter End Notes

Stiles' PTSD will begin to show when he wakes up. I'll be making up some psychological mumbo jumbo for that so any psych buffs out there, be warned. And trust me, Derek is far from dropping the issue of who hurt Stiles.

# **As My Walls Tumble, You Can See My Pain**

## Chapter Summary

Ethan explains himself and Stiles wakes up

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Derek

Derek saw the problem a second before it occurred.

Lydia was coming back with Henry, who was happily munching on a cookie when he caught sight of Ethan.

“Papa!”

Henry ran forward, his hand pulling from Lydia’s grasp, before he punched Ethan squarely in the testicles.

Ethan let out a howl of pain and hopped backwards. “What did I do?” He asked, shakily.

“You hurt daddy!” Henry cried.

“Wrong twin.” Ethan said, managing to keep his anger under control, a commendable thing, considering that from his reaction, Henry packed quite a punch.

Confusion crossed Henry’s face.

“Uncle Isaac, what’s ‘twin’ mean?” He asked.

“It means that Aiden and Ethan brothers that look the same. Ethan isn’t your papa.” Henry digested this for a moment before nodding.

“Sorry.” He whispered.

“It’s alright, you’re not the only one that’s mad at me.” Ethan said, glancing at Isaac and Derek. “You never mentioned having a twin.” Derek said.

“Because I didn’t think it was relevant, Derek. I haven’t spoken with him very much since I was little.”

“Did you know that he liked to kidnap people?” Scott asked in a seething voice.

“I was aware of another Omega that he had kidnapped years ago, but-.”

“You what?!” Derek snarled. “You knew that he taking people’s mates, and you didn’t bring it up when Stiles went missing?”

“I didn’t think it would be him, the Omega he kidnapped wasn’t mated.”

“Seth wasn’t, and neither was Tony. Stiles was the first mated Omega he had kidnapped. ” Isaac said.

“Stiles was the *third*?” Ethan asked, sounding surprised.

Isaac nodded, his face falling, making Derek hesitant to ask his next question.

“What happened to them?”

“Tony managed to get away, but Seth...killed himself.” Isaac paused for a moment, his face paling. “I found the body.” He whispered.

Derek’s heart went out to the Beta, and he considered himself lucky that Isaac had not found Stiles’ body.

“I swear to you Derek, if I thought that Stiles could have been with my brother, I would have said something, but...Omegas aren’t exactly a dime a dozen, I never thought that he would move onto more.”

“You should have brought it up.” Derek said.

“I should have, and...I’m willing to bear any consequences you think suitable, Alpha. We could have saved Stiles sooner.”

“Derek, think about this.” Danny warned. “Ethan, did you know where your brother was?”

Ethan shook his head.

“So we might not have been able to find him anyway.”

“He has a point, Derek.” Lydia chimed in. “Ethan’s been a loyal member of the pack for years, I’m sure he didn’t intend for Stiles to be harmed.”

As Alpha, Derek could have used this moment to either attack or vindicate Ethan. It was up to him to make the final decision regarding his fate, and though there was anger coursing through him, the sight of Ethan’s genuine hurt was enough to stay his hand...for the moment.

“I’ll not kill you, Ethan, but you’re not off the hook, either. I’ve always intended that this pack be led by myself and Stiles, and so, when he’s ready, I’ll make a decision with him. I think that’s fair considering it was life that was altered.”

Ethan nodded, and moved forward to embrace Derek, tilting his head in quiet submission.

“Thank you, Alpha.” He whispered.

“Derek?” Deaton’s voice made Derek spin around, forgetting Ethan.

“Is he-?” Derek began, his voice worried and compounded by Deaton’s passively unreadable face.

“He’s alright.” Deaton said, holding up his hand in a calming gesture. Derek let out a snarl at the smell of his mate’s blood, though.

“The surgery was...as successful as it’s possible to be.” Deaton continued.

“What does that mean?” Ethan asked, and no one, not even Derek could deny that Ethan was just as worried about Stiles as everyone else in the pack.

“Stiles’ body isn’t healing like it should be. His...circumstances have led to a near complete shutdown of his werewolf physiology. Now, when he goes back home, with you, I’m going to assume that he’ll start eating again. He’ll probably suffer some pain when his body heals and rejects the stitches.”

“What can we do?” Derek asked.

Deaton shook his head. “Nothing, I’m afraid. If I remove the stitches, now, he’ll exsanguinate.”

“What does that mean?” Henry asked Isaac.

“It...means that your daddy would get sick again, and we want him to get better, don’t we?” Isaac responded.

“Can we see him, now?” Derek asked, pointing to himself and Henry.

Deaton nodded, and Derek moved forward, snarling when Deaton stopped him with a hand to his shoulder.

“Don’t fucking toy with me, not right now.”

“We need to talk, Derek, and it needs to happen before you see him. Henry would you come with me, please?”

Henry hesitated, staring up at Isaac who nodded. Instead of walking up to Deaton on his own, however, he reached for Derek, who awkwardly bent down to pick him up. Isaac sent a silent warning with a flash of his eyes and Derek responded with a nod. He would protect Henry, because he was of Stiles.

Henry bore with him the scent of fear and anxiety, but he also had his own unique scent, which Derek’s wolf recognized as pack, because it was very similar to Stiles’ own scent of pie and independence.

Deaton led them into his office, motioning towards an empty chair, which Derek set Henry into before turning towards the doctor.

“Yes?” He asked, curtly.

“As I’ve mentioned, Stiles has been through an ordeal, and isn’t healing properly. As you two are going to be the first to see him, I wanted to warn you away from doing anything that might...harm him.”

“You dare to suggest that either I or his son would do something to hurt him?” Derek asked with a growl, it was punctuated by Henry’s glare.

“Not on purpose, of course not. But I will remind you that his abdomen suffered extensive damage, and though it will be both of your instincts to hug him and keep him close, but you need to be careful. You could still hurt him.”

“I promise to be careful.” Henry said in a small voice. Derek felt and acted upon the urge to pull him back into his arms.

“Anything else?”

“No.” Deaton said, but Derek knew it was a lie. His eyes narrowed, but the doctor shook his head and motioned for Derek to follow him.

Deaton had been right, the moment that Derek saw Stiles he had to master the impulse not to run forward and pull him into his arms. As it was, he moved forward and inhaled deeply.

There was medicine, Deaton, another Alpha (not doubt, Aiden), but at the core it was Stiles. Derek let it wash over him, and for the first time in two years, he felt secure.

It took Derek a moment to realize that Stiles was watching with wide, fearful eyes. When he moved forward to reassure his mate, Stiles flinched, and then whispered:

“I’m sorry.”

“You don’t need to apologize, babe.” Derek said back, just as quietly.

Stiles let out a whine and reached out towards Derek.

“Me or Henry?” He asked.

“Both.” Stiles pleaded.

Derek moved forward, carefully, and set Henry down on a chair so he could stand on it and reach Stiles’ level.

Slowly, so as not to frighten the Omega, Derek extended his hand to Stiles, who took it, and rubbed his wrist against his face. Derek waited for Stiles to offer his arm before he did the same. He moaned as he scented Stiles.

“Daddy,” Henry asked, “what are you doing?”

“Scenting my mate, kiddo.” Stiles answered, weakly, reaching his arms out, and allowed Henry to climb into the bed with him.

“Stiles, your injuries.” Deaton warned.

“I dare you to tell me that I can’t hug my son.” Stiles warned with a low growl. Derek’s grin fell as Stiles swallowed, the fear returning. “Sorry.”

“You don’t have to apologize for asserting your authority, Stiles.” Derek said, defensibly.

Stiles shrugged.

And then it clicked. This was what Deaton wanted to talk about.

*PTSD?* He mouthed to Deaton, who nodded.

Derek moved towards Deaton, but froze when Stiles let out a pitiful whimper.

“I just need to ask Deaton a question, I’ll be right back.” He promised.

Stiles looked unsure, but nodded.

“You didn’t mention this.” Derek said when they had left earshot of Stiles.

Deaton cocked his head. “Does it affect how you feel about him?”

BAM! Derek didn’t hit Deaton, but it had been a close thing. Derek extracted his fist from the wall next to Deaton’s head.

“If you ever suggest that that man in there isn’t my entire world again, I won’t miss, and I’ll shatter your skull.” He warned.

“Forgive me.” Deaton said, showing no sign of fear at Derek’s response.

“There’s no excuse. And for the record, I didn’t mention it, because I didn’t think that it would be prudent to discuss complex psychological problems in front of his son.”

“He was fine...when I found him, he passed out, but he seemed fine.”

“For a long time, Stiles has been keeping up a wall. While he was with Aiden, I’m guessing he and his wolf fought. He still got hurt, though, and he has no more strength to keep that wall up.”

“He needs to heal.” Derek whispered, and Deaton nodded.



“He does, and I’m looking to you to keep your pack in line. I know that your pack is worried about him, and misses him, but you need to make sure that they don’t rush Stiles.”

Derek nodded and turned away from Deaton, wanting to be by Stiles, again.

“If it makes you feel better, you’re the first person that he asked for.”

When Derek returned to the room, Henry was leaning against Stiles, speaking very rapidly. Derek saw something of Stiles’ own excitability in his son.

“And then Lydia took me for cookies, and she let me have three!”

“Lydia can be very nice, when she wants to be.” Stiles said, sounding tired, but he smiled slightly when he saw Derek.

“Thank you.”

“What are you thanking me for?”

“Taking care of Henry when I...couldn’t.” Stiles said with a choked sob.

“Hey, it’s alright. We’re just glad that you’re okay.” Derek said, reaching out to comfort his mate, but pausing when Stiles flinched, again.

“Sorry.” He whispered. “I guess I’m just...not right.”

“You’re my mate, and that’s all I need you to be, babe. Just focus on healing. You...scared me.”

“I’m sorry.” Stiles whispered, again. “I...I’m just...I’m sorry.” Stiles turned away, keeping a hand on Henry’s shoulder.

“Stiles...” Derek said, moving forward and putting a hand on his shoulder. Stiles jerked away and Derek desisted, if only to keep his mate from hurting himself.

## Chapter End Notes

So...I told you it would be bad psychology, but I felt that Stiles was kind of running on adrenaline for the last two years, and now that he doesn't have to keep his guard up, he's broken.

Don't hate me.

Let me know what you think. Thank you. :)

# The Vow

## Chapter Summary

Stiles still needs to heal and begins to doubt himself

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

Stiles kept Henry close to him, despite Deaton's disapproving looks. Derek sat in a chair next to his bed, and would occasionally doze off before snapping awake and keeping an eye on Stiles.

Stiles felt completely and utterly useless and weak. When he had been living with Aiden he had been...less than complacent with his captor. He had been impudent, rude, violent, and full of attitude. He had been desperate to return to Derek and his pack, and now...

Now, he was terrified. He couldn't explain it.

Derek would reach for him and he would flinch or pull back. When he had first woken up to Deaton's face, Stiles had let out a yelp and curled away from him.

Why couldn't he be strong again?

Derek had offered to bring in the rest of the pack, but the mere thought made him shudder. They couldn't see him like this, they couldn't know how far he had fallen. He didn't even want Derek to know, but to send his mate away would be his death.

"Daddy?" Henry asked, disturbing the painful silence.

"Yeah, kiddo?"

Henry looked at Derek, who smiled, before turning back to Stiles and sticking his lips near his ear.

"I have to go to the bathroom. Will you take me?"

Stiles had hardly moved, when a pain shot up through his stomach, and he let out a grunt.

"Stiles, what are you doing?" Derek asked, his tone was soft, but Stiles' still shrank a little.

"Sorry, Henry has to go to the bathroom."

"You don't have to apologize, babe." Derek repeated what was fast becoming his catchphrase. Stiles nodded, and moved to get up again when Derek shook his head.

"I'll take him." Derek said.

"Der, you don't have to."

"And yet, I want to." Derek replied with a chuckle, holding his arms out.

Henry hesitated for a moment, before getting up carefully and jumping into Derek's arms.

"We'll be right back." Derek promised, before leading Henry from the

room.

The room was silent for a moment, before the door opened again and Isaac stepped in.

Stiles didn't ask him to leave, but he pulled back a little as the Beta approached.

"Hey, man, how are you doing?" Isaac asked, taking Derek's chair.

"I'm alive." Stiles whispered. "And I have Henry."

"And Derek, and a pack that's worried about you." Isaac said with an encouraging smile. "I wasn't too sure about him, but Derek seems like a good guy."

Stiles nodded. Derek was the best guy, far too good for someone as broken and weak like Stiles, who had had his doubts about Derek wanting him when he had been tainted by abuse, rape, and a child, but now that Derek couldn't sneeze without him flinching...what chance did he have with Derek?

"I just snuck in to make sure that you're alright...You are, aren't you?"

"I'm alive and I have my son." Stiles repeated. He wouldn't have Derek or his pack once they realized what he was. A shell.

"Well, I'll let the pack know how you're doing. I'm glad that you're feeling better." Isaac said, quietly, hesitating for a moment before turning and exiting the room, again.

Stiles could smell the disappointment coming off of him, and wasn't surprised.

## Isaac

"So?" Scott asked the moment that Isaac exited the room.

“So, what?” Isaac asked, brooding on the reception Stiles had given him. Stiles seemed...distant. And the Omega was definitely depressed, there was no doubting that. The room had been thick with the scent, and Isaac wondered what could be bothering the man.

“How is he?” Scott pressed. They had decided to let Isaac to be the first to check on him since he had been the one who had been closest with him during his interment with Aiden.

“He’s...scared, depressed, and just...fucking broken.” Isaac said, not able to grasp why Stiles wasn’t elated.

*Two years earlier.*

*“When did you know?” Isaac asked in response to a comment Stiles had made about Derek Hale, the Omega’s natural Alpha and mate.*

*“When did I know, what?” Stiles asked as he shifted Henry from one nipple to the second.*

*“That Derek was your mate. I mean, what were the signs that made you realize that you were his?”*

*“I’m not just his.” Stiles countered with an astonished. “Our pack runs a little differently than yours. I’m Derek’s and Derek is mine. We’re equals.”*

*Isaac let out a scoff. From birth, Isaac had been aware of Omegas and had always been told that they were inferior to Alphas. He couldn’t grasp why Derek had allowed Stiles to believe that they could be equals.*

*“You aren’t an Alpha, though. There’s a hierarchy to packs. It goes: Alphas, Betas, and then Omegas.”*

*Stiles flashed his eyes, the red glow punctuating his point as he hissed.*

*“If you want to live in the fifteenth century, be my guest. My pack is much more progressive. And to answer your question, that’s when I knew that Derek was my mate. I had come home from school after my teacher gave*

*me the same bullshit about Omegas being lesser beings, but Derek showed me that I wasn't anything of the sort. He tried to order me to do something completely ridiculous, and when I questioned it, I realized that he was right. If Aiden ordered you to go out and kill an innocent man, you would have to do it. Aiden might be more physically powerful than me, but he's not my superior."*

*Isaac was shocked by Stiles' frankness on the subject. In his home, his mother had been a Beta to his father, who had shown that they were weaker creature. His father had made it no secret that he had despised him just for being a Beta, if he had been born an Omega, he would have been abandoned or killed. Even after Aiden had rescued him from the abusive man, his new pack seemed to work under similar principles.*

*"But...you're breastfeeding, Stiles." Isaac began, but Stiles shot him an exasperated glare.*

*"Women breastfeed, too, are you also saying that a woman can't be an Alpha?"*

*"Well...I mean, I guess I never thought about it."*

*"Well, you should." Stiles countered. "I mean, Henry isn't an Omega, but if he was, would you care about him any less?"*

*"No." Isaac said, immediately. The child was pack, and Isaac would never abandon or despise him.*

*"Then why treat me as lesser?"*

*"Because you're an Omega, whose job it is to provide your Alpha with children." Kali's voice was cruel as she walked into the room.*

*"Piss off, Kali. When I Want your opinion, I'll...I'll never want your opinion, Kali." Stiles said with a smile.*

*"What the fuck do you mean 'broken'?" Scott asked, snapping Isaac from his flashback.*

“I mean...Look, when Stiles was living with us, he was stubborn and defiant. Kali and Aiden tried to break his spirit, but they never managed to do it. Now, though...he’s-.”

“Deaton explained the situation and it’s completely normal.” Derek said, returning with Henry on his hip.

“How is it normal?” Isaac asked. “I may not know him as well as all of you, but I’ve lived with him for two years, I know his moods and behaviors, and the man sitting in that room is not the Stiles I know.”

Derek sighed. “I admit, he’s not his usual self, but that’s just because he needs to heal, and he’ll need our help to do it.”

“What did Deaton say?” Ethan asked. Isaac could smell the difference between Ethan and his Alpha, but the man’s presence still made him uncomfortable. There were too many bad memories for him to just accept Ethan with a smile and a wave.

“Stiles was braced for so long that it became the norm. His wolf and his soul were allowed to flare in the face of Aiden’s control.” Derek said, glaring at Isaac as if he would have had the strength or gall to stand up Aiden on his own. “When he got away, he was allowed to relax, and that brought the whole thing down, making him realize for the first time how hurt and scared and...traumatized he was.”

“Uncle Isaac, what does that mean?” Henry asked and Isaac shoved aside his worry for Stiles to smile at the pup.

“It means that we have to be careful around your daddy. You know how papa used to yell and... yell at Stiles?”

Henry’s eyes narrowed in concentration for a moment before he nodded.

“Well, we don’t want to scare him, so we have to move forward carefully.”

“But daddy’s never been scared of anything.”



And Isaac's heart nearly broke, because this was the very thing that Stiles had feared, why he had stayed with Aiden. Henry should never have to know the dark secrets of their lives.

"He's scared now, but we're going to help him, we just have to be cautious, kiddo." Derek said.

"You mean like how I don't move too much so I don't hurt him?"

"Exactly like that, kiddo." Derek said, beaming at him. Isaac caught the scent of acceptance and... love? Not having a mate of his own, Isaac didn't know if it was normal for an Alpha to bond on another's child so quickly... if at all. He had assumed that Derek would reject Henry as another man's child, but the evidence to the contrary was building, and it brought a soft smile to his lips.

Henry turned to the rest of the pack. "No yelling at my daddy!" He yelled, ironically, but it made most everyone smile at him.

"We promise. No more harm will come to Stiles as long as we draw breath." Lydia said, with a hard look on her face.

Isaac could definitely see the love that flowed through the Hale-Stillinski Pack.

## Derek

"When can he come home?" Derek asked Deaton while Isaac and Allison played with Henry. Stiles had gone back to sleep and Derek had taken the opportunity to speak with the doctor about Stiles' continued healing.

"A few days." Deaton said with understanding nod as Derek let out an irritated growl. "I know, Derek, I really do, and I think that going home with you will help him, but I only patched him up a few hours ago. I want to ensure that his stitches will hold. It's not a common treatment for werewolves.

“Have you gotten a hold of John, yet?” Derek asked, changing the depressing subject.

“I haven’t.”

That was worrying to Derek who had not spoken to the man in some time. He knew that John and Talia had gone East to try and find Stiles there, but had not been in contact for a month, and Derek had no way of letting them know that Stiles was home and safe.

“Well...send out a distress call to all the packs on the continent if you have to. Someone needs to find them and let them know that he’s safe. I also want people on the look for Aiden, that fucker is not getting away with this. Kidnapping a mate violates the very core of what it means to be a wolf.”

“Yes, Alpha.” Deaton said, inclining his head.

Derek wasn’t sure if he was being mocked or not.

“You’re not my Beta.”

“I’m well aware, but it’s hard not to follow your authority when it flows so naturally, and when I agree with the course of action. We’ll find your mother and John, and set things right.”

“It should be me.” Derek said.

“Derek, no one is going to blame you for remaining with your mate. In fact, choosing him over revenge is a commendable thing.”

“There will be retribution.” Derek said, darkly. “I’m going to make that fucker sorry that he ever had the misfortune of being born. I will make him rue the day that he dared to touch the mate and co -Alpha of the Beacon Hills Pack. He will suffer, he will plead, and he will die.” Derek vowed in a low voice, his anger causing his claws and fangs to erupt, and a shiver of genuine fear ran through Deaton.

“I trust you won’t speak like that in front of Stiles.”

Derek shook his head. If Stiles needed the rest of his life to heal, then that's what it would take, and he would never let his anger show in front of Stiles, because he knew, without a doubt, that Stiles would never be the cause for that anger. .

## Chapter End Notes

I got a little shiver when I wrote Derek's vow for retribution. I also may or may not have teared up at making Stiles so self-deprecating, but it must be done. I told you, he must be torn down completely to bring himself back up.

I look forward to see what you guys think and also promise to type whenever I have free time to get these chapters out.

Thank you.

# My Son

## Chapter Summary

Ennis suffers under Aiden, and Stiles thinks he knows what Derek wants for their future.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Ennis

Ennis grunted as the blow landed on his jaw. He could feel his body beginning to heal it, but before that could happen, and another blow.

Three days. Three long fucking days of Aiden and Kali torturing him to try and coax information from him.

“Where is my son?” Aiden snarled. It was one of his calmer moods. Aiden had fully shifted three times already, attack Ennis in his attempt to find Stiles and the child.

“If I knew, I wouldn’t tell you.” Ennis spat, repeating the same line he had for days. “You nearly killed him, Aiden.”

“He’s my fucking Omega to do with as I please! You let him take my son!”

“Henry’s his son, too!” Ennis shouted back.

“Henry is *mine*! Stiles is *mine*! He’s nothing but a lowly fucking Omega! You betrayed your Alpha for a fucking Omega!”

“Stiles is my Alpha, you degenerate fuck! If I would have known that you were going to kill him, I never would have agreed to stay in your pack.” Ennis said, defiantly.

Aiden punched him in the stomach, and Ennis let out a grunt as the wind was knocked from him.

“Traitors face death.” Aiden growled, warningly.

“So do wolves that kidnap the mates of others.” Ennis said, willing to die to keep Stiles safe, but not willing to do so without at least *trying* to find a compromise. “Listen, Aiden, Stiles asked me not to kill you-.”

Aiden let out a scoff and Ennis growled.

“Whether or not you think I could have is not the point. Stiles asked that you be kept alive for the sake of Henry, you couldn’t give him the same consideration, and as a result, you lost him. He stayed, Aiden. In spite of everything, he stayed. Until you went too far.”

“That wasn’t his decision to make.”

“Yes, it was. His job is to ensure that Henry is safe and looked after, he can’t do that if he’s dead.”

“I wouldn’t have killed him.” Aiden said, his voice shifting a little, making Ennis cock his head, slightly. “I...I wouldn’t have killed him.”

“All evidence to the contrary. Seth and Tony-.”

“Tony ran away and Seth killed *himself*!”

“Because of what you did!” Ennis shouted. “You kidnapped them both and tried to force them to give you children.”

“Stiles would have been the last...*will* be the last.”

“What makes you say that?”

“Because we have a child, and when I get Henry back, Stiles will come back, too. He won’t be parted from our son, and neither will I.”

## Derek

Stiles may have been withdrawn and in the throes of post-traumatic stress disorder, but he was still anxious to leave, even if he wasn’t vocal about it.

“Your father gave me a key to his house, babe. The moment Deaton allows you to leave, I can set you up there.”

Stiles’ face fell, confusing Derek, but he shrugged.

“Okay. There’s still no word from him? I’m worried, Derek.”

“There’s a pack in Georgia that spoke to them about a week ago, I’m sure they’re fine, Stiles.” Derek said, staying strong for his mate, but worry nagging at him.

“You don’t know that.” Stiles snapped, and then after a moment, he shrunk a little. “I’m sorry.”

“You don’t need to apologize, Stiles. I would...Stiles, you know that I would never hurt you, right?”

Derek had been trying to reassure him, so it was a surprise, when Stiles’ face fell further and he turned his head.

“Stiles, what did I say?” Derek asked, immediately, because he knew without a doubt, that it was his own fault. He wouldn’t blame Stiles for

what Aiden had done.

“Nothing.” Stiles murmured.

“But, I’ve obviously said something to upset you. I’d like to know what it is.”

“Could you bring me Henry, please?” Stiles asked, avoiding the question, bluntly.

“But, Stiles, I’m tr-.”

“Please?” He whispered, again, and Derek nodded and left the room with a low sigh. He had to work at Stiles’ pace, the man needed to heal, and he knew that, but if Stiles wasn’t even going to admit when something was wrong, how could Derek ensure that he wasn’t making Stiles feel worse?

“Henry, you daddy wants to see you, kiddo.”

Though Henry had been playing on Isaac’s phone, he looked up excitedly at Derek words and ran into the room.

“You smell depressed.” Isaac commented as he slipped his phone back into his pocket.

“I...I just don’t know how to get through to him. I know he was excited about going home, and then, when I told him that I a key to his father’s place, he seemed to shut down, again.”

“Maybe because he was expecting to stay with your pack when he got out?” Isaac offered.

“I thought it’d be easier to acclimate to pack life if he had his own territory. I mean, he still flinches when I reach out to touch him, he can’t handle the rest of the pack, right now.”

“You’re making assumptions, Derek. If I went through what he did, I’d want what was familiar to me. My pack and my mate, especially. Have you

thought to ask him what he *wants* to do?”

Derek shook his head. “I...no.”

Isaac opened his mouth, but Derek glared at him.

“I’m well aware that I’m fucking this whole thing up, I don’t need your help.” He snapped.

“Actually, if you’d let me talk, I was going to suggest that you go and ask him what he wants to do as far as living conditions go. I don’t think that you’re fucking this up, Derek. I think that you’re trying your hardest to make your mate happy, again, and I don’t blame you for that.”

## Stiles

Stiles held Henry close to him, focusing on his son’s breathing to keep himself from crying. Derek’s words had been a shattering blow.

*‘Your father gave me a key to his house, babe. The moment Deaton allows you to leave, I can set you up there.’*

Derek didn’t want to live with him, he didn’t want the broken Omega around his pack.

## Nineteen

*“You know, I still feel like I should get you something for your birthday.” Derek whispered into his ear, while they lay together, cuddled under the blankets in Stiles’ room.*

*“Derek, you’re getting a house for our pack. What else could I possibly want?”*

*“A pony?” Derek asked with a goofy grin.*



*Stiles let out a laugh. “Derek, that is completely ridiculous. You know I’d prefer a fox.”*

*“You know, traditionally, foxes and wolves aren’t friends.”*

*“Yeah, well, I’m not your average wolf.”*

*“You can say that again.” Derek said, pressing a kiss to Stiles’ mouth, making him moan and squirm closer to Derek. “When’s your cycle?” He asked.*

*“Still about a week away, we’re safe.” Stiles promised.*

*Sex with Derek was never a chore for Stiles, even their first time, Derek had been gentle and easy. Being an Omega certainly had its advantages. Even without the heat cycle, Stiles produced his own lubricant, and wasn’t as prone to pain as Derek was when Stiles took the active role.*

*“You know that I love you, and that I’ll always love you, right?” Derek asked while Stiles spread his legs and Derek positioned himself between them.*

*“I know, I love you, too, Derek.” Stiles moaned at the response to those words, which was Derek sinking his entire length into him, making his toes curl and his breath come in short pants.*

Stiles had forcible shake himself from his memories. Derek would never look at him that way, again, never touch him in that way, again.

“Daddy, when can we go home?” Henry asked, causing another swell in Stiles’ throat.

Where was home? With the deranged Aiden? With a mate and a pack that would scorn him? With his father?

“When Deaton says that it’s alright for us to leave, we’ll go stay at my

father's house."

"My...grandpa?" He asked. And that made Stiles feel even worse. Henry had never met his grandfather, which had been another failure on his part.

"That's right, kiddo."

"Is he one of the people out there from Derek's pack?" Henry asked.

"No, kiddo. Your grandpa is in the Eastern part of the country looking for... someone." Stiles couldn't bring himself to tell his son the truth. Henry knew that Aiden had hit Stiles a couple of times, but the truth about how Stiles had come to be with Aiden was still being kept, thankfully.

"I think that I'd like to meet him." Henry said, thoughtfully.

"Yeah, would you like that?" Stiles asked playfully, tickling Henry's ribs, ever cautious of his son's feet and where they were kicking.

"Daddy, stop it!" Henry laughed, trying to squirm away.

Stiles cherished the moment. Derek could abandon him, his father could abandon him, and his pack could, as well. As long as he had Henry, he didn't need anyone else. At least...that's what he told himself.

## Derek

"Hello?" Derek asked as he picked up his phone.

"You found him?" It was John's voice, and Derek let out a sigh of relief.

"Derek, please tell me..." His voice cut off and Derek heard light sobbing in the background. He briefly wondered if the werewolves who had spread the message had made a mistake.

"He's alive, John. He's...not exactly the same, but he's alive."

"What do you mean?"

“I mean that we’re going to have to sit down and have a long talk when you get back, which I trust will be soon?”

“Your mother and I are on our way back, now, I had to borrow the phone of someone here at the airport.”

“So my mom’s alright?”

“Of course, Derek. We...ran into some trouble on the border of Georgia and South Carolina, but we’re alright, now. We’ll be there soon.”

Derek nodded, even though he knew that John wouldn’t be able to see it.

“The next time my son is kidnapped, would you please make sure that the werewolf relay doesn’t get the information garbled. They said that Stiles’ body had been found.”

“There won’t be a next time, I’m going to murder that son of a bitch.”  
Derek growled.

John didn’t comment on the threat directly. “So, how is he?”

“I’ll explain everything when you get back-.”

“No, you’ll explain everything to me, right now. I’m not going to sit on a six hour flight worrying more than I already have.”

Derek growled at John’s insistence. “He was...kept by another Alpha who...” Derek was having a hard time speaking the atrocities that had been committed against his mate.

“Who...?” John led, making Derek clear his throat, trying to remove the lump.

“He was hurt and...forced to bear a child for him, John.”

There was silence for a moment, and Derek could hear John explaining the situation to Talia.

“Stiles is a father?” John asked.

“Yes. Not by his choice, but...he is. A boy named Henry, and he’s the apple of Stiles’ eye.”

“The Alpha let him take his *son*?”

“Not at all. Stiles escaped when he felt as though his life would be in danger and took Henry with him.”

## Chapter End Notes

A little short, but with multiple perspectives, so...it makes it even, yes?

I thought about killing John and Talia in Georgia, but then decided against it, and the reason they had trouble will be explained.

Thank you so much for all the reviews and love, it really encourages me to keep writing, I'm so grateful and happy every time I see my inbox full, I'm very grateful for those of you who enjoy this work and my others, and I hope that I continue to write works that you enjoy.

# He's Pack

## Chapter Summary

Derek confirms his love for Stiles and John vows his recognition of Henry.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Derek

Derek decided to take Isaac's advice and ask Stiles what he wanted to do as far as living conditions, he decided to layer the question with the news that his father was coming back.

"He's alive?" Stiles asked, true joy pulling at the corners of his mouth, and Derek couldn't help but grin back, because even if it was only for a second, Stiles was happy.

"Yeah, he just lost his phone. He wouldn't have stayed away on purpose. They'll be here in a few hours, and he promised to get here the moment that they land."

Stiles nodded.

“I get to meet grandpa?” Henry asked, looking excited.

“You sure do, kiddo.” Derek said, trusting that he had imparted the importance of what Stiles’ condition meant. John was under no circumstances to yell at Stiles, or admonish him in any way for Henry.

“There was something else, Stiles.” Derek said, and Stiles’ smile crashed with such quickness that Derek physically winced at it.

“It’s nothing bad, I just realized that I was a bit of prick, earlier. When I told you that I could set you up in your father’s house, I didn’t mean it as an order, or as something that I even wanted, I just thought that you would be more comfortable with that. If you like, you can come back to the pack house, with me and the others.”

“If I like.” Stiles whispered, so low, Derek wasn’t sure if he was meant to hear.

“Yeah, I mean, of course we want you there, but I don’t want to rush you into anything.”

Stiles scoffed, confusing Derek, who was trying so hard to understand.

“Stiles, please tell me what’s wrong? I’m just trying to make things as easy as I can for you. Just... five minutes, complete and total honesty, and I won’t get mad or hurt, I promise. Just...do you blame me for what happened?” Derek asked, feeling the sudden epiphany for the only thing that could make sense.

“Why would I blame you for my problems, Derek?”

“Because it’s...if I had watched you better...I could have done a better job as your mate, and as a result....this.” He said, gesturing towards nothing. He didn’t want to offend Henry, by suggesting his existence was something bad.

“No, Derek, I don’t blame you.” Stiles said in a hollow voice.

“Then what? I’m trying here, Stiles. I just want you to be happy, and-.”

“Henry, would you mind going outside to wait with Uncle Isaac, please?” Stiles asked, waiting for Henry’s nod, before placing him on the ground.

Derek watched the boy scamper towards the door, a confused look on his face, before it shut quietly and Stiles stared at him, his eyes brimming with tears.

“Why are you here, Derek?” Stiles asked, the pain in his voice evident.

“Because I love you, Stiles. I was lost these last two years, and I thought that...I thought you wanted me, too. I mean...mates are forever, right?”

Stiles let out an empty laugh. “Don’t fuck around with me, Derek...Sorry.” He whispered with a flinch. “I just... don’t see why you’d want me anymore. I was beaten and raped, and if that wasn’t bad enough, I carried his son, and I’m not giving Henry away for the sake of our relationship.”

Derek held up his hands. “I never asked you to, Stiles. I can’t even fathom asking something so heartless. Henry is important to you, and therefore, he’s important to me. I would never love you any less because you have another man’s son, Stiles.”

“But what Aiden did to me.” Stiles sobbed.

“I don’t care about that, Stiles. You are my mate, and I will love you forever, no matter what happened. I don’t blame you for what Aiden did, and I don’t love you any less because of it. What I feel for you, isn’t some shallow kind of lust. I’m not with you for your body or because you’re completely innocent, I’m with you because you are Stiles, and I love you.”

“I don’t deserve it, Derek. I’m broken.” Stiles whispered, turning away from Derek, who moved forward and took Stiles’ hand, grateful when the Omega didn’t pull it away.

“You are not broken, Stiles.” Derek said, and Stiles shook his head, but Derek wasn’t having it.

“No, Stiles. It is vitally important that you understand this. You are not broken. You’ve been strong and defiant in the face of some asshole who decided to break all the rules. You endured once Henry was born because you cared more about his wellbeing than yours. That’s not something that someone who’s broken does, that’s something that an Alpha does. I can tell you, right now, that if what happened to you had happened to me...I wouldn’t have been able to survive.”

Stiles’ hand gripped tighter, and Derek placed a kiss to it before continuing.

“No one goes through what you did without any trauma, and that’s all this is. You are still Stiles and you’re still my mate, and you’re as beautiful and strong as ever you were. If you’ve fallen out of love with me, I can accept that, but I will not sit here and listen to you tell me that you’re too broken for me to love. Knowing what you survived makes me love you even more. I love you, Stiles and I will never abandon you.”

“You didn’t want me to stay with you.” Stiles argued.

“Because I didn’t want you to be overwhelmed, Stiles. When Deaton comes into the room, I think you’re about to have a heart attack. You know how pack life is, we live closely and interact a lot. If you want to stay with me, I would be ecstatic, I just didn’t want you to feel pressured or out of control once we got there.”

Stiles’ hesitant smile was beautiful, Derek saw hope in it, and it made he let out a sigh of relief.

“I thought...I thought you didn’t want me anymore.” He said.

“No, Stiles. All I’ve wanted to do since you got back was hold you and never let you go, but I didn’t want to hurt or scare you.”

“I’m sorry.” Stiles whispered, and Derek didn’t comment. Stiles had no need to apologize, but he couldn’t fix all of Stiles’ problems overnight, it would take time and baby steps. Luckily, they had the rest of their lives.



## Stiles

Stiles couldn't stop crying, but for the first time in a long time, they were happy tears. Gently, ever so gently so as not to hurt him, Derek crawled into the bed with him, and Stiles pressed himself into his mate's chest. Taking in the scent and give small prayers of thanks that Derek wasn't leaving him.

Derek still wanted him.

"This feels so good, Stiles, so right." Derek whispered, and Stiles couldn't help but agree. For the first time since he had been kidnapped by Aiden, his soul aligned. IT wasn't perfect, he still wasn't sure if the pack would accept him again, Aiden was still alive, his father might admonish him, and integrating Henry and Isaac into the pack would be challenges, but Stiles no longer viewed them as impossible. With Derek beside him, all things were possible. He gave Stiles strength and courage.

"Am I hurting you?"

"No, Der, you're...you're alright." Stiles said, between his tears. It was the first time he had used Derek's nickname in years, and just like the embrace, it felt right.

Stiles fell into a light slumber, never really going deep enough to dream, but getting some much needed rest, while Derek rubbed soothing circles against his back.

It was this position that Stiles awoke in when he heard the familiar sound of his father's voice. Opening his eyes, he looked around for a moment, before locking on John and Talia, standing at the foot of his bed and looking down at him with sad smiles.

"Hi, dad." Stiles whispered, his voice rousing Derek from his own sleep.

"Son." John said, moving forward with a smoldering love in his eyes. Stiles flinched, but then nodded when John looked uneasy.

“It’s okay, dad. I’m sorry.” Stiles said, quietly, feeling ashamed of himself for flinching around his own father.

John shot a questioning look to Derek, who eyes him carefully.

“Just be cautious.” Derek warned.

John nodded and gave Stiles a tight hug, but focused all of it into Stiles’ upper body, so that his abdomen didn’t get jostled too much. Stiles returned it in kind. The scent was comforting, and Stiles inhaled deep, trying to pull some of the comfort from his father that he felt as a child.

“You scared me there, buddy.” His father said into his ear.

“I’m sorry, dad, I’m so sorry-.”

“Shh. You don’t need to apologize, I just...missed you”

“I missed you, too, dad.”

Stiles assumed that Derek explained the situation to John, because he didn’t launch into a thousand question, he just stared at Stiles as though he might suddenly disappear on the spot.

Talia moved forward and gave Derek her own hug.

“You guys scared me.” Derek said, his voice a little hoarse, which Stiles recognized as his way of hiding his tears.

“My most sincere apologies, honey. We got...”

“We’ve had quite an adventure.” John said.

“Are you alright?” Stiles asked, worried for his father’s wellbeing.

“Of course. We Stillinskis are a strong bunch.”

Stiles certainly didn’t feel strong, but he nodded anyway.

“I guess.” Stiles whispered.

“No guessing, Stiles. I’m so proud-.”

“Grandpa!” Henry’s voice made Stiles jump.

“Hey...Henry.” John said, sounding for all the world confounded and looking bewildered, but he managed a mask of warmth and happiness when Henry ran into his arms.

“Dad, meet your grandson.” Stiles said, feeling a little wary of whether or not his father would accept Henry.

“Oh, gods, Stiles...” Stiles’ heart fell a little while his father paused for a moment. “He looks exactly like you. He’s beautiful.”

Henry’s face wrinkled, and Stiles let out a breath of relief.

“Beautiful is for girls, grandpa, I’m a boy, and boys are handsome.” Henry said.

“You’re right, buddy, they certainly are. I’m sorry.”

Stiles was surprised that he had any left, but new tears fell as he heard the affectionate nickname his father had given Henry. It was his own, but Stiles didn’t mind, because it meant that John was already wrapped around Henry’s finger.

“Stiles, he’s...”

“Pack.” Stiles asserted, as much as it would hurt, he needed to make it clear to his father that if he couldn’t accept Henry, then he would lose the right to Stiles.

“Without a doubt. There’s...you in those eyes.” John said with a smile.

“Did he take your last name or...?”

“Aiden’s. Henry’s last name is Buranek.” Stiles said, trying not to show too

much spite for the choice Aiden had made for their son.

“I recognize him as the son of my son with no conditions or restraints.” John said, solemnly, his eyes blazing. “He is family, he is pack, and let death fall to any who would deny that, by my hand.”

Stiles was surprised...completely bewildered, in fact. John’s pledge was a formal adoption, normally reserved for ceremony, and Stiles had thought he might have to argue to get Henry recognized.

“Thank you, dad.”

“I’ll assume that Derek has also accepted him?” John asked, warningly. The question was directed to Derek, but oddly, it was Henry that answered.

“Derek said the same thing to me in front of his pack.” Henry said, obviously not fully grasping what those words meant.

Stiles turned, surprised, towards Derek.

“You did?”

Derek nodded, blushing very slightly. “I recognize him as the son of my mate, with no conditions or restraints. He is family, he is pack, and let death fall to any who would deny that.”

Stiles smiled at him. “I wasn’t sure if you’d want to.”

“Of course, I did, Stiles. I would never presume to call him my son simply because you’re my mate, but he is pack, just like you are.”

Stiles pressed himself back into Derek’s chest, but sent a smile to his father and Talia, both of whom were looking at Derek with unbridled pride.

Stiles let the moment vitalize him. Maybe, he had been too pessimistic. His father, Talia, and Derek all seemed to accept him. No one had yelled at him for leaving, no one had refused his touch or blamed him for his faults. That base would be enough to get him to stand again, he hoped. He might just

heal from the last two years.

## Chapter End Notes

More chills for BAMF!John and BAMF!Derek.

I love this story so much that even in the middle of a busy semester, I now have a buffer chapter in case I fall behind. Stiles' problems aren't over, yet, but I like to think that Derek's declaration was the very important step that needed to happen.

# Home

## Chapter Summary

Stiles wants to go home.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

Before Derek's declaration of love, Stiles had *wanted* to leave the hospital, but hadn't been sure of where he would go once he was free. Now that Derek had reminded him of their bond, Stiles was more than anxious to leave. Stiles had a home to go to, a home that he could share with Derek, and hide when he needed to or step out at his own pace, whenever he was ready.

Stiles still wasn't comfortable speaking out against others, but Derek took the job of talking to Deaton on himself.

"I'm not sure that Stiles leaving is the best thing, right now." Deaton said, after his conversation with Derek.

"I'm not sure that that's your decision to make, Alan." Talia said, siding

with Stiles without a moment of hesitation.

“I’m simply stating the facts. It’s very rare that I see a werewolf who isn’t healing on their own, and Stiles’ condition on its own is enough to make me hesitant. I mean, he’s been getting the nutrition that needs, and his body isn’t healing on its own.”

“Did I lose it, forever?” Stiles asked, worried what it would mean to become a human.

“I don’t think so.” Deaton said, shaking his head. “I used a sample of your blood and ran a Klockner Test on it, and-.”

“A what?” John asked.

“A Klockner Test is how mixed couples determine whether they’re having a wolf or human child. A sample of blood is introduced to Wolfsbane and the reaction tells us what the result will be. Stiles’ cells necrotized when they were put into the solution, meaning that he’s still a wolf.”

“Then...sorry, but I don’t understand what the problem is.” Stiles said, quietly.

“I need to run a few more tests, but...I have one theory, and if I’m right, it’s certainly something that will need to be discussed.”

“What’s your theory?” Derek asked the question, his hand tightening around Stiles’ own, showing his worry.

“Stiles has still been taking contraceptives, which is laced with Wolfsbane to make it effective. I think that when he was at his weakest-.”

“Can you please speak to my son directly?” John asked with venom in his voice.

“Forgive me.” Deaton said, quickly. “Stiles, I think that when you were at your weakest moment, due to your restricted diet that the Wolfsbane, even the miniscule amount in the contraceptives negatively affected your body.

They made it impossible for your wolf to fully reassert itself in your physiology.”

“And the solution?”

“If I’m right, the solution would be you going off of the contraceptives for a few days to...restart your system. After that, it should be safe enough for you to continue your life as you always have.”

“So, I could go into heat?”

Deaton nodded, grimly, and Stiles immediately felt a crushing weight on his chest. He loved Derek, he truly did, and knew, without a doubt, that if he went into heat, Derek would claim and Stiles’ wolf would beg for it. He didn’t know if he was ready for that, though. When the heat passed, and he realized what he had done, he didn’t know if he could handle the fact that Derek had fucked him. There was no way that he was ready for consensual sex, but the heat wouldn’t care, and he had no way of knowing how it would affect him after.

“But...no, please no...I...I can’t...I...”

Immediately, Derek turned to him, gently pulling Stiles so he was flush against his chest.

“It’s alright, Stiles, just breath.”

But Stiles *couldn’t*. He couldn’t inhale, and the tears were just making it worse. His head began to swim as he tried to inhale, but nothing came, it was as though his diaphragm had been paralyzed.

“Stiles, listen to me. It’s me, your mate, and you know I would never hurt you, it’s alright.” Derek said in a calming voice. “Trust me to take care of you, and please, inhale. Think of Henry and breath.”

The soothing tone allowed Stiles to get in one choked sob, before he completely fell apart. Crying and clutching at Derek’s chest, Stiles hardly even heard Derek’s warning growl to Deaton.



“I’m...I’m...” Stiles began, unable to get out more than the one word.

“It’s alright, just focus on breathing.”

It took Stiles fifteen minutes to calm down enough for him to speak. Derek’s shirt was thoroughly wet with tears and snot, and Stiles hid his head in shame.

“I’m sorry.” He mumbled.

“No, Stiles, it’s alright.” John said, keeping his distance, but Derek rubbed his back.

“Your dad’s right, babe, as long as you’re okay, I’ll sacrifice any number of shirts. Everything is okay, did you really think that I would take you without your consent?”

Stiles shook his head. He knew his mate better than that.

“No, but you won’t be in control, Derek. We...my scent.”

“We’ll figure something out. It’s only a few days, if we need to, I can leave-.” He was stopped in his words by the sheer desperation Stiles clung to him with. Stiles still had problems if his father moved too fast, he certainly wouldn’t survive days in heat without Derek by his side.”

“Please, don’t leave me.” Stiles begged.

“Obviously, that isn’t an option.” Derek said as Stiles scented his chest. Stiles knew that the logical thing to do would be to grow up and detach from Derek for a few days so he could pass through his heat, but the very thought cause his wolf to growl and whimper.

“Derek, your mate’s life is in danger. All of this could be fixed if he just...”

“If he just what?” John growled. “If my son who has experienced things you can’t imagine ‘just’ left the only man who brings him comfort?”

“Derek-.” Deaton began, but Derek cut him off.

“I’ll control myself.”

Deaton scoffed and Stiles felt a growl build within his own chest at Deaton’s rudeness.

“Derek, you do realize that nothing is more tempting for an Alpha than an Omega in heat.”

“You are speaking to the co-Alpha of the Northern Beacon Hills pack and the mate of an Omega, I’m well aware, thank you.” Derek said in a low voice, his eyes blazing. “I brought Stiles to you instead of a regular hospital because I trust you, Deaton, and that includes remembering that when you speak to me, you do so with respect. I said that I would control myself, and as it is what Stiles needs, I will.”

## Derek

“I’m still not sure about this.” Deaton said as he handed Stiles the clipboard with his discharge papers attached to them. “It would be better if you passed your heat, here.”

“Deaton...” Derek said, warningly.

“I wasn’t saying that you couldn’t stay with him, but...Stiles, your heat is going to place a lot of stress on your body, it’s not good for your healing to go through that.”

“Then come and stay with us when my heat starts.” Stiles offered, Derek was about to smile at him when Stiles pulled back.

“Sorry, I mean...if Derek says it’s okay.”

“It’s your house, too, Stiles. If that’s what, that’s what we’ll do.” Derek said. He actually really didn’t want Deaton buzzing around his mate, especially during a heat, but this was what Stiles needed, and he had spoken

the truth. Stiles was his co-Alpha, and Derek knew that it would help Stiles to make a decision for their home.

Stiles nodded.

“Alright, you have my number, call me the moment any problems arise, day or night, and-.”

“When his heat starts.” Derek said, nodding.

Stiles gave a small smile as he signed his papers. Deaton took them and looked them over.

“Alright, let me go and get a wheelchair to help you out, and we can get you home.”

“Thank you, Derek.” Stiles whispered once Deaton had left the room.

“Of course, Stiles. As long as this is what you want.”

Stiles nodded. “But it’s more than that. I was...I thought that you were going to reject me, and you...you still love me.”

“You’re my whole world, Stiles. You’re pretty much stuck with me, unless you ask me to leave.”

Stiles’ smile was genuine as he looked up. “Never, Der.”

Derek’s happiness evaporated a little when he helped Stiles from the bed and into the wheelchair. Stiles gasped with pain and for the first time, Derek could see the surgical wound, and his mate’s thinness.

Derek couldn’t help the whine that escaped.

“Did I hurt you?” Stiles asked. “Sorry.” He apologized even before Derek could speak.

“No, babe. I just wish I could help your wound.” Derek said, motioning

with his head.

“It doesn’t hurt that bad.” Stiles said, and Derek knew that he was lying. It made him feel worse that his mate, who had been through so much, was lying to mask his pain.

Deaton was hovering nearby, in case something went wrong, but Derek didn’t need him. He was gentle with Stiles, easing him back and wrapping him in a blanket from the bed.

Derek had warned the pack to keep their distance, but really wasn’t surprised to see Henry and Isaac waiting for them when they got out of the room.

“Daddy!” Henry cried, running forward. Derek’s protective instincts flared for a moment, but before he could say anything, Henry slowed himself, and simply laid his head on Stiles’ knee.

“How does going home sound, kiddo?” Stiles asked.

“Which home?” Henry asked, confused.

Stiles took Derek’s hand. “*Home*, home, with Derek and the pack.” He reiterated, bring a fresh grin to Derek’s face.

## Stiles

Stiles knew the question on Henry’s mind, before he even asked it, so he was prepared when Henry looked up at him.

“When can we go and see papa?”

Stiles wasn’t prepared for the look of desperation on his son’s face, though, and that was what got to him.

He had requested that Aiden be kept alive, but had made no plans for how he was supposed to let Henry see his second father without himself having

to meet the man. He knew Derek well enough to know that Derek could not be trusted no to kill Aiden on the spot, and besides, unless he sent Henry with a battalion of soldiers, there was no doubt that Aiden would take and keep Henry.

And Stiles couldn't allow that to happen.

"Soon, kiddo, but...I need you to understand why it's hard for that to happen." Stiles said before anyone else could say anything. He knew that Derek, Talia, and his father would no doubt be disappointed in how he had decided to handle Aiden. He refused, even now, to be responsible for Henry losing a father.

"Isaac said that you and papa had a fight, and that he said that I should stay with you, but I want to see papa, too."

"I know you do, kiddo, but..." Stiles paused, feeling the panic trying to take him over, but staying sturdy for his son. "Your papa...doesn't like that Derek is my mate. Have you seen how nice Derek is to me?"

Henry nodded.

"That's very important to me, Derek is very important to me, and if we go and see your papa, he'll take me away from Derek."

Derek gave the barest hint of a growl, and Stiles clutched his hand reassuringly.

"Why would papa do that?" Henry asked with a glare.

"I don't know, son." Stiles lied. "But do you see why I want to stay with Derek?"

Henry looked thoughtful for a moment before he nodded.

"You'll see him again, kiddo, just not right now." Stiles promised, feeling his heart break at the situation he was caught in.

## Chapter End Notes

I'm dying (I have a cold) so no chapters until I'm better, I'm sorry.

# **And Now I Take The First Steps Towards Healing**

## Chapter Summary

Stiles goes home and Derek has a surprise for him and Henry.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

Derek's three story house. The pack home. The one that Stiles had been so excited about the day he had been abducted.

It looked exactly as Stiles remembered it: The shell a beautiful Victorian façade of blacks and eggshell. The porch was wide and sweeping, and as Stiles limped his way up the steps, he let out a sigh at the scent. Derek and the pack was heavy here and as a result of their combined scents, Stiles was hit by the overwhelming feel of home and security.

"There's still some work to do. After you...disappeared, we didn't finish everything." Derek said, opening the door for him.

"It's..." Stiles paused to let out a surprised chuckle. "It's just like I remember." Stiles said, passing by the chrome kitchen and heading into the

living room. The couches were the same ones Stiles had been considering.

Past the living room was the stairs. Derek held out his hand, and Stiles took it before they climbed up.

“I have the older pack members on the third floor. My...our room is on this floor with some of the younger members.” Derek explained as they landed on the second floor.

“Why do the older members go upstairs?” Henry asked, from behind them.

“Because in big packs like Derek’s...ours, the newer members get jealous if they’re too far from their Alpha, so they sleep closer to him.”

“Them.” Derek corrected for him with a smile, making Stiles blush.

Derek’s room was naturally the largest in the house, and Stiles was stunned to find his own scent in the room already.

“Why...?” he began and Derek ducked his head sheepishly.

“I couldn’t...can’t sleep without your scent, Stiles, so...” Derek walked to his bed and pulled out Stiles’ favorite red sweater from underneath the pillow. “I hope you’re not mad.” He finished.

Stiles shook his head. He really couldn’t fault Derek for wanting to be near his scent. During the first few weeks of his captivity with Aiden, he had craved it.

“If I had had a sweat shirt of yours, I would have used it, too.” Stiles said, quietly.

“Where’s my room, Uncle Derek?” Henry asked, surprising Stiles.

“Close, please.” Stiles asked, actually unsure if he even wanted Henry in a separate room.

“Of course.” Derek said, leading them back out of the room. When Derek



opened the door next to his own, Stiles almost collapsed in shock.

It was a bright yellow room, full of toys and video games. A racecar bed (which Stiles' inner child pinned for) was set up with blankets in the corner, and Stiles even saw a stuffed wolf similar to one that Henry had at Aiden's house. Stiles could smell the fresh paint and knew that this room had not always looked this way.

When Henry ran forward into the room, Stiles stayed back with Derek.

"How on Earth did you do this Derek?" He asked.

"It wasn't me, I mean...I gave permission for our den to be altered, but this was Isaac and Scott. Isaac thought it would help Henry if he had a room of his own.

Tears welled in Stiles' eyes, and Derek moved forward, looking concerned.

"Stiles, do...is something wrong? I can tear it-."

Stiles stopped him by giving him the first real kiss since he had returned.

"It's perfect, Derek. Thank you."

Derek didn't respond. He still looked shocked that Stiles had kissed him. And Stiles felt his heart clench.

"I'm sorry." He whispered, horrified that he had offended Derek. "I...I wasn't trying...I mean-."

"No, babe, it was just...perfect. It's definitely been too long since we did that." Derek said with a chuckle, easing Stiles somewhat.

"I didn't know that you *wanted* to kiss me or I would have done it sooner." Stiles said with a weak chuckle.

"You alright?" Derek asked, his eyes narrowing in worry.

Stiles nodded. “Just a little tired.”

“Why don’t you go lay down in our room and I’ll watch Henry for you.”  
Derek offered.

Stiles gave Derek another light kiss and turned to the room next to them, finding comfort and respite with the scent all around him. When he laid down on the bed, though, he was able to detect the deeper acidic scent of fear and loneliness.

Stiles had not known how much Derek had missed him until this moment. It made him let out a whine and even though he was tired, he got back up and went back into the hallway.

“I thought you were going to sleep.” Derek said, looking up from Henry’s bed where he was watching the boy build a tower of Lego bricks.

Stiles climbed into his son’s bed, not really caring that it was too small, and put himself into Derek’s arms.

“I missed you, too, Der.”

“I went into that room every night and I would just...long for you, Stiles.”  
Derek whispered, his voice becoming thick.

“I’m sorry, Derek.”

“No, Stiles. I don’t blame you, and I never blamed you.

“If I would have stayed at home-.”

“You wouldn’t have been happy.” Derek said with a watery chuckle. “Stiles do you remember when you were fourteen and I waited up for you because I was worried about you?”

“And I yelled at you for always looking over my shoulder?”

“You’ve never been one to have your wings clipped, babe. You...need your

freedom.”

“When I younger, maybe. Now, I all I need is you and Henry.” Stiles said, snuggling closer to Derek and closing his eyes.

## Derek

Derek shed silent tears as he held Stiles his chest.

Aiden had taken something from Stiles. A core piece of his soul, and Derek swore to himself in that moment that he would do whatever it took to give that back to his mate. Not for his own sake, but for Stiles’. He wanted Stiles to happy, again, and despite what Stiles had just said, deep down, he knew that meant Stiles being free to live his life without fear.

Still, Derek would be lying to himself if the words had been entirely painful. Stiles wanted him and that was the silver lining to his words. He didn’t feel isolated and that was progress.

“Is daddy okay?” Henry asked, snapping Derek from his thoughts.

“Yeah, kiddo, he’s just tired.”

“He doesn’t smell sad anymore.” Henry said, not looking at Derek, but playing with his toys.

“What do you mean?”

“When we were living with papa, daddy smelled sad all the time. When he’s with you, he doesn’t.”

Derek looked at Henry in amazement. He was a rather astute two year old.

“Well, I would never do anything to make your daddy unhappy, Henry. I love him very much.”

“I don’t think that papa loves him as much. You’re much nicer to him.”

“That’s because your daddy and I are mates, and I could never hurt him.”

Henry was quiet for a moment, before he turned to Derek.

“Papa isn’t daddy’s mate, is he?”

Derek didn’t know how to answer Henry’s question. He wasn’t sure what Stiles wanted him to know.

“I can’t answer that question, Henry, but what I can promise you is that I will never hurt Stiles or you, and as long as he lives with me, your daddy will never smell sad, again.”

Henry nodded with a smile before crawling up into the bed.

“Thank you, Uncle Derek.” He whispered as he snuggled into place in-between Stiles and Derek.

Derek was touched by the child’s term of endearment and let Henry get comfortable, before giving him a kiss on the forehead, and then doing the same to his father.

The next morning, Derek woke up with panic for a moment. Stiles was still there, but Henry was gone.

Derek got out of the bed, intent on finding his mate’s son, when Stiles’ voice reached him.

“Isaac took him downstairs to get something to eat, Scott was making breakfast.”

Derek nodded and eased himself back next to Stiles.

“Why didn’t you go with him?”

Stiles shrugged. “I didn’t want to be a nuisance.”

Derek sighed. “Stiles, you’re not a nuisance. If you’re hungry, I’m sure that

Scott would be more than happy to cook for you.”

“I...” Stiles shifted uncomfortably, “I also didn’t...there’s a lot of them down there, Derek, I’m not...I don’t...”

Derek mentally berated himself. If he had been smarter, he would have set up a different place for Stiles to convalesce or asked the pack to keep their distance.

“Stiles, I’m sorry, I could have told the pack to stay away, or-.”

“This is their home more than it is mine, I’m not going to kick them out.”

“It’s yours as much as it is theirs and we know that it’s going to take time for you to be comfortable with everyone, again.”

“If I...I mean, you don’t have to, but if you go down with me...” Stiles said, looking up a little hopefully.

“If that’s what you want, babe. We’ll play this however you want, whatever makes you comfortable.”

Stiles nodded and slid out of the bed, taking Derek’s hand and pressing himself close to his body.

As they descended the stairs, Derek heard Isaac singing:

*“Rastsvetali iabloni i grushi, Poplyli tumany nad rekoj. Vykhodila na bereg Katyusha, Na vysokij bereg na krutoj.”*

Derek’s confusion must have shown on his face.

“It’s a song that I played one day, and Henry really enjoys it, so Isaac learned the lyrics.”

Indeed, he could hear Henry laughing.

“Is it Russian?” Derek asked.

Stiles nodded, his heartbeat increasing slightly as they descended towards the kitchen.

Derek had expected the entire pack to be there, but it was only Isaac, Henry, and Scott.

“Hey. Knew you’d be awake soon. I sent the rest of the pack to a movie, I...hope you don’t mind.” Isaac said.

Normally, an outsider ordering his pack around would have angered Derek, but as it was in Stiles’ best interests, he nodded.

“That’s alright.”

“Daddy!” Henry shouted running up and giving Stiles a hug. “Sing Katyusha with Uncle Isaac.”

“You know I don’t know the words, kiddo.” Stiles said, with a weariness that suggested this wasn’t the first time that he had requested this.

Henry just ran back towards Isaac, imploring him to sing.

“Hey, Stiles, how are you feeling?” Scott asked, keeping his distance, but with a genuine worry on his face.

“I’m okay.” Stiles whispered, pulling himself closer to Derek.

Scott nodded with a smile and turned back to the food he was cooking.

“Are you hungry?” He asked with his back turned.

“If it’s not any trouble, I mean, I don’t want to make you do more work.”

Derek felt a crushing pressure in his chest and made a mental note to inform the pack that they needed to make sure that Stiles ate. If Stiles felt that his requests for food were ‘bothering’ the pack, he might ignore his needs, and exacerbate his situation.

“It’s no trouble at all, Stiles.” Scott’s voice was light, and Derek gave him a warm smile even though he couldn’t see it.

Scott gave the food to Derek who brought it to Stiles. When they were younger, Stiles used to eat voraciously, but today he picked at his food, eating very slowly.

“It’s good, thank you, Scott.”

“Of course.” Scott said. Derek could tell that Scott was itching to try and comfort Stiles, but the Beta kept his distance, something that Derek was grateful for.

## Chapter End Notes

If this chapter was bad, blame the bronchitis. I tried to rest, but I couldn't stop typing.

Earlier I mentioned that Stiles is one of only a million Omegas in America, even though that sounds like a lot, when you figure it in the total population of the U.S. Omegas only make up one third of a percent of the people in the country, which is a very small number.

Katyusha is a very beautiful Russian song, for the best version, I suggest you look up Girls Und Panzer and listen to that version. Isaac isn't necessarily Russian, but then...he's not necessarily not.

I want to thank all the people who sent me their well wishes and virtual hugs/soup, I'm feeling a little better, and I hope you like this chapter.

Thank you.

# **Blind, But That Doesn't Mean That I Didn't See**

## Chapter Summary

Deucalion shows up.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Derek

There was an hour when everything was peaceful and calm. Derek was seated on the couch, Stiles was curled up against him, while Henry and Isaac sat on the ground in front of them playing with plastic dinosaurs. They were watching *The Last Samurai*, but Derek noticed that Stiles' eyes frequented his son more than the screen.

About an hour into the movie, Derek's ears picked up the sound of an approaching vehicle. Stiles must have heard it, too, because his heartbeat increased and his head shot up.

"It's okay, babe. It's just the pack returning from their movie." Derek said in a calming tone.

Stiles didn't calm, though. He sat up and pushed himself closer to Derek.



“I don’t...I’m not ready, Derek, please don’t make me.” He begged, and Derek immediately got up from his spot, letting Stiles lean against him.

“Isaac, let the pack know that we’re not to be disturbed.” Derek said as they left the room.

“I’m sorry.” Stiles whispered once they were in their room and Derek had shut the door.

“You don’t need to apologize, babe. No one blames you for needing to take your time getting re-acclimated to the pack.”

“But you were comfortable and watching your movie.”

“Actually, I was watching you more than the movie.” Derek said, smiling at the blush that crept up in Stiles’ cheeks. “And as for me being comfortable, I *can’t* be comfortable if you’re not. Do you really think that I could sit there and be happy if you were panicking at the presence of the pack?”

Stiles shook his head.

“Exactly. As long as you’re happy, so am I, babe.” Derek said, moving forward and giving Stiles a kiss on his forehead. He grinned when Stiles didn’t flinch or pull away from him.

One step at a time.

“I shouldn’t have left Henry all by himself.”

“If you want, I can go and get him, but Isaac was with him, and I trust my pack.”

“I do, too, but I just feel bad leaving him without saying anything.”

“He understands, Stiles.”

“I never wanted this for him. That’s why I stayed with Aiden, it’s not like I didn’t have the chances to run, but...”

“Stiles, he treated you like-.”

“Shit. I know, Der, I really do. He’s an amazing father, though, and Henry just adores him.”

“Does he adore the way that you were treated?” Derek asked, managing to keep his temper under control. Stiles was opening up about his time with Aiden and he wasn’t going ruin that by snapping and making Stiles shut down.

“For the most, Henry wasn’t aware of what was happening. It was the only thing Aiden and I agreed upon.”

“So he recognized that what he was doing was wrong?”

Stiles shrugged. “Probably not, but he didn’t want Henry to grow seeing one father hitting another. I’m not sure what his motivations were.”

“And he never harmed Henry?”

Stiles shook his head. “Aiden loves Henry, and besides, if he turned out to be a threat to my son, I would have opened his throat with my teeth.”

Which was something that Derek wanted to do anyway.

“May I ask...Stiles, don’t feel pressured to answer, but...why *didn’t* you?”

“Kill him?” Stiles asked, and when Derek nodded he sat down on the bed, Derek joined him and wrapped an arm around his shoulders.

“Because I can’t take away his father, Derek. I left in order to preserve my life, but I’m not going to kill him.”

Because Derek would have that pleasure.

“I know it’s pathetic, Der, but Henry deserves both of his fathers, and as long as Aiden isn’t a threat to my son, I’m not willing to end his life.”

“It’s not pathetic to care about your son, babe.”

Stiles shook his head.

“I just...I don’t...Derek can we talk about something else?”

Derek nodded. “Of course, babe.” He couldn’t force Stiles into anything and would take things at his pace.

“I bought some video games, and I seem to remember that you had a flare for them when we were younger.”

There was something of the old Stiles in the excitement that flared behind his eyes at those words.

“Yeah.” He said with a smile.

## Scott

“Did he go back upstairs?” Ethan asked when he saw Henry and Isaac playing the living room, alone.

“Yeah. I stayed in the kitchen to give him some space, but I guess the idea of the entire pack was too much.” Scott said, throwing the dishtowel he had been using over his shoulder.

“Which no one here is going to blame him for.” Lydia said, glaring at Scott as though he had suggested Stiles was at fault.

“Of course not, it’s just...hard. My wolf can sense how much pain he’s in and it just wants to help.”

“Did our idea work, in any case?” Ethan asked.

Scott nodded with a small smile. “Yeah, it was only for an hour, but he was calm.”

“We can stay out longer next time, let him get more comfortable in the house.” Ethan said, moving to sit on the couch. When he passed by, Isaac’s node flared and he let out growl. Rising from the ground, Isaac grabbed Ethan and sniffed his shirt, before moving to each of the others who had been out, his eyes flashing.

“Where did you go?”

“Just to the movies, dude, chill out.” Allison said, stepping away from him.

“Were you followed?” Isaac asked, moving to the window and looking outside.

Ethan and Allison sniffed their clothes and looked confused.

“I don’t think so, I didn’t know that we needed to look out for stalkers. What’s wrong?” Boyd asked.

Isaac ran up to Henry and picked him up. “You guys smell like Deucalion. I have to go and talk to Derek.”

Scott had no idea who Deucalion was or why it mattered that the pack smelled like him, but his heart dropped when Henry spoke.

“Uncle Lion is here?”

“Maybe, kid.” Isaac said, sounding worried.

Scott followed them. Out of everyone in the pack, he had the highest chance of approaching Stiles without sending the Omega into a panic attack.

Isaac eyed Scott warily but didn’t protest as he knocked on the door.

“I told you not to bug us, Isaac.” Derek snapped as he opened the door. The moment he breathed in, though, his face fell. “What happened?”

“We need to have a discussion about the safety of your pack and myself.” Isaac said.

“Is something wrong?” Stiles’ voice came from behind Derek.

“Stiles, you don’t need to worry, I won’t let anything happen, but when the pack came back, I could smell Deucalion on them.”

“Uncle Lion, daddy!”

Scott could tell that Henry could not grasp the seriousness of whoever Deucalion was, but the immediate smell of fear and sound of Stiles hyperventilating was enough to lock it in for Scott.

Derek spun around and took Stiles into his arms.

“I will never let anything happen to you again, babe.” Derek vowed, quietly.

“He’s right, Stiles.” Scott said, as softly as he could. “We’ll protect you and Henry...and Isaac.”

Isaac turned and gave him a hesitant grin.

“Send Boyd, Erica, and Allison out to run patrols, have them watch the house.”

“Already on it, Alpha!” Allison shouted up the stairs, not trying to hide that she was eavesdropping.

“Who’s Deucalion?” Scott asked.

“A member of Aiden’s pack. He’s blind, but his sense of smell is unparalleled. It’s actually not a surprise that Aiden sent him to find Stiles.”

“And you didn’t make me aware of this threat before now, because?” Derek asked, keeping his voice calm, but flashing his eyes at Isaac.

“I wasn’t thinking, Derek.” Isaac said, dropping his head. “I...Stiles, I’m sorry.”

“I don’t blame you, Isaac. I didn’t mention him, either.” Stiles whispered. “I didn’t think he’d... betray us.” Stiles sounded numb, in shock, which Scott didn’t blame him for.

“Should we leave?” Scott asked, directing his question to Derek who was managing to stay calm. Stiles seemed to be on the brink of falling apart.

“Scott, we could fly to Fiji, take a boat from there to India, then walk to Siberia, and Deucalion would still be able to find us. We...we have to confront him.” Isaac said.

“Uncle Isaac, what does confront mean?” Henry asked, and Scott nearly jumped, he had forgotten that he was in the Beta’s arms.

Stiles pulled himself from Derek and moved towards Isaac, holding his arms out for his son. Isaac hesitated for the briefest moment, but relented when Stiles’ eyes hardened.

“Confront means that we need to ask Uncle Lion some questions.” Stiles said to Henry, and Scott was surprised by the amount of control he was showing considering that if Scott went off of Scent alone, Stiles should be on his hands and knees in a full blown panic attack.

“He might not be here, anymore, Stiles. If I smelled him on them, he definitely smelled you on them...if that made sense. Aiden-.”

Three things happened at once. Derek snarled, Stiles gasped and jumped, and someone knocked on the door.

“Babe, stay here with Henry. Isaac, Scott...with your life.” He growled to them. Isaac nodded and so did Scott. They both knew what he meant: They were to defend Stiles with their lives, a worthy cause in Scott’s eyes.

Derek’s claws were extended as he descended the stairs. There was a moment of silence, and then the sound of the lock scraping and a smooth voice spoke.

“Ah, you must be Derek.”

## Deucalion

“Ah, you must be Derek.”

Deucalion expected the attack, and could have stopped it if he wanted to, but didn't. He needed to show that he wasn't a threat, that he was willing to protect Stiles.

The man whose scent he recognized as Derek grabbed him and slammed into a wall, hot breath snarling in his face, the force of an Alpha washing over him, and in an attempt to keep his life long enough to explain himself, Deucalion bared his neck.

He didn't blame Derek for being protective. Stiles scent was enough in the domicile that Deucalion knew without a doubt that the Omega was here, and he was an intruder.

“You have three seconds to convince me not to decorate my den with your entrails. Speak.” Derek hissed into his ear. If Deucalion listened, he could hear a myriad of heartbeats and the well-known scent of Stiles' fear coming from somewhere above him. Derek was no doubt trying to keep his mate from being frightened.

“I'm not in cahoots with Aiden, even though he thinks I am. I can help, but not if I'm dead.” Deucalion said, his voice remaining calm even though he knew that at any moment, he could be killed.

“Why would you lie to your Alpha?”

“You are laboring under the delusion that I still consider Aiden my Alpha after what he did to Stiles. I lied to him for the same reason that Ennis and Isaac did. We consider Stiles much more worthy of leading us than Aiden, and his safety is more important to us than Aiden fulfilling his rather... perverse desires.”

“So you said that you'd track him and then came here to tell me about it?”

Deucalion nodded. “Ennis chose to defy Aiden directly and is currently suffering under Aiden’s wrath, I found a much more...useful tactic.”

## Chapter End Notes

Is Deucalion being sincere? Only I know.

So, we'll have some more chapters soon, I hope, and if I not, I give you permission to chase me down with pitchforks and torches.

I have the feeling I left something out, but not sure what, I'm still a little...off, so if I screwed, let me know.

Thank you! :)



# Our Tragic Tales

## Chapter Summary

Stiles is wary of Deucalion and remembers why it's odd for any of his pack to be helping him.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

Stiles sat in the room he shared with Derek, holding Henry and rocking back and forth, trying to calm himself. It was only the scent of his son and his mate that kept him from completely shutting down.

Henry could sense his anxiety and staying quiet and calm, which only helped Stiles keep calm himself.

Stiles couldn't go back. Maybe one day, far in the future, he might be able to let Aiden see Henry involving armed guards and GRAD missiles, but he wouldn't go back to that house by his own choice. He would fight and make Deucalion drag him back kicking and screaming.

A knock at the door made Stiles snarl, even when Isaac's soft voice drifted

through, Stiles kept his guard up.

“It’s just me.”

“Only Derek.” Stiles warned.

Stiles heard Isaac sigh, but the Beta didn’t enter. A moment later, the door opened slowly, and Stiles let out a sigh of relief. It was Derek, smelling agitated, but definitely safe.

Mindful of Henry, Stiles pressed himself close to Derek and inhaled his scent. No blood, no rage. Some deeper, hopeful part of him perked up at the thought that Deucalion might not have been there to hurt him.

“Is...What happened?” Stiles asked, and it wasn’t until Derek took his hand that he realized that he was shaking.

“Let’s not worry about that for a second, babe, come here.” Derek whispered, pulling Stiles to the bed and easing him down. Derek took Henry and sat him right next to Stiles, before sitting down on the other side, and pulling Stiles into his chest.

“Listen to my breath, Stiles. In and out. Smooth, even. Match my breathing.”

Stiles closed his eyes and obeyed. He listened to the soft inhale and exhale of Derek’s breath, the comforting tempo of his heart and allowed the tension to drain from his body.

He was safe. After what he had been through, there wasn’t a lot that he trusted anymore, but Derek’s love and willingness to protect was a constant. He had been foolish not to see it before, and now as he concentrating on Derek’s breathing, that solidity brought a wave of calm and relief over him.

He was safe.

It took about ten minutes, but finally Stiles felt his muscles loosen and his heart rate leave the level of a hummingbird’s.

“Thank you, I’m sorry.” He whispered.

“No need for an apology, Stiles. You’re safe, I promise.”

Stiles nodded. “What...what happened?”

“I don’t know him well enough to corroborate anything that he was saying, but Isaac’s talking to him. He said that someone named Ennis had stood up for you and-.”

“Oh gods, no!” Stiles moaned. “Ennis is...gone?”

If Ennis died defending him, it was Stiles’ fault. He had asked the Beta to stay behind. When Derek shook his head Stiles let out a low whine of relief.

“Deucalion said that he got roughed up a bit, but he’s still alive. He said that Aiden ordered him to go and find you, which was rather easy for him, considering his talents. He said that he’ll keep your secret, and that his loyalty is with you.”

“He denounced Aiden?” Stiles asked, confused. He knew why Aiden had the pack he did, what he had saved them from, and now...

*Twenty one*

*“Thank you.” Stiles whispered as Ennis brought him a bowl of soup. “You didn’t have to.”*

*“Actually, yeah, I kind of did. Isaac is on a date, and you’ll only eat if one of us brings you food. I worry about you, kid.”*

*“I eat enough to live-.”*

*“But not enough to let you bear another child.” Ennis finished for him, nodding. “Your plan’s not hard to figure out, kid, but you should be careful.”*

*“I am. I know what my body can handle. I have a son, now, Ennis. I’m not going to let myself die.”*

*“Good, ‘cuz I like having you around, kid.” Ennis said, reaching out to ruffle his hair. Stiles glared and fixed it.*

*“How’d you end up here?” Stiles asked, taking a bite of the garlic and rice chicken soup.*

*“You mean with Aiden?”*

*Stiles nodded. “I mean...not just you, but everyone. Except for Kali...and maybe Deucalion, you and Isaac are really nice.”*

*“Deucalion’s nice, he’s just quiet.”*

*“Avoidance of the question is not an answer.” Stiles said in a singsong voice.*

*Ennis sighed. “Look, you’re probably not going to believe me, but...Aidan saved all of us.”*

*Stiles narrowed his eyes in disbelief.*

*“I’m not lying.” Ennis said, raising his hands. “Kali, Deucalion, Isaac, and I were all saved in one way or another by Aiden.”*

*“Well, I’m sitting here with nothing to do until Aiden gets back with Henry, so talk.” Stiles demanded, patting the spot of the bed next to him.*

*Ennis eyes his carefully for a moment before rolling his eyes and sitting down and letting out a sigh.*

*“I was mauled by a wolf, and left to die. No reason or explanation, and we’ve never caught the man responsible.” Ennis said, his eyes looking into the past. “Aiden found me and kept me alive long enough for the Bite to take hold. I was his first Beta.*

*“He helped me through it. It’s a lot easier for those of you who were born into it, but those of us who were bitten...we often end up getting ourselves killed. We pick a fight with an older, stronger wolf and lose.”*

*“I’m sorry.” Stiles whispered. “I mean...I’ve heard of wolves that bite, but...In my pack, my real one, I mean, it was forbidden on pain of death without the consent of the person being bitten. I thought all the Alphas of the Western states had agreed to the same thing.”*

*“They probably have.” Ennis said, nodding solemnly. “I’ve made peace with what happened, and I love being a wolf, Stiles. I hold no grudges against your kind.”*

*“It’s still fucked up.” Stiles said through a mouthful of soup.*

*Ennis nodded again, before shaking his head.*

*“Anyway, I’m the only bitten of Aiden’s pack. Deucalion was an Alpha of his old pack, an upstart Beta tortured him, injected his eyes with Wolfsbane, and banished him from his pack. That’s all I know about him, I’m afraid. He hasn’t shared his story with anyone but Aiden.”*

*Stiles actually felt queasy at Ennis’ words. The idea of someone torturing their pack mate in that manner was sickening.*

*“And Isaac?” He asked, hesitantly, unsure if Ennis was listing them off from easiest to worst.*

*“Isaac was...” Ennis sighed. “Isaac was maltreated from a young age. Look, Stiles, I know how Aiden treats you is horrible, but what Isaac’s father did to him was nothing short of barbaric. He injected Isaac with Wolfsbane to keep him from healing and then would rape and beat on him for hours at a time. Isaac said that most of the time he was near enough to death to beg for it. He pleaded for that bastard to end his life, but it never came.”*

*Stiles had never heard Isaac’s story. He knew that the Beta had some*

*trouble being around people, but Stiles just assumed him to be naturally skittish.*

*“That’s...” Stiles wasn’t sure what to say, but knew that the next time that he saw Isaac, he’d be sure to give the man a hug.*

*“He managed to escape. Apparently, his father kept him locked in a chest freezer. Isaac had slowly been building up an immunity towards the Wolfsbane...very slowly. He was strong enough pop the lock open, and he left through the basement window where he was being kept. Aiden almost hit him with his car, and took Isaac into the hospital. That’s when Isaac was fifteen...He’s your age, now, and it wasn’t really until last year that he started falling back into the groove of life.”*

*“And Kali?” Stiles asked.*

“Stiles, are you alright?” Derek’s words drew him from his reminiscing, and he nodded.

“Sorry, I guess I was just...lost in the past.”

A past that made today’s events confusing. Stiles knew the backstories of every member of Aiden’s pack, and was surprised that most of them had betrayed their Alpha...for him.

“So...Ennis and Deucalion turned against Aiden?”

Derek nodded. “That’s what Deucalion claimed, and I didn’t detect a lie, but that doesn’t mean it’s not there.”

“He is here.” Stiles offered on behalf of the blind wolf. “I mean...He could have gone back to Aiden, but he knocked on the door.”

“Well...I told him absolutely not without your permission, but he wants to speak with you.” Derek said, hesitantly, as though he feared sending Stiles into another panic attack.

“Where is he now?” Stiles asked, unsure if he wanted to speak with

Deucalion. He'd be much happier with Ennis.

"In the basement, Isaac took him down there, to keep him isolated. I mean...trusting Isaac is one thing, he helped you escape, but I have no idea what Deucalion's intentions are, babe."

"Can I go see Uncle Lion, daddy?" Henry asked, speaking for the first time since Stiles had started to panic.

"Maybe, kiddo, but I...I'll have to talk to him, first."

"Stiles, are you sure?"

Stiles nodded. He really didn't want to, but he had to know if his son and his pack were safe, or if they were going to have to flee.

"Derek, I have to know. If we're not safe here, we'll have to leave. I can't...I can't go back, and I'd rather face Deucalion now, than Aiden if he shows up." Stiles shuddered, and guilt ate at him. He didn't like speaking about Aiden and Deucalion this way in front of Henry.

"Alright, well, I'll go with you, okay. I won't let him hurt you, I promise." Derek said, taking Stiles' hand.

Derek actually had to let go of Stiles' hand, so he could move ahead and warn the pack away while he led Stiles into the basement. The damp air was overlaid with the scent of Deucalion and Stiles recoiled a little in its presence. This could either go very good or very bad.

"Isaac, would you watch Henry for me?" Stiles asked when he saw the curly haired Beta. He was watching Deucalion with suspicious eyes, but nodded and held his arms out. "Henry, I need you to go with Uncle Isaac."

"But Uncle Lion-." Henry began to protest, but Stiles shut him down with a shake of his head.

"Maybe after, but me and Deucalion need to talk about a few things."

Henry let out a huff of breath, but walked obediently to Isaac who took him up the stairs.

“If you two need anything, just howl.” He said, and Derek surprised Stiles by nodding.

It was a relief to see Deucalion tied up to a post in the basement. It wouldn’t hold for long if he wanted to break free, but the fact that he had willingly let himself be restrained was a good sign.

“Ah, nice to see you again, young Stiles. I trust you and your son are doing well.” Deucalion said in a light voice.

Stiles nodded, then remembered that Deucalion couldn’t see him, so he said: “I’m okay.”

“No, you’re not. You smell terrified and anxious, which I will assume is due to my presence.”

“More like the uncertainty that your presence brings with it.” Stiles countered.

“Which is fair enough, but I allowed your mate and co-Alpha to assault me, bring me down here, and tie me to this post all for the sake of speaking to you, and I assure you that I mean no harm.”

The word ‘co-Alpha’ surprised Stiles. Aiden’s pack had rarely referred to Stiles as co-Alpha of Derek’s pack, they always just assumed that he was a headstrong Beta whom Derek had indulged.

“You’ll forgive me if I’m a little wary of you, I’ve not received a particularly...defiant stance from you in the past when it comes to Aiden.”

“Ennis was defiant and it nearly got him killed, Aiden would no doubt have done the same to Isaac if he had not fled with you. Stiles, I may not have been willing to defend you to the point of retribution from Aiden, but have I ever done anything in direct confrontation to your best interests?”



Stiles could not help but shake his head. It was the truth, Deucalion had never harmed him or treated him like a sex toy for Aiden like Kali had.

“Stiles, I felt sympathy for your position, and while some part of me will always remain loyal to Aden for taking me in when no other pack would due to my...condition, I swear to you that I hold your safety and the safety of your son above the selfish desires of a perverse Alpha.”

“You tracked me.” Stiles said.

“I tracked you because it is only too easy for me to do so, and it was a convenient excuse to follow you and ensure that you were okay. I left my cellphone on a truck heading east to throw him off the trail. However, I would be remiss if I did not remind you that he is aware of where Derek lives. I think he only sent me as a way to ensure that you came here.”

Stiles nodded slowly. He had indeed forgotten that the first time that Aiden kidnapped him, it had been from the streets of Beacon Hills.

## Chapter End Notes

Yes, I'm still going to throw the occasional flashback in, I find it makes a better way to talk about the past than just endless dialogue, plus it's nice to see Stiles without his PTSD, no?

So, I'm still healing, but felt well enough to type this out for you, but I'm still not at 100% so I might have one or two errors.

# Mine

## Chapter Summary

Isaac speaks with Scott, Aiden speaks with Kali, and Stiles speaks with Deucalion.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Aiden

“He’ll turn.” Kali said, looking at Aiden while he sipped his coffee.

“You think?”

“This is what Omegas do, Alpha. They suck in Betas, make them weak.”

“And you’re immune because...?” Aiden asked with a wicked smirk, even though he felt no true joy. He hadn’t really felt anything since Stiles had left with Henry and Isaac. At first he thought it was the loss of his son, but slowly, it dawned on him that he needed all three of them. He needed his pack back.

“I’m immune because Stiles is gay.” Kali finished for him.

“Deucalion might turn, but if he does, he’ll come back. Deucalion tracks well, but his blindness makes him clumsy, I’m sure that he left his scent. All I need is Henry, Kali. When I get Henry back, Stiles will follow him, and Isaac and Deucalion will follow Stiles.”

“No end to your cleverness.” Kali said, dryly, pouring her own cup.

“You find a problem with that plan?”

“I do, actually!” Kali snapped, slamming her cup on the counter. “You know that Stiles’ stupid fucking mate has an entire pack, Aiden! There’s you and me against who knows how many wolves. For what? That fucking Omega and-.”

“My son!” Aiden roared, no longer bothering with the calm façade.

“You can father another son, Alpha. Stiles isn’t the only Omega in America-.” Kali was forced to duck when Aiden aimed his coffee cup for her head.

“Henry and Stiles are mine! You, Ennis, Deucalion and Isaac are *my* fucking pack, and I will not let that fucking Alpha in Beacon Hills ruin that!” Aiden was partially shifted and had Kali pinned against the wall with remembering that he had moved.

Kali was whimpering and flashing her eyes in submission. Aiden held up a finger.

“I forgave Ennis and Isaac for betraying me because they thought they were protecting Henry, but if you ever, and I mean *ever* suggest that leave my son behind, again, I will kill you.”

Kali nodded and Aiden let out a growl.

“Yes, Alpha. I’m sorry. Henry is pack and Stiles is...”

“Mine.” Aiden finished for her.

## Isaac

“You’re really good with him, you know?”

Isaac looked up at the voice, feeling the familiar protective urge that always came up around Derek’s pack. He still hadn’t come to fully trust them, yet, and his past mixed with the fact that he was holding a sleeping Henry made him uneasy around strangers.

Even if they were kind of cute.

“Thanks.” Isaac said, giving a small smile to Scott.

Scott sat next to him, his hair glinting in the sun.

“I don’t think I thanked *you*, yet.” He said, quietly, in deference to the sleeping child in Isaac’s arms.

“Thanked me for what?”

“For helping him when he needed it. I’m still not sure exactly what happened, and I’m not sure that I want to, but you helped him.”

“It wasn’t...I mean, it *isn’t* hard to help him. He’s...”

“Strong.” Scott offered and Isaac nodded.

“He talked about you guys all the time, and I know that I haven’t known him as long as you, but that doesn’t mean that he’s not pack... and family.”

“I would never think to exclude you from the pack, and after your help in getting Stiles back here, I’m sure that Derek wouldn’t, either.”

“Stiles is my Alpha, if he says I can stay, then I will.” Isaac said, not wanting to latch himself on to Derek. He had sworn his loyalty to Stiles, and that’s who he would follow.

“Stiles is my Alpha, too, and we both know that he’ll agree to let you stay,

Isaac.”

“What about Ennis and Deucalion?” Isaac asked. “I mean...my father always told me that big packs fail, and I couldn’t leave Ennis behind.”

“Big packs don’t necessarily fail, and you forget, you have Stiles *and* Derek as Alphas. We’ll get along just fine.” Scott said, leaning over and bumping his shoulder with his own.

Isaac nodded, still unsure, but willing to trust Stiles enough to at least try.

“So that song you were singing this morning...” Scott led.

“Katyusha? What about it?”

“Where did you learn to speak Russian?” Scott asked, looking at him as though he would like nothing better than the answer to an innocuous question.

Isaac blushed and shifted Henry a little.

“I don’t speak it, not very well, at least. My mother was Russian and she taught me a little, but my father...He hated it.” Isaac said, closing down a little at his own mention of the man.

“Well...I really liked the song.” Scott said, smiling at him.

“I didn’t even remember the lyrics. Stiles found it while browsing online one day and I remembered...” Isaac closed his eyes as he reminisced. “My mother used to sing it to me when I was little. Henry loved it, and so I learned the words so I could sing it to him.”

Isaac ignored the ache in his chest at the memory of his mother...if she was still alive...

“That was nice of you.” Scott said, softly.

“He doesn’t call me Uncle Isaac for nothing. The kid’s like a nephew to me,

the same is true for the rest of us...except maybe Kali.”

“She’s the other mean one, right?” Scott asked and Isaac nodded.

“There’s just...something broken in her, you know. Henry calls Deucalion ‘Uncle Lion’ and he accepted it with a smile, he called Kali ‘Aunt Lollie’ and she went berserk.”

“She didn’t hurt him, did she?” Scott asked, and Isaac was surprised to find the trace of a growl there.

“No. She’d never take it that far, but she yelled at him until he got the name Kali, right. He...” Isaac let out a chuckle. “He calls her ‘Aunt Bitch’ now, behind her back, of course.”

Scott laughed, too. “I’m guessing Stiles was responsible?”

Isaac nodded. “Oh, he loathes her. She didn’t treat *him* too kindly, either. I think she viewed him as lesser and never...never learned that that was wrong. I mean, my family was largely prejudiced against Omegas, too, but Stiles...if that’s not an Alpha wolf in him, I’m a monkey’s uncle.”

Scott let out a snort and Henry stirred, forcing Scott to lower his laugh.

“No way, the Lion King?” He asked in a whisper.

“What?” Isaac asked in a mock defensive tone. “I may have had a bad childhood, but I was hardly raised by savages.”

Scott stared at him a moment and Isaac held it, before the intensity made him turn away blushing.

“So...” Scott paused. “Teach me something in Russian.”

Isaac looked back at him. “Why?”

Scott shrugged. “It’s a part of you, and if you’re going to pack, we should learn about each other.”

“Grusha, it means ‘pear’.”

“And...if I wanted to say handsome?”

Isaac stilled, his breath catching for a moment. “Don’t you mean, pretty?”

Scott shook his head. “No, for the person I have in mind, I mean handsome.” He said, staring back at Isaac.

Isaac swallowed thickly. “Statnyy. No...um...” He found it hard to think under Scott’s gaze, but when he changed his focus to take in all of Scott’s features, the right word came to him.

“Krasivyy.”

## Stiles

“We have to leave.” Stiles whispered.

“Stiles-.” Derek began, but Stiles shook his head.

“He knows where we are, and knows exactly how to get to me. Derek, if he takes my son...” Stiles couldn’t finish, because he knew that Derek would growl and snarl, but if Aiden took Henry, he would follow.

“That won’t happen, Stiles. I accepted him as pack, if he tries to take Henry, I’ll...Stiles I won’t let him hurt you or your son.” Derek said, reaching out to comfort Stiles, but stopping when Stiles flinched.

“Derek, the only option to stop him is killing him or running...or me going back.”

“Never!” Derek growled, making Stiles pull back.

Derek’s face softened immediately. “Stiles, I’m sorry, I just...I won’t lose you again.”

“And I won’t let you kill Henry’s father.” Stiles countered, anger pushing aside his fear for a moment.

Derek stared at him for a moment. “Stiles, think of what he did to you.”

“I do, Derek. Every day. I can hardly...I know what he did, but I also know that Henry loves him, and he loves Henry, and...taking that away from Henry would be wrong.”

“So was him taking you against your will, Stiles, which is exactly what he’ll do again if given the chance!”

“Stiles, your mate is right. Aiden won’t stop until he has you and Henry back.” Deucalion said.

“But killing him?” Stiles asked, his mind drifting to his son. “Do you know what that would do to Henry?”

“It’s the only way to stop him without losing you.” Derek said, trying again to reach out. This time, Stiles allowed him to cup his face.

“Not if we run.”

“And is *that* the life that you want for Henry? Running from place to place for the rest of our lives?” Derek asked with a chuckle.

“Then don’t come with us.” Stiles said, feeling wounded by Derek’s words.

“Stiles, you are my mate and I will follow you anywhere. If you want to fly into the sun, I will hold your hand, and I know that this pack would do the same, but you keep talking about how you want to protect Henry, and throwing him into ‘Catch Me If You Can’ is not the way to do that.” Derek said, his eyes shining with the plea.

Stiles could see the rationality and logic in Derek’s words, but couldn’t bring himself to agree. He didn’t want to destroy Henry’s life.

“Stiles, you seem determined not to kill him for Henry’s sake, but...am I to



take that as a sign that you think he can be reasoned with?" Deucalion asked.

"I...I...Fuck, Deucalion, I don't know. I would prefer...I don't know." Stiles said, panic beginning to take over again as he thought about the hole he had dug himself into.

"Stiles, if you wanted to keep him alive, you must have had a reason."

"I don't know...how, I just...I knew Henry...fuck." Stiles whispered, collapsing to the ground. Immediately, Derek moved for him, worry in his eyes.

"Babe, are you alright?" He asked, sitting on the ground and slowly pulling Stiles into his chest. After a moment, Stiles allowed himself to go, taking strength from his mate's scent.

Stiles shook his head, tears in his eyes as he gasped for breath. "I didn't think, Derek. I didn't plan, I just..."

"You ran to save yourself, and there's nothing wrong with that, but Stiles... Aiden is a threat to you and Henry, and I'm begging you to let me do what I need to, in order to keep you and your son safe."

"You wouldn't just... kill him, anyway?" Stiles asked.

"I won't lie, Stiles. Every instinct that my wolf has wants to. For revenge and to keep my mate and my pack safe, but...If you ask me not to, as much as it would pain me, I won't."

"I...I don't know what I want." Stiles whispered.

"Well, I would suggest that you decide very quickly, Stiles. Even if I went back and lied to him, he'll find you, and due to your...condition, it would be a good idea to have a plan before that happens." Deucalion said, no malice or anger in words.

"Derek, cut Duke free." Stiles whispered. It wasn't a war plan, and it did

nothing to protect him from the choice he would soon have to make, but he knew that Deucalion had to be uncomfortable.

“Are you sure?”

Stiles nodded. “He’s...he’s not going to hurt anyone, least of all me.” Stiles said, sincerely.

“Thanks, my boy.” Deucalion said, rubbing his wrists when Derek cut the rope with a swipe of a clawed finger, showing how easily Deucalion could have gotten away.

“I shall of course follow your lead, Stiles, but if I might suggest that you allow me to return to Aiden and try and stall him to give you some more time?”

“When he finds out that you betrayed him, he’ll-.”

Deucalion interrupted Stiles with a chuckle. “He won’t kill me for the same reason that he didn’t kill Ennis. We’re his pack, Stiles, at least...he believes we are. If he killed everyone who had turned their back on him, he’d be left with Kali and Henry.”

“I’d rather you stay here, if you like.” Stiles said, quietly, crawling back into Derek’s lap, after he sat back down.

“Of course, but...that will lead him here faster.”

## Chapter End Notes

So...did this chapter have all the ellipses or...all the ellipses?

Also, I guess Isaac is Russian, it wasn't really planned and neither was that blush he gave Scott, but there we are.

Further, the next few chapters will get back into adult territory. I'm taking heats, and violence, so be prepared (HA, Lion King) for that.

As always, thank you.

# Coward

## Chapter Summary

Stiles finds a horrible surprise after Isaac talks him out of a bad decision.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

### *Eighteen*

*“These are the days that I want forever, Der. Just you, me, and the moon.” Stiles said, laying on his back next to Derek. Both of them were naked, having run to the field as wolves.*

*It was a quiet little spot on the outskirts of the town, far from the lights and noise of people and their lattes, cell phones, and screaming offspring.*

*“Technically, I think these are the nights you want forever.” Derek said, and Stiles could hear the smirk in his voice.*

*“Ass.” Stiles said, elbowing him in the side. “You know what I meant. Once*

*a week, even when we're Alphas, we should come out here and just...watch the stars and the moon."*

*"I'd rather watch you." Derek said, propping himself up on his elbow, and lightly nipping at Stiles' neck.*

*Stiles chuckled and pulled Derek on top of him. "You have a one track mind."*

*Indeed, it took only seconds for Derek to become hard, the scent of his arousal inciting a similar reaction in Stiles. Including the slick that came from between his thighs.*

Stiles awoke with a start. Even though he was laying on top of the covers, he was hot, sweating, and when he reached between his legs, he let out a groan as he felt the slick there. It was normal for Omegas in puberty to Produce in response to dreams, but Stiles had not had trouble with that for several years. Either Derek had been arousing him while he was asleep, or his heat was coming.

Panic overtook him for a moment as he processed what that meant. If there was ever a worse time for him to have his heat, he could not think of it. Derek's promises of being able to bear the scent without consequence had been one thing in the hospital, but now that Stiles could feel the first stirrings, he felt a new fear invade.

It was in Derek's instincts to breed with his mate, just as it was in Stiles' to breed with Derek.

Likewise, Derek's wolf would howl and fight to fuck Stiles when he was in heat, and Stiles would move heaven and earth to let Derek do it.

Even now, in their sleep, Stiles could see the approaching omens of what was to come. Derek curled over him, his face right in his neck, and a content smile on his sleeping face.

Stiles couldn't face what would happen if he and Derek were both to give in

to their primal desires. He wouldn't be able to look at Derek ever again.

Stiles carefully got out of bed, jumping when Derek's voice broke the silence.

"Where you going, babe?" He mumbled, sleepily.

Stiles had to fight back tears as he leaned close and kissed him on the cheek, hoping the scent of his heat wasn't too noticeable.

"Just to get a drink of water, babe." Stiles lied, keeping his heartbeat steady.  
"Go back to sleep, I'll be right back."

Derek was already breathing deeply by the time Stiles reached the door. If he was quick, Derek wouldn't realize he was missing until morning, and by then...Stiles would be gone.

He could kill several birds with this single stone, even if his soul died, too. Derek and the pack would be safe, Henry would have both of his fathers, and Stiles would be able to pass his heat without further traumatizing himself by turning to Derek.

Moving quickly, but quietly, Stiles crept into his son's room, moving towards the bed when the second voice in less than a minute scared him.

"You're rather predictable."

Stiles fell to the ground in his haste to get away from the voice, but when his eyes fell on his son, his feral, protective instincts took over and he snarled, and moved to protect Henry, but it was only Isaac.

"Stiles, like I'd harm him." Isaac said with a chuckle.

"Instinct...sorry." Stiles said, quietly, turning to make sure that Henry was still asleep.

"Yes...instinct, like the instinct to protect your pack by leaving and going back to Aiden."

“What...what are you talking about?” Stiles asked, feeling winded by Isaac’s intimate knowledge of a plan he had created only minutes earlier.

“I spoke with Deucalion, and he told me the situation. Your options are to wait here for him to arrive or go back to him. You showed...a reluctance in wanting his death, you want Henry to somehow see his father, again, and you don’t want the pack to be hurt for you. It wasn’t hard to put together... actually, I find it odd that no one else did.”

Stiles felt a knot form in his stomach. Isaac knew exactly what he was feeling.

“Isaac, you...you have to let me go.”

“You know that’s not going to happen, Stiles. You’re my Alpha, but I will stop you from going back to him. I...I can’t watch you go through that, again.”

“That’s why you’re staying here. You’ll be safe and happy with Derek.”

“And you think that he’ll just stay away?”

Stiles shook his head, his throat closing and his eyes watering. “I don’t...I don’t know, Isaac. If he follows me...I’ll make him leave, again. Isaac, I can’t stay. If I stay, someone is going to get hurt...or worse.”

“If you go, you’ll get hurt.”

The first tears escaped. “I’ll...As long as Henry and Derek are okay.” He whispered.

“Stiles, you’ve been through a lot just to make sure that Henry is okay. You *are* allowed to look after yourself.”

Stiles opened his mouth, but Isaac cut him off.

“No, Stiles, listen to me. I’m still skeptical about them, but even in my short time here, I’ve been able to notice a few things. That man in there loves

you, and this pack loves you. Even if it meant that they were safe, none of them would be better off sitting here lamenting your loss for a second time. They've bonded on Henry, too. What you're suggesting is ripping away two of their own, and hoping that the mere fact that they're alive be enough to cover that. It's...never going to work."

Isaac crawled closer to Stiles and slowly offered his open arms, which Stiles went to, giving him a hug. Isaac was right, Stiles had to stay. He could try to reason with Aiden when he arrived, but his place was by his mate's side.

"Thank you." He said, quietly, still crying silent tears. "I just wanted to do what was best."

"Best is staying here, with me and your pack."

"You are pack, Isaac. I mean...If you'd prefer to go back to Aiden at some point, I'd understand, but...to me, you're as important as any other member of this pack."

Isaac smiled. "I'm not sure Derek likes me very much."

"He's just wary, but he knows that you helped to save me."

"Now, Stiles, that's just mean. You didn't need to be 'saved', just learn your place." A cold voice said, making Stiles go numb.

Turning around, he saw his worst fear: Aiden, climbing through Henry's window, a gun in one hand, and a cruel grin on his face.

## Derek

It was instinct that pulled him from sleep. A deep resonating panic in his chest that he had only felt once before.

When Stiles was kidnapped.



The empty bed wasn't very comforting. Derek threw the covers off and followed Stiles' scent; hoping to find anything, but what he did.

The snarl was pure reflex, what Derek really wanted to do was whine.

The man looked exactly like Ethan, but his scent was different, and so was the look in his eyes. There was also the fact that Ethan would never be holding a gun to Stiles' temple, as Aiden was now.

"Well, that didn't take long." Aiden said, with a smirk.

Derek wasn't sure what he was talking about, but then again, he wasn't thinking clearly. The sight of his mate in mortal danger was causing a burst of conflicting emotions.

The more primal part of his wolf wanted to launch forward and rip Aiden limb from limb, but the more rational part knew that he was not faster than a bullet. A smaller part was paralyzed with the fear that this would be the last time he saw Stiles.

"Let him go." Derek growled.

"I don't believe that you're in a position to be making demands, Derek. I have the gun."

"Only cowardly werewolves use human weapons." Derek spat.

"Only cowards steal the cubs of other Alphas!" Aiden snarled, and Derek flinched as he pressed the gun deeper into Stiles' temple.

"He's my son, too, Aiden. I couldn't leave him. Derek had nothing to do with it." Stiles said, quietly. He was shaking, and obviously on the brink of a panic attack, but physically, he looked unharmed, and Derek tried to send him a feeling of love and security through a glance, but Stiles wasn't looking, he stared down at his feet.

"So your answer was to take him from me?!" Aiden yelled into his ear. "Do you have any idea what it was like to come home and find three members of

my pack, including my son, missing?”

“Stiles is co-Alpha of *this* pack, Henry was welcomed into this pack, and so was Isaac.” Derek said, regretting the words when Aiden’s claws dug into Stiles’ shoulder, making him let out a whimper.

“Stiles is *mine*, so is Henry and Isaac.”

Aiden’s words conflicted with everything at the core of Derek, but he did not speak out, he was fearful that Aiden would harm Stiles even more.

“Alpha?” Derek’s eyes looked to the stairs leading to the third level and saw Ethan standing there. For a moment, Ethan’s eyes scanned the hallway, before locking on Aiden.

“You.” He let out a snarl and moved forward, but froze when he noticed the gun.

“Ah, hello brother.” Aiden said, his voice light, but his eyes flashing. “Long time, no see.”

“Something I could have lived without, what are you doing here, Aiden?”

“I came to get what’s mine...something I never thanked you for in the first place.”

“What?!” Derek growled, trying to retrain his anger when Stiles jumped.

“I have no idea what he’s talking about, Alpha, I didn’t help him get Stiles.”

“No, but I came to visit you when I met this...Omega, the first time.” Aiden said, teasing Derek by scenting Stiles’ neck.

Ethan’s face fell, and Derek could tell that the Beta felt responsible, but then he caught sight of Aiden’s grin, he knew that was exactly what he was trying to do. Fracture them.

“Ignore him, Ethan. I don’t blame you, and I’m sure that Stiles doesn’t

either.”

Derek was hoping to provoke a response, any response from his mate, but Stiles didn’t move or speak.

“Say goodbye, Stiles, we’re going home.” Aiden said, pulling Stiles back. Stiles moved along with him

Derek’s instincts took over and he stepped forward, causing Aiden to press the gun harder to Stiles’ head.

“Derek, you’re going to let us leave.”

“Like hell.” Derek said, baring his fangs.

“Then say goodbye to your mate.” Aiden said cocking the gun, the sound making Derek move back and change tactics immediately.

“Okay, look, we can talk about this, Aiden, please...*please* don’t hurt him.”

“You think that I’d go through all of this just to hurt him? No. Stiles and I will go back home and raise our children.” Here, Stiles let out a shudder, but didn’t look up. Still, Derek could smell the grief and terror coming from his mate. “If you provoke me, I will kill him, though, Derek.”

“Aiden, I need him, he’s my mate, and I won’t just let him go.”

“You will, or he’ll die. Take consolation in the fact that he’ll still be alive, Derek.”

That would never be enough for Derek. Even now, he felt an ache forming in his chest at the situation Stiles was in. There was no telling what either of them would go through if Aiden managed to take him.

“No.”

Aiden shrugged. “Fine, then I’ll just-.”

“No!” Derek said, panicking as Aiden so casually played with Stiles’ life.  
“Something, anything else, Aiden, don’t...don’t take him. Please...I’ll give you whatever you want.”

“My son, and the promise that neither you nor Stiles will ever come after him, again.”

A part of Derek, and he would never admit how big a part, wanted to take that deal. Henry had been accepted into his pack, but Stiles was his mate and he would do anything to keep him. When he looked up into Stiles’ eyes though, who for the first time were looking at him, he knew he couldn’t.

Stiles’ eyes were a pleading and warning at the same time, and Derek knew that if he sent Henry off with Aiden, Stiles would leave to follow him. There could be no separating them.

“I won’t stay without him.” Stiles whispered.

“Then you’ll come back home?” Aiden asked him, and Stiles gave one heartbroken, tear-filled look to Derek, before nodding.

“Your “mate” will want to follow.”

Stiles shook his head. “Derek will stay here.” It wasn’t spoken to Aiden so much as it was to Derek, and Derek felt his heart breaking. Even knowing that Stiles was doing it for reasons far out of his control, the words still hurt.

“Not going to happen.” Ethan said, taking another slow step towards Aiden.

“Ethan, as you Alpha, I’m forbidding you from following me.” Stiles said, quietly, but with a flash of his eyes, and Ethan stilled.

“Stiles...babe, this is-.”

“The only way.” Stiles said, while Aiden smirked from over his shoulder. Derek was going to rip that face off one day.

## Chapter End Notes

So, I know you guys wanted to see Aiden hang for his crimes, but no such luck.

The next few chapter will be dark...obviously.

Thank you.

# **You May Have Me, But I'll Never Be Yours.**

## Chapter Summary

Aiden, Stiles, Henry, and Isaac return "home" and Scott makes a realization.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Isaac

Isaac had had no choice but to go with Stiles and Aiden. He felt bad, moments after Stiles had offered him a place in the pack, he had been forced to betray one of the Alphas of that pack, all for the piece of shit excuse for a man that sat in the front seat, taking them back North.

That wasn't all he had betrayed, either. He had left Scott behind. The one person who had made him feel that tingle in his gut, who made him really smile.

Isaac held Henry, who was thankfully still asleep, in the backseat, keeping the slumbering toddler close to his chest.

Stiles was in the front, and had hardly moved or spoken since they had left

the house. Isaac had assume he was in shock. After everything he had been through, Isaac really didn't blame him, he knew that Stiles had changed after going to the hospital. He hadn't even spoken to most of the pack, and now the very reason for his trauma was sitting next to him, rubbing a hand over his thigh.

"Unbelievable timing, don't you think?" Aiden asked Stiles with a smirk.

Stiles didn't answer, he was shaking, and Isaac was sure that his heart would be visible from the front, it was beating so hard.

Aiden continued as though Stiles had given him a reason to. "I mean, the first time that I found you, your heat followed closely after, and now here's another one."

Isaac hadn't smelled the heat coming, but had no reason to think it was a lie.

"So, when it's me, you take the pill, even when you *knew* that you'd get punished for it, but with him, you just couldn't wait to-."

"He didn't have a choice." Isaac hissed. "He needed help reasserting his wolf, and the Wolfsbane in the pills weren't helping."

"That was his own fucking fault. He starved his wolf until he couldn't even heal. It's not like I withheld food from him."

"Just his mate, his dignity, and sometimes his son." Isaac argued.

Aiden's eyes reached him in the rearview mirror and they flashed in a warning.

When they finally got back to the house, Aiden pulled into the driveway, and turned the gun back on Stiles, who flinched.

"Are you going to come inside quietly, or is this going to have to be a

fiasco?”

Stiles didn't answer but he looked back at Henry, his meaning clear: *I'll follow him anywhere.*

“Let's go, then.”

Stiles got out and immediately moved for the back seat.

“Not a fucking chance. You have him, you might run.” Aiden said, making Stiles freeze. “Isaac, give me my son.”

Isaac reluctantly agreed and hated the fact that Aiden couldn't just be a pure monster. With the gun stowed safely in the front of his pants, Aiden took Henry and his face melted into a giant grin.

“I missed you.” He whispered, scenting his son. In reaction to his father's scent, Henry opened his eyes.

“Ethan?” He asked, rubbing his eyes, sleepily.

“No, son, it's me.”

Henry's eyes lit up. “Papa!” He fell forward to hug Aiden again, and if the situation wasn't so horrible, Isaac would smile at the obvious love they had for each other.

“I missed you, papa, but daddy said that I couldn't see you, yet.”

“Well, daddy changed his mind and decided to come home.”

Isaac noticed that Stiles let out another shudder.

Henry turned to Stiles. “Really, daddy?”

While Stiles had not spoken to Aiden, his son was another matter.

“Yeah, kiddo.”



“What about the fight you had?”

“We made up.” Stiles lied, biting his lip.

“What about Uncle Derek?” Henry asked, and Isaac didn’t need to be a wolf to see the rage that Aiden emanated at those words.

“We’ll need to take a little break from Uncle Derek, so papa and I can talk, we might see him again, someday.” At the last word, Stiles’ voice cracked, and a single tear escaped. “Come on, let’s get you inside.”

Not much had changed. Kali was out, as she so frequently had been when they had been living there. Deucalion was missing, and Isaac wondered why Aiden had not pushed for him to be there. Ennis was sitting on the couch, and Isaac ran to him and gave him a hug the moment he saw him.

“You’re alive.” Isaac whispered. He hadn’t necessarily thought that Deucalion was lying, but he was still relieved to see him.

“What are you doing here?” Ennis asked, returning the hug, albeit with a surprised look on his face.

“I told you that I was going to get my family.” Aiden said. “Did you think that I was joking?”

“Maybe just hoping for a different outcome.” Ennis said with a glare, moving to Stiles who flinched, but slowly allowed himself to be hugged, as well. He whispered something into Stiles’ ear, but it was too low for Isaac, and hopefully Aiden to hear.

“Uncle Enny!” Henry said, making grabby hands for Ennis who smiled at him and moved to pick him up from Aiden. Aiden gave him a warning glare before handing his son over.

“How’s my favorite nephew?”

“I’m your *only* nephew, Enny.”

It was wrong in so many ways. Henry's innocence made everything harder to handle. Without Henry, they could be yelling and screaming at each other...without Henry, Isaac probably would have already killed Aiden.

## Scott

Scott was honestly surprised at how hard the loss of Isaac hit him. There was a shirt in the Beta's room that Scott picked up and held to his face, taking in the scent and letting it calm him.

"It's like someone took your heart and just ripped it out, doesn't it?"

Scott turned and saw Derek standing in the room. He also had a shirt, but this one had Stiles' scent. He was also holding a stuffed wolf Scott recognized from Henry's room, something that shocked him. He knew Derek cared for Henry, but didn't know the bond was deep enough that he would need the child's scent.

"It's not the same, Derek, I know that. Stiles is...it's different." Scott whispered.

It was a lie, though. He could feel the throbbing ache in his chest. The worry that Isaac wouldn't be alright. He was worried about Stiles and Henry, too, but Isaac was occupying a larger portion of his thoughts.

"No it's not, not to you." Derek's voice was thick. "You've known Isaac for less than a week, and this was the first place you came. I think...I think he's your mate, Scott."

The words pulled a sob from Scott and the tears began to flow.

"I want him back, Der. I don't even know him, and I..."

Derek reached down and pulled Scott into a hug. "I'll get them back. I swear on my life that I will get them back."

"How?"

It was John, who was standing there, his eyes flaring red, the anger coming off of him was almost tangible.

“I’ve sent out some calls to some packs in the area.” Derek said. “And I’ve also made contact with my uncle-.”

“Peter? Son, you know how he is.” Talia said, moving towards John and offering her hand to him.

“Yes, I do. His quirks might come in handy. When it was an unknown pack of unknown size, he wasn’t willing to help, but since we know that it’s only Kali and Aiden who need to be dealt with, he’s heading towards the area now to do some recon.”

Talia nodded.

“What about us?” John asked.

“John, this fucker just took my mate, I can promise, there is nothing that I want more than to go and rip him apart, but...he had a gun, and he threatened...” Derek paused and wiped a tear from his cheek. “If we chase after him, he could kill Stiles, he knows our scent. Peter and the others, he doesn’t. We’ll go, but we need to move carefully, if he recognizes anyone in my pack or catches their scent...”

“He wouldn’t really kill Stiles, would he?” John asked.

## Stiles

“How did we get here, Stiles?” Aiden asked, his voice light as though the past few days...years had been something normal.

Stiles didn’t respond. He knew Aiden well enough to know that Aiden wouldn’t care what he had to say.

He had made a mistake. He had refused to let Aiden be killed and was paying the price of his mistake. It would almost be funny if he wasn’t

fearing that he was going to die at any moment. He had allowed Aiden to live with the mistaken belief that some sort of compromise could be reached regarding their son. Two years with Aiden hadn't taught him anything.

There was no escaping the truth, anymore. If he survived, he would see Aiden dead, and would find another solution for Henry.

"I asked you a question, Stiles." Aiden said, the lightness in his voice breaking a little.

Stiles just shook his head. He was scared, terrified, actually, but he refused to let that fear put him into line. He wouldn't be Aiden's 'good little Omega'.

"Well, since you obviously have no theories, I'll give you one of my own." Aiden said, getting up from the couch and walking to the loveseat where Stiles was sitting. Stiles flinched and braced himself for the pain that he knew was coming.

At least Henry had gone out with Ennis and Isaac.

"I offered you a rather good life. I gave you the chance to be happy with me. I made you a father, and despite your unconditional love for our son, you still despised me, enough to try and remove me from his life."

"I told them not to kill you."

Aiden's booted foot came down on Stiles' left shin, breaking the bones there and making Stiles let out a howl of agony. White hot pain seared up his leg and Stiles whimpered as he tried to pull the injured limb closer to his body.

"You *told* them not to kill me? Who the fuck do you think you are, you disgusting little Omega?"

Aiden reached out and pulled Stiles from his spot, holding him up to his face, his eyes furiously blazing red, and Stiles knew the pain was causing

his own to show.

“I’ll tell you what you are: a coward, a lowlife breeder. The only reason I allowed you into my pack was so that you could carry children for me, which is no doubt the same reason that Derek keeps you.”

When Stiles shook his head defiantly, Aiden threw him back again, causing Stiles to land on his injured leg, sending more pain and a wave of nausea running through him.

“Stubborn little shit.”

“Then why did you want me back?” Stiles hissed, the pain making him gasp for air.

“I’m your Alpha.” Aiden said, backhanding Stiles when he shook his head. “I *am* your Alpha, and I will do whatever it takes to make you realize your place. You’ll carry my children, you’ll raise them, and when I have no more use for you, I’ll send your body back to that failed Alpha, Derek.”

“Derek is going to kill you.” Stiles said.

Stiles never heard Aiden’s response, the Alpha aimed another kick to his leg, and the pain brought forth the sweet embrace of darkness.

## Chapter End Notes

First, let me apologize to those of who were expecting the worse to be over, I didn't want to spoil plot details, but I promise, when this current crisis is over, it will be the last major one that they face.

Second, to those who find it odd that Stiles hadn't wanted Aiden to be killed, I'd like to just say that people do really odd things for love. Stiles obviously doesn't love Aiden, but he loves Henry and Aiden

loves Henry. I swear, somewhere in my mind, this all makes sense, and I apologize if you find it unrealistic. Obviously, this second incursion caused a shift in Stiles.

Third, I know there will be those who find it odd that Derek doesn't just charge in to save his mate, which is why the gun was added, it makes Aiden's threat real, and Derek isn't going to risk his mate by going in blind.

Fourth, the next chapter will contain blurry rape. Stiles is going into his heat, remember. And there's no way in hell Aiden is just going to ignore that.

Finally, I know I have redemptive characters in my fics frequently. This is NOT a redemptive fic. I promise not to pull the rug out and make Aiden have a sudden moment of clarity that what he's doing is wrong.

If you want to leave because you feel it's too OOC or unrealistic or dark, obviously, I can't force you to stay, and I'm glad that you stuck with me for as long as you did. I would just remind you that all fics a little OOC, if they weren't, we'd all be reading and writing novelizations of the show. I don't write Teen Wolf, I write fanfiction, and sometimes I make the characters do things that their characters would never do on the show. (Like certain pairings that people love for instance.)

Thank you for everyone who leaves kudos and love, and I promise to break Stiles free, soon.

# Family

## Chapter Summary

Stiles' heat, and Isaac discovers Stiles broken leg and confronts Aiden about it. Scott meets Derek's uncle who is...unorthodox to say the least.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

Stiles awoke to Aiden's fangs biting into his neck, initiating another mating mark as he orgasmed. It was pain such as Stiles had never experienced under Aiden's hand before. His body had prepped him for penetration, but he was still sore and now his neck was throbbing, all of that coupled with his leg, and Stiles let out a whimper.

"Oh, shut up, you whiny little cunt. You want this, I know you do." Aiden hissed, reaching down and roughly grabbing Stiles' erection, as though it was proof that Stiles had made any conscious choice to be here.

It wasn't Aiden, though, it was the heat. Stiles could feel the fire running up and down his spine, begging him, compelling him to mate with someone so he could bear their children. The fever had soaked the sheets beneath him,

and in that moment Stiles honestly felt lost.

He *needed* an Alpha to mate, to help him break the aching need in his gut that was forcing him to remain hard, and made him want to display himself for the taking. Anyone, but Aiden.

Such was Stiles' hate for his abuser, that even with the Alpha's cock inside of him, he didn't feel better. He didn't feel the comfort and release that an Omega was supposed to feel when they were being mated.

All he felt was disgusted.

"I don't...want this." Stiles stuttered, the weight of Aiden and the pain making him pant.

Aiden just snorted, growing hard again, already, and began to thrust once more. Even knowing that Alphas could rarely control themselves in the face of an Omega in heat, Stiles still hated Aiden and what he was doing. Any other Alpha would probably be doing it because their bodies compelled them to, but Stiles knew that Aiden was simply fulfilling his carnal and perverted desires.

## Isaac

Isaac could smell the scent of Stiles' heat from the living room. It didn't really have an equivalent, it was the scent of arousal and...the *need* to mate with it, but he managed to control himself. Partly, because he was a Beta and was not drawn to the scent like an Alpha was, and partly because the sounds he could hear coming from the bedroom were making him sick to his stomach.

He covered Henry's ears for the worst of it, but that did nothing to make him feel better. For three days, it went on. Stiles crying and moaning... begging for release, and Aiden's animalistic grunts sending waves of fury throughout Isaac.



“Are papa and daddy still sick?” Henry asked on the fourth day.

The only small blessing life had given them was the fact that Henry was still too young and innocent to know what was happening...and that he had been conceived in the same way.

Kali’s chuckle made Isaac see red. If Isaac was given one wish, it would be to free Stiles from his torment. He wanted that even more than he wanted to see Scott, again, but Kali saw this all as par for the course and something normal.

“They might be.” Isaac said, motioning with his head for Ennis to go and check. “If they are, I guess you have to spend the day with Uncle Isaac and Enny.”

“And Aunt Kali.” Kali added, looking irritated that Isaac had left her.

Henry looked at her for a moment before leaning closer to Isaac and whispering in his ear.

“Can we go without Aunt Kali? I don’t like her.”

Isaac let out a bark of laughter, despite the situation and kissed Henry on the forehead.

“Of course, kiddo, anything you like.”

“I think it’s faded.” Ennis said, coming back from Aiden’s room. “I can’t be sure, though.” Ennis looked pale, and Isaac didn’t need to ask why. They had only been able to see Stiles for a few seconds before he was dragged into the room with Aiden, but it was clear he had a broken leg and had been hit in the face. Isaac could only imagine what else Stiles had gone through.

“Did Aiden rip your head off for going in there?”

Ennis shook his head. “He’s in the shower. Stiles is...wearing the bracelet again.” He added, glancing at Henry.

Isaac wasn't surprised that Aiden was ensuring Stiles' compliance with remaining in the house, but it still angered him that Stiles was being further humiliated.

"Did you talk with him?" Isaac asked.

Ennis shook his head. "He's sleeping, which is something that I imagine he hasn't been doing a lot of the past few days." He said, somberly.

A chuckle from Kali made Ennis snarled, making Henry jump.

"Something funny?"

"No, just thinking about order being restored to our pack, finally." Kali said.

Ennis moved towards her, but she had already slipped out of the door, and Ennis did not pursue her.

"I want to see daddy." Henry whined.

Isaac sighed, unsure if it was the right thing, but he nodded. Aiden wouldn't lose his temper if it was for the sake of Henry.

The room smelled of sex and blood, something that made Isaac wary and angry at the same time.

Just as Ennis had said, Stiles was asleep, the covers blocking the manacle that was no doubt around his wrist, but the moment Henry was close enough, Stiles' nostrils flared and his eyes opened, slowly.

"Hey, kiddo." Stiles said, his voice was scratchy and it came out in pants. Now that he was awake the smell of pain...agony was flowing from him consistently.

"Daddy! Are you feeling better? Isaac said you and papa were sick."

"I was, kiddo, but I'm feeling better now that I get to see you." Stiles said.

When Henry jumped forward and hugged Stiles, the Omega let out a low whine, but didn't pull away. With his eyes he looked down at his leg and then to Isaac.

When Isaac lifted the blanket up he nearly lost his breakfast. As it was, he let out a low snarl and moved to the bathroom.

"Isaac." Stiles called, weakly, but Isaac ignored him.

Isaac didn't knock, he just opened the door, and shut it behind himself to protect Henry.

"What the hell are-?" Was all Aiden got out before Isaac grabbed him and threw him with everything he could muster, back into the porcelain tub.

"You soulless fuck." Isaac spat at the snarling and obviously enraged Alpha.

"Who the fuck do you think you are?" Aiden asked, his eyes glowing, fangs and claws extended as he popped his shoulder back into place.

"Did you see what you did to him?"

"He ran away and took my son, he's lucky all I did was break his leg." Aiden hissed, moving toward Isaac and wrapped a clawed hand around his throat. With the element of surprise, Isaac may have been able to throw Aiden, but there was no chance he had to fight him.

"You ran, too, Isaac. And now you've attacked your Alpha-."

"Stiles is my Alpha." Isaac growled.

"I am your Alpha, Stiles is nothing but an Omega."

"Stiles is ten times the Alpha you'll ever be. I came back for him, not you, Aiden. What you've done to him is unforgivable."

"He ran."

“You made him run. You kidnapped him and raped him, and now, you’re behaving as if you two were lovers and he did it for no reason.”

Aiden’s grip tightened and Isaac began to squirm for a lack of oxygen. He didn’t hold on too long, before he let go.

“You can’t kill me.” Isaac said, quietly as he massaged his throat.

“You’re pack, Isaac. I didn’t kill Ennis for the same reason. We...we have history.”

“It’s...not enough anymore, Aiden. You know that I’m appreciative for saving me, and so is Ennis, but...this has to stop. You need to take Stiles to a hospital. He’s still not healing right.” Isaac said, wondering if he was reaching through to Aiden.

The chuckle proved that he wasn’t.

“Stiles will be fine, better than fine, it’s likely that I seeded him, again. We’re going to be family, Isaac.” Aiden said with a smile.

“How likely is that he’ll be able to carry a child to term considering how sick he is?”

“Stiles will be fine.” Aiden said, again, as though he truly believed his words.

“Aiden, end this, please. Get him to a hospital, call Derek and let him know where his mate is, and...let him go, let *us* go.” Isaac pleaded in a whisper.

“I know there’s good in you. You tortured Ennis, but you didn’t kill him, you didn’t kill me. You can find someone who loves you.”

“Stiles will learn to love me.”

“That’s not going to happen, Aiden.”

“Not right away, I know that, but he’ll come around. I love Henry, he loves Henry, and he’ll love our new child. There’s a lot of love here, Isaac.”

“Love alone doesn’t make a family, Aiden, not if half of them don’t want to be there. And you don’t love Stiles, Derek does.”

Aiden just shook his head as though Isaac were a petulant child who couldn’t understand the basics.

## Scott

Scott had never met Peter before, and from what he could tell, that was probably a good thing. When he answered the door, he was taken aback by the man. He wasn’t overtly tall, but his bearing made him seem enormous. He kept a five o’clock shadow, like Derek, but kept his hair buzzed short, like Stiles. He wore a large black duster and had a cigarette hanging from his mouth.

He was so...*wild*, it actually was almost affronting to Scott who pulled back a little and held Isaac’s shirt closer. He felt vulnerable with Isaac around, further sinking in the fact that they were mates.

“You city wolves are so jumpy.” Peter said, letting himself into the house. “Crystal, Matt, let’s go!” He called behind him.

Two more wolves followed Peter, both of them similar to Peter. Crystal was a rather buxom Beta, with long braided hair, skimpy torn clothes, and no shoes. Matt, was even larger than Peter, and like Crystal, was barefoot and hardly clothed.

“If Beacon Hills is a city, you’d have a heart attack going to a place like Albuquerque or New York.” Talia said, coming down the stairs and giving her brother a hug, brushing herself off when Peter let go.

“Afraid of the dirt now, sis?” Peter said with a chuckle.

“My son is missing, right now isn’t the time for jokes.” John snapped.

“John Stillinski.” Peter said, his tone turning solemn. “Of course, I apologize.”

“Did your search turn anything up?” Derek asked from the couch, when he, like Scott, still had Stiles’ shirt and Henry’s teddy bear.

“It did, nephew, it did. I went to the area you mention. Matt, Crystal, and I were able to sneak around his territory without being seen, and...”

Peter eyed, the pack who were all sitting close by, listening.

“What?” Derek snapped, impatiently.

“It’s not prudent to talk about these things in front of Betas, will you send them out of the room, please?”

John let out a growl, but Talia shook her head. “Scott, would you please take the rest of the pack into the other room?” She asked quietly. “I’m sure that Peter would like for Crystal and Matt to join you.”

Scott was a little hurt that he had to leave, but decided not argue. If it meant that Stiles could be rescued, it was worth his exclusion. Still, he kept his distance from the outside Betas as he led them into the kitchen.

“If you want something to eat, feel free.” He muttered.

They not only looked wild, but ate like it, too. In no time, they had amassed a rather large pile of various food and began to eat.

“So...where do you two come from?” Boyd asked.

“I was a wild child my entire life. My parents were something akin to hippies, and raised me in the forests of Canada. Peter bumped into me about five years ago, and I decided to go with him.” Crystal said, her mouth full of beef jerky.

“Were you a hippie, too?” Erica asked Matt, who shook his head, his greasy brown hair shimmering in the light of the kitchen.

“Nope, I was a student at the University of Miami. Archeology. I was out on a dig in Colorado when I found Peter. Like Crystal, I just...followed

him. He's rather magnetic."

Scott couldn't think of anyone he thought of as less magnetic than the scruffy would man sitting in the living room, but declined to say so.

"So, you're his Betas?" Scott asked, instead.

Crystal nodded. "And his mates." She added, shocking Scott.

"But-." Scott began, but Matt chuckled.

"Let me guess, you've been raised to believe in one mate for each wolf? That's...fine for some people, but we're different."

"How does it work, I mean...the jealousy?" Scott asked, holding Isaac's shirt closer.

Crystal just laughed and pressed a kiss to Matt's lips. "No jealousy when we all love each other."

## Chapter End Notes

So, I thought it might be fun to have Peter be a nomad type wolf with a male and a female mate. Matt is Matt from season two, but Crystal is an OC.

I want to warn everyone that the next chapter will have some trigger aspects relating to Stiles' pregnancy, make sure you re-read all of the tags.

Help is coming for Stiles.

Is it just me or is Aiden bordering on delusional?

I really want to thank everyone for the last round of comments, they

were really encouraging.



# Rescue

## Chapter Summary

Peter goes to save Stiles, but is it too late?

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

Henry kept himself buried close to Stiles' chest. His initial happiness at seeing after three days being parted gave way to a more gentle cuddling, something that Stiles was grateful for. Aiden had certainly not been kind or easy, and his body was wracked with aches and pains.

Stiles had heard the crash coming from the bathroom, but was unable to do much about it. It was a relief when the door opened and Isaac walked out, looking angry, but unscathed. Aiden followed close behind, and Stiles was surprised when Henry let out a growl.

"What's wrong, son?" Aiden asked, moving closer, causing Henry to growl more.

"You hurt daddy, go away." Henry said, pressing himself closer to Stiles,

who wrapped a protective arm around his son.

“What did daddy tell you?” Aiden asked, oblivious to the fact that anyone in a twenty mile radius would be able to smell Stiles’ agony.

“Nothing, but he’s hurt and I know it was you. You’re a bad papa.” Henry said.

“Daddy took you away from me, I had to show him that that was wrong.” Aiden said, his eyes narrowing at Stiles. He reached out to put a hand on Henry’s shoulder, but Henry batted it away.

“Henry, I am your father, and if I want to hold you, I will.” Aiden said, his voice raising, slightly, causing Stiles to let out a warning growl.

Aiden sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose as though he was innocent and Stiles and Henry were being difficult.

“Fine. Stiles, I apologize for hurting you, I promise not to do it, again.” Aiden said. “See, everything is alright between us, Henry, we just had a fight.”

Stiles didn’t buy it for a minute, but knew that Aiden was only going to grow more frustrated and possibly scare Henry, so, ignoring the pain, Stiles lifted his son up and transferred him to the middle of the bed, and motioned with his head to invite Aiden to the other side.

“See, we can be a happy family.” Aiden said, once he had settled in.

Ennis, who was sitting on the ottoman at the foot of the bed let out a snort and Isaac, who was still standing in the passage between the bedroom and the bathroom rolled his eyes.

“Give daddy’s owie a kiss.” Henry ordered.

Stiles had to contain a scream when Aiden complied. Instead of being gentle, though, he squeezed and twisted Stiles’ leg in retribution for his son’s behavior as he did it.”

Stiles felt a wave of nausea and a sharp pain unconnected to the one in his leg shoot through his abdomen. He wondered if his previous wound there was reopening. It really wouldn't have surprised him, considering the hell Aiden had put him through for the past few days.

"Ennis, would you bring me a bucket, please?" Stiles asked, knowing that it would be hard to get to the bathroom in his current state.

"Get it yourself, Stiles, my Betas aren't your maids." Aiden murmured, rubbing Henry's back.

Ennis had already complied, though. "His leg is broken, show some sympathy." He hissed, placing the bucket in front of Stiles, who took it and immediately began to throw up. He took it as a bad sign that there was blood in the bile. That had certainly never happened before.

"Daddy, are you okay?" Henry asked, his voice a sea of worry.

"I'm fine, kiddo, just..." Stiles was forced to end his sentence as another round of vomiting occurred.

More blood. If Stiles was back home, where he belonged, this never would have happened, but he also would have had access to Deaton.

"He needs a doctor, Aiden." Isaac said, moving closer and rubbing Stiles back, bringing a small amount of comfort.

"He's fine." Aiden said, and when Stiles looked up, he was playing with Henry, completely ignoring him.

"Aiden, I promise to stay here, but it can't hurt." Stiles pleaded.

"You're just sick because of what happened the past few days. I probably seeded you." Aiden said, his eyes narrowing.

It was a very likely possibility, one that made Stiles conflicted, again. Before Henry, Stiles would have wanted an abortion, but now that he had Henry and saw how complete his son made him, he was reluctant to resort

to abortion right away.

“There’s blood, Aiden.” Ennis said, warningly.

“Stiles is fine.” Aiden said, more firmly.

## Derek

Derek sobbed as he held Stiles’ shirt to his chest. His wolf howling, demanding immediate retribution, but fear keeping him from running out the door. Fear that Aiden would hold true to his promise and kill Stiles.

From what Peter had said, Stiles wasn’t doing much better while being alive, however.

“We have to get him out there. Now!” John growled.

“I am prepared to return with my pack and liberate my nephew’s mate, as well as the Betas Ennis and Isaac, however I would like some information before I do that.”

“What kind of information?” Derek asked, thickly, his tears making it hard to speak normally. “Do you want money? Peter, I’ll give you every penny I have if you just go and rescue him.”

Peter smiled warmly at Derek and moved closer, before placing a comforting hand on his shoulder.

“I would never think of asking for money to save your mate, Derek. I am merely thinking of Stiles’ wellbeing. He was in heat when we left, and I wanted to know how long it normally lasts in him. I won’t be able to help if my wolf is demanding that I mate with him.”

“His estrus cycle has never lasted longer than a week.” Derek said, quickly. “It usually fluctuates from three to six days.”

“You have two mates, I don’t see why you couldn’t-.” John began, but

Peter cut him off.

“Any male Alpha is susceptible to the scent of an Omega in heat. The only reason you’re immune is because you’re his father. Have you ever been around an Omega in heat?” Peter asked.

John shook his head.

“Exactly my point. It is a weak side of all of us, and I swear that I’ not trying to prolong your son’s suffering, but if I left now, I could harm him more.”

“I just want him home, where he can be safe. If I have to, I’ll go down there myself.”

“Mr. Stillinski, with all due respect, you will not. Aiden has shown himself more than willing to harm and maybe even kill Stiles-.” Derek let out a low whine. “Me and my pack can go in and get him without a significant risk.”

“But there’s still a risk?” Derek asked.

“My dear nephew, of course there’s a risk. Someone may get hurt and it may be Stiles, but I will do everything in my power to prevent that.”

“Bring him home safe, Peter. I mean...”

“No explanation necessary, little nephew, he’s your mate, and I swear to do my best.”

“Thank you.” Derek whispered, leaning against Peter’s chest.

“We’ll head out now, and strike when we can be sure that his heat is over.”

Derek nodded, wanting Stiles back *now*, and wanting to do more than just send his uncle, but he was so frightful that if he went or sent any of his pack that it would mean the end of Stiles’ life, and he would never recover from such a thing.

## Stiles

The pain in his abdomen slowly increased throughout the day, sending him into a panic. He didn't remember Aiden attack him there, nor could he remember any significant pain there the last time he had been impregnated, and due to Aiden's absolute refusal to provide him with a doctor, Stiles was forced to draw his own conclusions.

His first thought was a multiple birth. It wasn't so unlikely that it would be a surprise, and considering that werewolf pregnancies were nearly twice as fast as human ones, anything more than two pups could be growing too fast for his body to compensate.

His second thought was that he was dying. The blood in his vomit and the increasing pain could not be boding well. He was also developing a fever, and Isaac and Ennis' faces grew more worried as the day passed and Stiles wasn't getting better.

"I thought Deaton said that your werewolf should be reasserting itself, I don't...understand it." Isaac said, running a cool washcloth over himself.

"Daddy, are you alright?" Henry asked.

"I'm fine, kiddo." Stiles said, giving him a weak smile. Whether or not it would turn out to be a lie remained to be seen.

"You're warmer than normal, daddy and you keep putting your face in that bucket and coughing up water." As a werewolf child, Henry had never gotten sick, so the sight of one throwing up must have been a strange one.

"It's just daddy's body getting used to being pregnant, again." Aiden said, coming into the room with a bowl of soup. "Eat up." He added, placing the bowl on the bedside table.

"Are you serious?" Isaac hissed. "This isn't something that a bowl of soup is going to fix, you need to call a fucking doctor!"

“Watch your language in front of my son.” Aiden snapped, completely ignoring the legitimacy of Isaac’s words.

“Aiden, please...I’ll do anything, just bring a doctor here...for the sake of our child.” Stiles played on Aiden’s desire a child and his desire for them to be a couple. Even the thought of consenting to a relationship with Aiden was sickening, but he didn’t want to lose Henry and Derek.

“You’ll be fine, Stiles.”

“But-.”

Stiles was cut off by the sound of a howl. It was long and furious. Every person in the room froze, they all recognized the sound of a werewolf. Henry pushed himself closer to Stiles, his eyes flashing in fear, but Aiden picked him up and handed him to Ennis.

“You are to protect him at all costs, keep him safe.”

“On my life.” He promised, any animosity forgotten in the face of the intruder.

The moment Ennis and Henry had left the room, Aiden turned to Stiles, his eyes red in anger.

“Who the fuck is that?” He hissed, grabbing Stiles’ injured leg.

“I don’t know.” Stiles panted. “It’s not Derek or any of his pack.”

Stiles was telling the truth, he hoped the sound of his frightened heartbeat was enough to prove that. He didn’t recognize the howl as a member of his pack.

Aiden went to his bedside table and pulled it open, inputting the code on the safe there, before pulling out the gun, making Stiles’ heart drop.

“What the fuck are you doing?” Isaac asked when Aiden jumped into the bed and aimed the gun at Stiles.

Before Aiden could answer, a dark shape burst through the window. Instead of firing on it, Aiden held the gun to Stiles' temple. Stiles was more disappointed in the fact that he didn't recognize the tall, scraggly man than he was that Aiden was on the brink of killing him.

## Peter

Peter was angry with himself. He had promised Derek to do everything he could to save Stiles without getting him hurt, but had not expected the female Beta to pose such a threat. He had sent Crystal to deal with her, and had ended up needing to intervene, himself. It had no doubt been Crystal's howl of pain that had alerted Aiden.

Still, the woman had paid for harming his mate. Her throat was still dripping from his claws.

"Who are you?" The abusive Alpha asked, pressing the gun into Stiles' temple.

"I'm the Alpha that will wear your pelt as a trophy once I save this innocent Omega." Peter said, wary of the Wolfsbane he could smell in the gun. He could also smell the weakened state of Stiles. The leg that was still broken and not healing properly, and knew that there was no way Stiles would survive being shot.

"He doesn't need saving. He's *mine*." Aiden snarled. "Get the fuck off of-." His nostrils flared, and his eyes locked on Peter's hands. "Kali." He whispered, brokenly.

"She attacked my mate, tried to kill her, she deserved what she got."

Aiden's gun hand slipped, as though he was considering shooting Peter, but Isaac twitched, when he did, and he refocused his aim to Stiles' head.

"You fucking bastard."

"Coming from you after what you've done to this man, that's almost



laughable. Put the gun down, Aiden.”

Tears began to stream down Aiden’s face as he shook his head, defiantly.

Without taking his eyes off of Stiles, Peter addressed the man he thought to be Isaac. His scent matched that of the shirt one of Derek’s Betas carried around.

“You’re Isaac, right?”

The man nodded his head.

“Would you please make sure that Crystal and Travis are not being mauled to death by your friend? I don’t know that he has reason to trust them.”

“Don’t move, Isaac.”

“Isaac, I was sent by Derek who asked me to ensure that his mate was safe. I’m perfectly willing to help you, too, but I need to make sure that my mates survive. Would you please go and tell your pack mate that we mean no harm?”

“Isaac, I’m giving you a fucking order. As you Alpha, I forbid you from moving.” Aiden growled.

Isaac flipped Aiden the finger and headed for the door, but froze when Aiden spoke again.

“Take another step and I will kill him.”

“Papa, stop it!” A small child, who must have been Stiles’ son ran into the room and began to punch Aiden in the leg.

“Sorry, little tyke’s quick.” Matt said, running into the room.

It seemed that Henry had been a blessing though. It happened so quickly that Peter nearly missed it:

Aiden growled at his son and raised his hand as though to strike him. Stiles' eyes flashed red and he let out a snarl, grabbing the gun from Aiden and turning it against the Alpha's stomach firing twice.

## Isaac

Silence followed the gunshots for a moment and then Aiden let out a groan of agony. Stiles dropped the gun, looking shocked in his actions, and Henry stared at his wounded father, his fists still in the air.

The strange Alpha and Beta were the only ones who didn't seem fazed by what had happened. Now that the threat was gone, the Alpha moved closer, inspecting the shaking Aiden.

"He no longer poses a threat." He announced, tilting his head in curiosity.

Isaac was surprised by the feeling of sadness he felt as he saw Aiden struggling to breathe, the blackened goo dripping from his mouth.

"He...he tried...he was going to...my son." Stiles whispered, shaking harder than Aiden was, tears flowing down his cheeks, and he turned to Isaac, his eyes pleading for forgiveness.

Isaac might grieve one day, but today was not it. He moved forward and picked up Henry who was still staring at Aiden, who himself was reaching for the child.

"You, what is your name?" Isaac asked the Alpha.

"Peter, this is my Beta and mate; Matt. My other mate should be around here somewhere, her name is Crystal."

"We need to get Stiles back to Beacon Hills so he can see a doctor, immediately. I realize I'm a Beta and cannot order you, but we need to leave. Now!"

Peter looked at him for a moment. "Agreed." He said. "What should we do

about this?" He asked, motioning with his head to Aiden, who was clawing at the sheets.

"Seems like Alpha Derek and Alpha John might have something to say about what happens to him." Matt said.

"We don't have time or this!" Isaac urged, staring at Stiles who was growing paler every minute. "Derek asked you to save his mate, so do it!"

Peter looked at him with a raised eyebrow for a moment, before nodding and moving to Stiles, who flinched, his fear seeming to come forth just as it had last time. Peter moved quickly, but carefully as he picked Stiles up.

"Take the gun, Matt. Have Crystal help you tie him and rent a car to take him back to Beacon Hills. If he tries to fight, kill him."

Matt nodded and took the gun, but gave Peter a kiss, before he turned and left the room.

"Ennis!" Isaac called out, feeling relieved when he saw his pack mate.

"What-."

"Explain later, leave now." Isaac said, following Peter out of the house for what was hopefully the last time.

## Chapter End Notes

Extra long chapter to make up for bad action scenes! So more on the complications of Stiles' health in the next chapter, including whether or not he's pregnant. So keep an eyes out, I'm typing now. The feels in the next chapter should be pretty rough, so prepare your Kleenex.

Thank you so much for all the loving comments, and I'll post again when I can.

# Broken

## Chapter Summary

Derek sees his mate, again.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Scott

“Moy grusha.”

Two words and Scott nearly collapsed. Turning around, he saw his curly haired mate and ran into his arms. Tears of relief began to stream down his face as he pressed his nose into Isaac’s neck, scenting him.

“I know moy grusha, I missed you, too, but we need to get Derek.”

“Stiles?” Scott asked, the need for his friend to be alive and not dead overtaking the cries of his wolf to just hold his mate.

“He’s alive, I brought him to someone named Deaton at this Beta’s insistence.” Peter said, motioning with his chin to Isaac.

“Stiles is with Deaton?” Derek’s voice sounded strained, and when Scott

looked up, Derek seemed pale, as though he was expecting the worst.

“He made it, Derek. He’s a little...alright, a lot jumpy, but he asked for you, so the moment I made sure Deaton wasn’t a threat I came here.”

“Aiden?” Derek asked in a growl, but already moving for the car.

“Confined in the trunk of a car with my mates watching him. He was shot, twice, with Wolfsbane bullets, he poses no threat.”

Scott moved towards Derek, but the Alpha shook his head. “I know you’re worried, but if he’s suffering from PTSD, you could freak him out. I promise, Scott, I’ll call you the moment I know he’s okay. Stay with your mate, and let the pack know what happened.”

Scott nodded, knowing that Derek would ensure that Stiles was safe, and trusting his Alpha to inform him of any changes. Peter sped away with Derek in the car, heading for Deaton’s and that left Scott alone on the porch with Isaac.

## Derek

Derek was numb. The anxiety, anger, and fear he had felt for the last few days had completely overloaded his brain and made him almost entirely shut down. He was going to ensure that Stiles was okay, and then hold his mate and fall into a coma for a month or two.

“Where is he?” Derek asked as he burst through the doors of the clinic, startling Deaton who was behind the counter, watching a sleeping Henry.

“Sleeping.”

“Sleeping! You should have him in surgery! Who knows what that monster did to him!” Derek snarled, moving towards Deaton, his claws extended. Numbness giving way to anger at the thought of losing Stiles due to negligence.

“Derek, calm yourself. Stiles is healing on his own.” Deaton said, forcing Derek to pause.

“But...but I thought-.”

“I told you that his wolf would reassert itself, it would just take time. Stiles has...his ordeal...” Deaton let out a sigh.

“Can I see him?” Derek asked, the absolute need to be near his mate was overpowering.

Deaton nodded, and spoke as he led the way.

“Stiles had his heat, he was...Aiden seeded him.”

Derek let out a snarl. “So he’s pregnant, again?”

Deaton shook his head. “No. In his weakened condition, his body behaved as though it had an infection. He...miscarried. Once...once that happened, his body began to heal. I was forced to... re-break his leg.”

Another flash of anger, but Derek mastered the impulse to kill Deaton. He knew that broken limbs were a problem for werewolves. They often healed before the bone could be set properly.

“What caused the change? I mean...he was-.”

“Sheer will? Derek, I can’t fully explain why he began to heal. All I can tell you is that the wolf cannot heal the mind.”

“Peter said he was jumpy, still.”

Deaton nodded. “He wants you, and only you. After I fixed his leg and informed him of the miscarriage, he completely shut down. I know you didn’t have time to make a lot of progress the first time he got out of here, but Derek, you have a long road ahead of you.”

“A long road that I will travel with my mate. I’m just...glad he’s alive.”

“And Aiden?” Deaton asked. “Peter told me, he’s still alive.”

“Not for long...” Derek said, but stopped his plans when he saw Stiles. The room was heavy with the scent of loss and pain and Derek felt himself sob just walking into the room.

Stiles was asleep on the bed, his face pulled down in a frown even in his unconsciousness. His leg was wrapped, no doubt to keep it steady until the bone finished healing, but beyond that, he looked largely unhurt.

“Can I...?” Derek asked, motioning for the bed.

Deaton nodded. “You may, just be careful of his leg.”

The moment Derek got close to Stiles, the man awoke with a start, his eyes looking around in fear before they locked on Derek. Fear gave way to melancholy and Stiles’ breathing began to pick up. His face fell as his eyes watered. Tears leaked from his eyes as he opened his arms. Derek crawled into the bed next to him and allowed Stiles to curl against his chest.

Hard wracking sobs shook Stiles’ body, and Derek cried with him, rubbing his back, and running his fingers over his head.

“You’re safe, now. I know I promised before, and I’m so sorry that I let him get you again, but-.”

“I don’t blame you.” Stiles whispered, his voice hollow.

Derek shook his head. “You should. You were in our house and I...”

Derek lapsed into silence for a moment, letting Stiles cry against his chest.

“Are you-?” He began to ask, but Stiles cut him off.

“No. I...” Stiles gasped, letting out a pitiful moan. “I lost him...I mean...I lost him, Der, and I...I don’t know how...how to breathe.”

Derek didn’t know what to say. He had suspected that Stiles might have

grown attached to his baby, but hadn't been sure that it would happen. Now that he was presented with that reality, he didn't know what to do or say. What *did* you say to a man who had just lost his unborn son?

"Stiles, I'm...I'm so sorry."

"He was innocent. I mean, gods, I hated...hated Aiden, but...he didn't...it wasn't his fault."

"Of course not."

"Do...do you hate me for...loving him? Please...please don't hate me, Der."

"Stiles, I love you, and I'm so sorry for your loss." Derek promised, not lying in the least. He might have always viewed the child as a small sign of what Stiles had suffered, but Derek knew he would have gotten over it, and come to have love Stiles' second son as much as he loved Henry.

"Where's...is...fuck I'm such a...fuckup parent." Stiles said in between his sobs. "Where... where's Henry?"

"You're not a fuckup, Stiles, you're just dealing with your own hell, right now. Henry's with Deaton in the front room. Do you want me to get him?"

Stiles shook his head. "As long as he's safe. I...I don't want him worrying."

"Just sleep, babe. Deaton will look after him." Derek said, keep his voice steady, despite watching his mate struggling to come to terms with what had happened.

Derek didn't say anything else, he just held his sobbing mate until he fell asleep, his own tears crashing down on the pillow.

Isaac



Isaac didn't realize how much he had missed Scott. When he had been with Aiden, he had been so focused on Stiles that there had been no time to worry about his own heart. When he held the man, he felt a piece of himself click into place that he had not even realized was missing.

There needed to be no words between them confirming it, their actions spoke to the fact that they were mates, and Isaac latched on to it and let it rewarm his soul.

Their reunion was cut short when the rest of Derek's pack...his pack came out and joined them on the porch.

"Is it over?" Ethan asked, his likeness to Aiden causing a rush of anger in Isaac.

Still, Isaac nodded.

"Stiles...Stiles shot Aiden, and Peter brought him to the hospital. This is Ennis." He added, pointing to the Beta none of them would have known. The pack seemed more concerned with other things, however.

"How...how is he?" Lydia asked.

"I honestly don't know. He's alive, but Derek went with Peter to go and watch over him. I stayed-."

"To be with your mate." Lydia interrupted, a small smile playing on her lips.

"I'm sorry if you think I should have gone."

"Not at all. Is Henry with them?"

"Peter left him with Deaton, so he could be close to Stiles."

"And that despicable excuse for an Alpha?" John asked, a growl in his voice.

“Still alive, being looked after by Peter’s mates.”

“Where?” John asked, stepping forward.

“It’s up to Stiles and Derek to decide what happens to him.” Isaac said, unwilling to tell John where his old Alpha was. He knew without a doubt that John would kill the man, and was unsure if Derek or Stiles had other plans for him.

“The man harmed my son, raped him, and held him against his will, tell me where he is so he can pay.” John ordered, his eyes flashing. Isaac could feel the pull to obey an Alpha, but shook it off. His loyalty was with Stiles, and maybe Derek, but definitely not his father.

“John, do you really think that Derek is going to let Aiden go?” Talia asked, giving Isaac a kind smile.

“No, but my son might. I love Stiles and he’s a brilliant man and a great Alpha, but...he has a soft spot when it comes to doing what needs to be done when it comes to Aiden.”

“Not anymore. Your son shot Aiden...twice with Wolfsbane bullets. It’s only Aiden’s stubbornness that’s keeping him alive, now.”

“By werewolf law-.”

“The *mate* of the injured wolf may seek vengeance, not the father.” Talia said.

Scott pulled at Isaac’s arm. “John, Isaac has had a hard few days, at the very least let’s discuss this inside.”

“You two go, I’m heading to the hospital.” John said.

## Derek

Derek wasn’t sure when he fell asleep, but he knew it was Henry that woke

him up. His defiant voice came down the hall.

“I’m seeing my daddy.”

“Henry, your daddy is sleeping, come back here please.” Deaton said, patiently.

It wasn’t convincing enough, apparently, because a moment later, the curtain ruffled and Henry’s face popped up on the other side of the bed.

“Hey, kiddo.” Derek said with a smile, his words awakening Stiles, who looked around in fear, before finding Derek.

“Daddy!” Henry cried, jumping up onto the bed with them.

Stiles’ smile was warm and genuine and he pulled his son into his chest.

“Daddy, I missed you.”

“I missed you, too, kiddo. I…” Stiles paused. “I’m… I’m sorry.” He whispered, thickly.

There was a silence, in which Henry looked at his father, and Derek wondered if Henry could even understand what had happened. Henry surprised him when he spoke.

“Papa didn’t learn. You asked him to be nice, and he wasn’t. I don’t want him to be my papa if he can’t be nice to you, daddy.”

The two year old, who called Deucalion ‘Uncle Lion’ had interpreted the situation surprisingly well. It wouldn’t have made a difference. Aiden was sick, dying, and Derek would make sure that he never recovered, but to see Henry willing to give up a father he obviously loved for the sake of Stiles made him pull the boy close and give him a kiss on his head.

“Derek’s nice to you, daddy, you should stay with him.”

“I will.” Stiles promised, new tears coming from his eyes.

## Chapter End Notes

Two chapters today so that you aren't left wondering what happened. So now comes the \*real\* healing, in which Stiles will not be kidnapped, again, I promise. When this started, I said that I wanted Stiles broken so Derek could bring him back up, and they can grow together. \*This\* is the broken Stiles I was talking about. I promise nothing super seriously bad will happen anymore, just the healing process, and I apologize for those of you who thought that Stiles would only have the one bad period. I didn't want to ruin the story for you, but this time I'm promising, just healing and love from here on out.

# Trial

## Chapter Summary

Aiden's trial for his crimes.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Derek

Derek didn't want to be here, he didn't want Stiles to have to face this. The only reason that he brought Stiles was because of his mate's consent. Werewolf law be damned, if Stiles had shown even a hint of resistance, he would have stopped Ennis and Isaac from holding the mock trial.

Somehow, it was fitting that it was raining. It was as if the gods themselves wanted to mark the death of Aiden by washing the Earth of the poisoned black goo that leaked from his bullet wounds.

"Aiden Buranek, you stand accused of kidnapping the mate of the co-Alpha of the Northern Beacon Hills Pack, co-Alpha of the same, sexually and physically assaulting him, and placing on him horrors that no human or wolf should ever have to face. How do you plead?" Talia asked, staring down at Aiden in contempt.

“I...I don’t plead anything...You already...you’ll kill me...anyway” Aiden panted.

“Because you’re guilty, you fucking animal.” Isaac growled.

“Then get it...over with.”

“Aiden Buranek, as punishment for your crimes and to ensure the security and safety of our packs, I, Talia Hale, sentence you to death by being buried alive, if you are innocent, may Lupa free you from your tomb.” Talia said.

“Alpha Derek, you may carry out the sentence.”

Derek turned towards the shaking Stiles.

“If you want, you can do it.” He murmured.

Stiles shook his head. “I can’t, Der.” He whispered, looking too frightened to approach Aiden. He had been partially hiding behind him for most of the trial.

Derek nodded and gave Stiles a kiss on the forehead, before moving to the bound Aiden.

This was it. The moment he had wanted to realize from the day he found out that Stiles had been kidnapped. There was anger in his veins, but not the rage he had felt before. This was no longer just killing out of anger, it was the right thing to do to keep Stiles safe.

The grave behind Aiden had been prepared. A stone coffin with a matching lid that had taken every one of them to move. Without divine intervention, there was no way Aiden was getting out.

“Any last words?” Derek asked the man who was facing his death.

“Take...take care of my son, Stiles.” Aiden said, quiet resignation in his voice.

Stiles didn’t respond, but Derek knew that Stiles would hold true to the

promise. The only good thing that had come from Aiden's actions had been Henry, and Derek knew that Stiles loved his son more than anything.

"Get on...with it." Aiden growled.

Derek's role was surprisingly simple. He placed a boot on Aiden's chest and pushed. Aiden fell backwards with a growl and a thud.

Ennis, John, Isaac, and Talia all had to carry the lid. This was not the first time this punishment had been employed, and the weight ensured that Aiden would never force his way out.

Derek moved back to Stiles who was crying.

"Sorry, it's still...hard." He whispered. "And I'm just...so glad that it's over."

"You don't need to apologize, Stiles." Derek said, reaching out carefully and wrapping his arms around his mate, something Stiles thankfully did not pull away from. "You gave him mercy in order to provide your son with two fathers."

Stiles shook his head. "It was a mistake, Derek. I already have you. Henry just adores you."

The words made Derek's heart swell. He loved Henry, but knew that he was not the boy's real father, and therefore it wasn't his place to fulfill that roll without Stiles' consent.

"I didn't...Stiles, I'm your mate and I love you, but I didn't want to impose on you."

"Derek, one day...maybe...We might have children, but...Henry really likes you, and I love you, and I can't do this alone. I know he's not yours by blood...but-."

"Stiles, are you asking me to adopt Henry?"

“If...I mean, if *you*...want. I’d like that, yes.”

Derek let out a chuckle. “Of course I will...Stiles, thank you.” He whispered, hugging Stiles close to his body. “Speaking of Henry, let’s go see him, you don’t need to be here for this.” He motioned his head towards the grave where John, Ennis, and Isaac were covering the coffin with dirt.

Stiles nodded, but kept his grip on one of Derek’s arms as they left the field.

Derek was overcome with happiness at what Stiles had asked of him. Even though Henry had not been formed by his own union with Stiles, the child was his mate’s and he loved it just as much as he would his own flesh and blood.

Henry was bright, resilient, and in every way his father’s son. Stiles’ personal problems with PTSD aside, he was the strongest wolf that Derek had ever met. Henry would no doubt come to challenge that position within a few years.

“Hey, where are you going?” Ennis asked, bounding up to them, making Stiles cringe and pull himself further behind Derek.

Derek gave a low growl to Ennis for scaring his mate, even though Ennis’ face had immediately melted into one of apology.

“Sorry, Stiles, I didn’t mean-.”

“What do you *want*, Ennis?”

“I was just making sure that he was alright. I thought out of everyone, you two would be the ones to stay. When you left, I thought something might be wrong.”

“Sorry.” Stiles said, quietly, his eyes downcast. “I just couldn’t...stay.”

“You don’t need to apologize for not having a bloodlust, Stiles.” Ennis said with a chuckle, though his eyes betrayed a sadness there. “Go on home, and we’ll join you when we’re done.”



# Stiles

The little progress that Stiles had made after escaping Aiden the first time had been completely destroyed by his second foray to the man's den.

Stiles had lived with Ennis, and yet his presence even now terrified him for some reason he couldn't grasp. That was perhaps the most frustrating part about his fear of the others was that he logically knew that they were safe. He *knew* that Ennis and John and the others would never hurt him, and yet his wolf retreated and pulled him away whenever they came around.

Only Derek, Henry, and Isaac were allowed to be around him without any fear or adverse response. Something that caused Stiles great pain whenever he reacted to his fear. The look of disappointment and grief on his father's face whenever he flinched away from a hug was enough to drag Stiles down into a depression, that increasingly Derek and Henry were the only ones to cure.

It forced Stiles to withdraw and hide, as he had before, in the room he shared with Derek, not going to face the pack, unless he had to, or there was only one or two members there.

The frustratingly cheerful way the pack accepted this behavior was something Stiles found even worse than his flinching and jumping. They just behaved as though his fear was normal and Stiles knew it wasn't. Frequently, he found himself thinking back to earlier days when they had all been happy.

## *Eighteen*

*"Come on, Stiles! How are you supposed to lead a pack if you can't even play football?" Jackson asked, tauntingly.*

*Stiles retaliated by throwing the football as hard as he could, succeeding in hitting Jackson in the face.*

*“Like that!” He shouted back, letting out a yelp when Jackson tackled him, blood still dripping from his nose.*

*“Rude.” Jackson said, spitting blood onto the grass. Stiles bucked his hips to destabilize Jackson, before flipping himself so that he was on top of Jackson, holding his arms down. Scott, who had been on Jackson’s team came and tackled Stiles sideways.*

*Days after school were often spent in this manner. Until Derek and Stiles turned twenty, they wouldn’t be expected to lead of a pack of their own, so they were allowed to spend the days horsing around and the nights in each other’s arms.*

*“So, what did Ken tell you, again?” Scott asked, from on top of Stiles.*

*“Today was all about ‘watching for threats’” Stiles said, sarcastically, using his fingers to make quotes. “Same bullshit I’ve been hearing since I was born. I mean...an Omega hasn’t been kidnapped in ages, and he acts as though it’s a daily occurrence.”*

*“He’s just worried about you, just like the rest of us, babe.” Derek said, coming over and picking Scott up to remove him from Stiles.*

*“You shouldn’t worry so much, it’ll turn you grey.” Stiles said, before letting out a chuckle. “Actually, I bet you’d be cute with some salt and pepper.”*

*“Good, because I’ll probably worry about you for the rest of our lives.”*

*Stiles sighed. “Yes, the poor little Omega needs to be watched after.”*

*Derek reached out and placed his hand on Stiles shoulder. “No, the poor little Omega does not need to be watched over. My mate, the love of my life, and the father of our future children, does, though.”*

Stiles woke up from the dream and let out a whine as he remembered what

life use to be like and moved to press himself closer to Derek, but let out another whine when he found his mate missing. Wrapping a blanket around himself, Stiles got up to find Derek. Being alone made him feel vulnerable.

Stiles paused by his son's room to make sure that Henry was sleeping soundly, before making his way carefully down the stairs. The house was dark and quiet, no doubt most of the pack had already gone to bed. This was confirmed when Stiles made it to the foot of the stairs and didn't find anything suggesting that were in there.

Still stepping lightly, Stiles went to the living room and found something made his heart drop. Derek was asleep on the couch, his blanket on the floor and pillow covering his chest.

Derek didn't want to sleep with him anymore. The thought brought tears to Stiles' eyes. Whether it was because of the miscarriage, the fact that he had been forced to return to Aiden, or the fact that he had moved too quickly with asking Derek to adopt Henry, Stiles wasn't sure, but the evidence couldn't be ignored.

Stiles turned to leave, but bumped into someone, making him stumble back.

"Watch where you're going." The person mumbled, sleepily, before looking down and seeing it was Stiles.

Jackson's face fell into one of apology. "Shit, Stiles, I'm sorry." He said, moving forward, but Stiles scrambled back.

"Sorry...I'm...I'm sorry, I should have been paying attention." He said, quickly.

Jackson froze, not taking another step forward, but kept his hand extended, offering Stiles help if he wanted to take it.

"What are you doing?" Derek's voice sounded angry, and despite the fact that Derek didn't want to be with him, Stiles moved towards it, finding comfort in his mate's arms.

“I bumped into him, and he surprised me.” Jackson said, sounding truly repentant.

“I just came down to see where you went. I’m sorry.” Stiles whispered.

“I left because you were having a nightmare, Stiles. I didn’t want to scare you further. I’m...I thought that if you woke up with me next to you, you would have a panic attack, so I left.” Derek told him.

“Because I’m broken.” Stiles muttered, hating himself for thinking the worst about Derek, yet again.

“Stiles, you’re not broken.” Jackson said, squatting so that he was closer to Stiles’ level.

“He’s right, Stiles. We’re all here to help you at your own pace, and however long it takes, that’s how long we’re willing to put into the effort, because you are more than worth it. We’ll do this together.” Derek vowed.

## Chapter End Notes

The first part is the important one, obviously.

So, people said they wanted Aiden to suffer horribly for what he did. Is this horrible enough for you?

Also, people seem to be following the show's line of thought. Stiles is an Omega and will forever be an Omega. As we've seen, he's already pretty much an Alpha who can get pregnant, which was what I wanted from the beginning. If he had killed Aiden directly, nothing would have changed. In this AU, what you're born as, you remain as.

Sorry there was no chapter yesterday, but there were two the day before to make up for it.

I'm still feeling blech so I blame the kind of suckiness of this chapter on my illness, I'm allowed to do that. :)

Thank you so much, and I'll post again as soon as I can. I feel as though Henry is due for a birthday lest he ends up like Stewie from Family Guy.

# A New Vow

## Chapter Summary

Derek manages to bring out the old Stiles for a few hours.

## Chapter Notes

Sorry for the short chapter, I had a doctor's appointment.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Derek

“Are you sure you don’t want to stay?” Derek asked as he hugged his uncle.

Peter looked at Stiles who was cuddled against Derek’s body and gave Derek a significant look.

“I think it might help if you had less people here, right now. Besides, we’re wild, Derek, and your quaint little city is too much for us.”

Derek chuckled. “Beacon Hills is a town.” And then more seriously, he added: “Thank you. I mean...if it wasn’t for you, I might not have him back.”

“I’m glad to have been of service.”

“Thank you, Peter. And you, Crystal and Matt.” Stiles said, quietly, though

with a smile.

“You’re very welcome, young Omega.” Peter said, extending his hand, making Stiles pull back for a second, before he reached out and took it. “Stay safe.”

“We’ll come and visit sometime.” Crystal said, brightly.

“When you give permission, of course.” Matt added, rolling his eyes at Crystal.

“Yeah, that could be nice.” Stiles said, though he sounded unsure.

“Your pace.” Derek reminded him, wrapping an arm around his shoulder, something that almost never failed to calm Stiles down.

Stiles nodded.

Henry ran over and gave Peter a hug, before doing the same to Matt and Crystal. “I know you’re not my real uncle, but can you be Uncle Peter?” He asked, making Peter chuckle.

“Of course.” He said as he squatted down to Henry’s level.

Henry beamed at him. “Thank you for saving my daddy, Uncle Peter. I know you didn’t have to.”

“I wanted to. He’s family, just like you.” Peter said, giving Henry another hug. “Take care of your daddy and take care of Derek, too.”

“I promise.” Henry said.

“I’ll see you around, Derek.” Peter said, before turning to leave with his pack, where Derek’s pack, John, and Talia were waiting.

“Are you hungry, babe?” Derek asked, turning to Stiles. If he didn’t stay on top of Stiles’ diet, the man would hardly eat, feeling as though he was burden for asking.

“I guess I could eat, I mean...I can cook.” Stiles said, his quiet voice in opposition to the rumbling his stomach made at the mention of food.

“Stiles, you don’t have to cook, I don’t mind taking care of you. That’s what mates do for each other.” Derek said, pressing his face into Stiles’ neck to scent him. “So, what do you want to eat?”

“Whatever you make.” Stiles said, but his voice sounded hesitant.

“It sounds like you had something in mind.”

“Just...well, I mean, if it’s not that much trouble...maybe some...I’d like pizza.”

“You want to order pizza? We can most definitely do that.” Derek said.

It had been worth pressing Stiles for an answer for the bright smile Stiles gave him. Derek would take Stiles any way he could get him, but to see the happy, pre-Aiden Stiles shining through warmed Derek’s heart.

“Do you remember how I like my pizza?” Stiles asked.

“Bell peppers and pineapple. A unique pizza for my unique mate.” Derek said with a grin.

“What’s the point of pizza if it’s going to be boring?” Stiles asked.

Derek seized the moment, even if it would crumble when the pack came back in, for the first time since Stiles had returned, Derek could smell no fear coming from his mate, he was calm and relaxed, even if they were bantering about the most ridiculous thing.

“Cheese pizza is pizza the way it was meant to be.” Derek argued. “I’m a purist.”

Stiles snorted. An actual laugh. “Yeah, that’s why you drink coffee with enough sugary to turn it into a syrup.”



“Pizza purist.” Derek amended, pulling up the pizza place’s website on his phone.

“I still love you, even if you ruin pizza.” Stiles said, kissing Derek on the cheek.

Derek was so taken off guard by this action that he froze, his phone sitting in his hands while he stared at Stiles.

“What?” Stiles asked, his eyes going wide, as he pulled back a little.

“No, nothing’s wrong. It’s just...you’re stunning, you know that?” Derek asked.

“Not really.” Stiles said blushing, and Derek had to hold back a whoop. It was a rare enough thing these days that Derek had forgotten how the blood made his mate’s skin glow.

“You’re staring again.” Stiles said, poking Derek in the chest.

“You’re being handsome, again.” Derek said, with a sly grin, deepening the crimson in Stiles’ cheeks.

“Daddy, I want pizza, too.” Henry said, tugging at Stiles’ pant leg, no doubt irritated that that attention had been diverted from him for so long.

“Well, of course, kiddo.” Stiles said, still blushing as he picked Henry up.

“Three pizzas.” Henry said.

“Three pizzas for Henry.” Stiles told Derek with a smile.

Henry clapped his hands, excitedly. “With maple syrup and ketchup.”

Derek blinked at him, before turning his eyes to Stiles.

Stiles shrugged. “He’s my son, alright. Ketchup, but no maple syrup, you’ll be up all night with a tummy ache.”

“But I’m a werewolf, daddy.” Henry said in the tone of one explaining that one plus one equals two.

“A werewolf who still can be affected by too much sugar. Now, go and ask the pack what they want.”

“Are you really going to let him eat three pizzas?” Derek asked as Henry ran out into the front yard.

Stiles shook his head. “He’ll eat two slices and say he’s full, but it’s fun to indulge him.”

“Should I indulge him, too?” Derek asked. Stiles’ offer to adopt Henry was one that Derek had accepted without a moment’s hesitation, but he had never had a child before, and was unsure how to proceed with raising one.

“Just use your best judgment. When he says he wants to have three pizzas just say you’ll order them and he’ll forget about it, when he says he wants to climb on the roof...that’s less acceptable.”

“Does he do that often?”

“Him wanting to climb the roof? Not in a few months. He saw a parkour artist on T.V. and wanted to climb buildings, too.”

“Sounds like fun.” Derek said with a chuckle.

Stiles’ face dropped a little. “Derek, if you don’t want to do this, you don’t have to.”

“Stiles, I look forward to raising Henry and any other children we have together, I’m just trying to follow your lead on this.”

Unfortunately, his words didn’t have the effect he thought they would. He wanted Stiles to be encouraged and feel as though they might be moving together towards a brighter future. Stiles didn’t smile, but his words were promising enough.

“Together.” He said. “Not my lead and not yours, but *ours*. Just because I’ve had him for almost three years doesn’t mean that I’m a perfect parent.”

“Better than me.” Derek said, still elated that Stiles’ mood had not crashed. “I have no experience.”

“And you think I did?” Stiles asked, with a laugh, warming Derek’s heart. “Beta classes mean nothing when it’s two in the morning and your son is screaming for a bottle.”

“You got a little help, at least. I got classes on how to lead a pack, not how to raise a son.”

“Together.” Stiles said with a smile. “We’ll learn in the classroom of life.”

“Deal.” Derek said as Henry ran back into the house.

“What do they want?” Stiles asked.

Henry’s face furrowed in concentration and Derek prepared himself to go outside to ask his pack directly, when Henry spouted out:

“Three pepperoni, two sausages, one extra cheese, and one pineapple. Two supreme, one meat lovers, and five breadsticks. Lydia also said to make sure that there was soda.”

“Amazing.” Derek said under his breath.

“He’s an amazing boy.” Stiles agreed, picking his son up. Henry beamed at the praise.

Derek finished placing the order, before placing a hand on Stiles’ shoulder.

“Why don’t we go upstairs and play a board game or something?” He said, trying to get Stiles out of the living room before the pack came in. He didn’t want this moment to be ruined.

Stiles seemed to realize what Derek was doing, because he looked at the

door and nodded.

The day passed without any major incidents. Stiles had been right, Henry had only eaten two slices of pizza before he said he was full, though he had indeed added ketchup to his slices.

## Stiles

Derek was amazing. He had reached inside Stiles and managed to calm him. For the first time since he had come back from Aiden's Stiles felt like his old self. It was true that he had to hide in Henry's room, but he was smiling and laughing, completely naturally due to Derek's charm.

"Henry, when's your birthday?" Derek asked while he helped the boy put a puzzle together.

"I'll turn three in October."

"Halloween." Stiles added.

Derek gave him a grin. "Really? That's pretty awesome."

"Daddy says that I don't really need a costume because werewolves scare humans, but he lets me dress up, anyway. Last year papa had a big birthday party."

At the mention of Aiden, Stiles felt himself flinch, and Derek's eyes looked at him in concern. It hadn't really been a party, anyway. Henry didn't understand that people went door to door for Halloween, and had mistaken trick or treaters as party guests. Stiles didn't mind letting Henry believe they had been there for him, though.

"We should throw you a party, kiddo." Stiles said.

"Stiles, are you sure that you-?"

"It's my son, Derek. I'll...I'll be fine."

“Daddy, if you don’t want to, you don’t have to. I just like being around you and Derek.”

The sacrifice his son was willing to make made Stiles heart clench and his throat tighten. It was something that Aiden was still effecting, even from his grave. Henry should never have had to think about not having a party for the sake of Stiles’ fear.

If his son could do that, Stiles could certainly buck up and deal with the pack so that his two year old son could have a party.

“Nah, kiddo. We’ll throw you a party with the pack. You don’t turn three every day.” Stiles promised. Except in the most extreme circumstances, Stiles had never broken a vow to his son, and he wouldn’t break this one, either. He would force himself to handle the pack if he had to, but he’d rather be somewhat better by the time his son’s birthday arrived. One month. One month to get better and handle being around his friends.

It seemed so ridiculous to him when he thought about it. His pack was his family, his friends, he shouldn’t fear them.

## Chapter End Notes

Very sorry about the short chapter, but the next one will be longer. I have two papers due soon, though so I will be posting less regularly.

I really like Derek helping Stiles to heal and Stiles making his own determination to heal.

Please don't hate me!

And yes, sex will occur at some point. :)

# I Accept

## Chapter Summary

Stiles comes down for breakfast and Scott worries about his friend.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Scott

Scott stood in front of the stove, cooking breakfast for the pack, which sat assembled around the table, all except Isaac who stood behind Scott, scenting him. Since his mate's return from Aiden's house, Isaac had become permanently attached to Scott's side, and Scott was far from complaining. It was a calming to have him so close, and Scott allowed Isaac to nibble on his neck, even though he joked.

"If you're that hungry, breakfast will be ready in five minutes."

"You taste better." Isaac said in a growl.

"Would you two get a room?" Lydia asked.

"Because you and Jackson have never done anything as improper as making

out in the kitchen.” Scott said, his voice thick with sarcasm.

Lydia blushed and didn’t respond. Chuckling, Scott turned back to the skillet.

“And besides, you two aren’t even mates, Scott and I are.” Isaac added, his voice rumbling his chest in a way that tickled Scott’s back.

“Stiles.” Lydia said in response.

“Stiles, what?” Scott asked, turning around again, and nearly dropping his spatula in surprise. Standing there, curled against Derek, with Henry at his ankles, was Stiles.

Scott had gotten used to the idea of his best friend needing to remain away from large groups of people, and had thought that there would be a gradual progress as far as him coming out was concerned, but there he was, looking and smelling scared, but with a tentative smile on his face.

Derek’s glare could best be described as ‘warning’, and at worse could be seen as threatening, but the intention was clear: No one was to do anything to make Stiles feel uncomfortable.

Ethan moved from where he had been sitting at the head of the table and Jackson moved a second chair there so Derek could sit next to his mate.

The room was silent as Stiles moved carefully to his chair and sat down, with Henry running up to Isaac and giving him a hug and then sitting down next to Deucalion.

Henry seemed not grasp what a pivotal moment this was, but that was probably because he had been around Stiles the entire time.

Scott hadn’t been expecting Stiles, but knew that if he said that, Stiles wouldn’t eat for the sake of the pack. For the past few days, Derek had been coming in and making Stiles’ breakfast, himself.

Stiles, it was easy enough to give Stiles and Derek his and Isaac’s food and

then make some more. Scott knew that Isaac wouldn't make a scene.

"Thank you." Stiles said, quietly when the plate was placed in front of him. Derek likewise gave thanks, but the rest of the pack still seemed shocked to see Stiles, something that Derek didn't take to kindly to.

"Eat your food." He said in a low growl, so that Stiles wouldn't be scared, but the authority unquestionable.

"How are you this morning, Stiles?" Deucalion asked, his voice light as he placed a spoonful of egg into his mouth.

"Struggling." Stiles admitted. He didn't need to say it, the smell of his terror was present in the room as thick as the smell of the bacon. "But... okay, I guess. How are you?"

"No complaints. Happy to see you." Deucalion said with a smile.

"We've missed you." Allison agreed with a nod.

"Sorry, it's just...it's been hard." Stiles said, making Allison's face crash. It was obvious she hadn't meant to make Stiles feel as though he was at fault.

"No one blames you, Stiles." Derek said, encouragingly.

"I missed you all, too." Stiles added with a weak smile, taking a bite of his bacon.

Breakfast was an uneasy affair. Soft conversation broke out at the table, and no one made sudden moves or spoke too loudly, but it was obvious that Stiles was still uncomfortable. Scott found himself wondering if Derek had forced Stiles out before he was ready. A lifetime of living with Derek suggested the contrary, but Scott couldn't understand why Stiles would come out if he was still so uncomfortable.

"Does the pack still go out on the full moon?" Stiles asked, the table at large.



“Not in almost three years.” Scott answered, avoiding the word ‘Aiden’.  
“We...it just didn’t feel right.”

Stiles nodded. “Well, I think it’s in a week, and maybe...For old time’s sake, we could go out and...I don’t know, maybe...as a wolf...” He trailed off.

“I think that’s a brilliant idea. If you’re ready for it.” Derek said, and Scott didn’t need to be a werewolf to hear the tone of optimism on his Alpha’s voice.

“Well, we...kind of need to if...I mean...if you still want to adopt Henry and accept the other pack members officially.” Stiles said, quietly.

Isaac froze as did Deucalion and Ennis’ fork fell to his plate with a clatter that made Stiles jump and pull back. Derek gave him a red-eyed glare and wrapped an arm around his mate.

“You’re adopting Henry?” Isaac asked.

“Stiles and I are mates, it’s only natural, and Henry already agreed to it.” Derek said, his earlier optimism having given way to anger.

“Forgive me, I didn’t mean to scare you, Stiles, I just....it’s surprising.” Ennis said.

“Why is it surprising?” Stiles asked.

“I mean...We thought we would be peripheral members and I certainly never thought that you’d adopt Henry. He’s...he’s-.”

“He’s pack, as much as you all are.” Derek said. “We’re family, and I’ll never forget that it was you three who helped Stiles when he needed it the most.”

“We were just-.”

“Doing what a pack does. I realize I never asked any of you, and you are all

free to say no, but..." Derek sighed and looked at Stiles, who nodded. "I am asking you to accept me and my mate as your co-Alphas and join our pack on the next full moon."

Scott knew that normally, an Alpha would ask and debate such a decision with the entire pack, but also knew that no one would argue against it, himself included. He owed as much of a debt to them as Derek did.

"I accept, Alphas." Deucalion said.

"As do I, Alphas." Ennis added with a grin.

Isaac looked at Scott then at Henry and then to Stiles. "You'll take care of them?" He asked, sounding cautious.

Derek nodded. "I swear to you Isaac. Stiles and Henry, and your mate will be safe in this pack." No one could deny the sincerity in his voice.

"Then I accept, Alphas." Isaac said.

## Derek

Stiles couldn't stay with the pack for long, he wanted to leave soon after he was finished eating, but Derek didn't mind. He was so proud of his mate for making the effort on his own.

"Derek, can I speak with you for a moment?" Scott asked, coming into the hallway from the kitchen.

Stiles paused near the stairs, and Scott gave him a sad look.

"I actually wanted to talk to him alone for just a moment, Stiles, I promise this won't take long."

Derek was about to refuse, but Stiles nodded and pressed his face into Derek's neck for a moment before heading up the stairs.

“This better be important.” Derek snapped.

“It is, and I’m sorry, I know...you don’t like to be away from him-.”

“And I don’t like to leave him alone, not after the other night, he was terrified. The only times he feels safe is when he’s with me, for the time being.”

“Well...that’s kind of what I wanted to talk to you about. I mean...it was a nice surprise, but...” Scott looked nervous, and Derek wasn’t mad at him directly, but he couldn’t help but smell the fear that had been trailing from his mate.

“But, what, Scott?” Derek asked.

“Derek, did you make him come down here?” Scott asked, a loyal defiance in his voice, making Derek have no doubts that Scott would chew him out if his words ended up being confirmed.

“No, Scott, why...why would I do that?” Derek knew that Scott was just looking out for Stiles, but also knew that no part of his soul or heart would allow him to force Stiles into *anything* that made the man uncomfortable.

“I don’t know...trying to force him to get comfortable with the pack again?”

The word ‘force’ was what caused to Derek to momentarily snap. Growling he stalked towards Scott, who immediately backed up and raised his neck in submissions.

“I would *never*.” He snarled. “Every atom of my being abhors me doing anything to force or harm him. He is my mate, my one and only love, and if you ever suggested that I forced him into anything, again, I will banish you from this pack.”

“Okay, Der...Alpha. I didn’t mean any offense, I just...I’m so worried about him and...he seemed scared, like he didn’t want to be here.”

Derek took a few calming breaths and stepped back. “He *didn’t*...but, I think he’s trying to heal himself. I asked him ten times if he was sure that he wanted to be here, and he said that he did. I think we...I want him to move at his own pace, whatever he feels comfortable with, and that means that there’s going to be a lot of times that he’s scared. You can’t just blame me.”

“I’m sorry, I...” Scott shook his head. “I just want him to get better, and let him know that he can be safe, and like you said, that means him moving at his own pace.”

“I think he wants to have a birthday party for Henry at the end of the month, so he’s trying harder so that he can be there for his son.”

“He loves Henry.” Scott said, nodding. “I was...surprised that you were so willing to adopt him.”

Derek growled, again. “He may not be my flesh and blood, but he’s the flesh and blood of my mate, which makes him as good as my son.”

“I wasn’t complaining.” Scott said with a chuckle. “I’m just saying...you’re a pretty awesome Alpha.”

Derek nodded his thanks and moved towards the stairs, the bulk of his thought had not left Stiles.

“If that’s all.” He said, though with a smile. Scott might have angered, but it had been done with good intentions. Even Isaac had shocked Derek by his requirement that Stiles be kept safe before he would willingly pledge himself to the pack. Derek knew his pack cared for his mate, but it was heartwarming to see just how much they loved Stiles.

Stiles was sitting on the bed, nervously picking at his fingernails when Derek walked in. The smile was immediate and his scent eased down the moment he looked up and saw Derek.

“Is everything alright?” He asked.

“Yeah, Scott just wanted to make sure that you were okay... You are, aren’t you?”

Stiles nodded. “That wasn’t too bad.”

“Good.”

“Is Henry still downstairs?”

Derek nodded. “You know how he is. The last I saw, he was with Allison. I think they were going to play a game. Did you want him up here with you?”

Stiles let out a very light chuckle. “No, I’m glad he gets along with the pack, I just wanted to make sure that he was alright.”

“After the past few weeks, I think every single member of our pack would die to defend him, babe.”

“They really do love him.”

“And you.” Derek said, joining Stiles on the bed, taking one of his hands, and placing a kiss on the knuckles. “That’s what a pack does, we love and care for each other.”

“And learn Russian.” Stiles said with a grin in his voice.

“Hmm?”

“Isaac started teaching Ethan how to sing Katyusha for Henry.”

Derek chuckled at Henry’s odd choice in music, but found it endearing. Everything about the boy warmed his heart, and the same went for his father. Stiles had always been Derek’s mate and true love, but in recent days Henry had nestled in right along with him, making Derek truly feel like a father.

“I’m sorry I had leave, Der.”

“What do you mean?” Derek asked.

“At breakfast, I couldn’t...”

Derek placed a kiss on Stiles’ head. “Stiles, you are safe. That is all that is required for the pack’s happiness, knowing that you are safe and as comfortable as possible. You came down, and that made them happy. You stayed as long as you could, and then left, and no one blames you for that.”

“I just meant...I mean, I think...I’m sure the pack doesn’t blame me, and neither do you, I see that now, but...you might want to do something with the pack, and...I’d understand.”

“Stiles, there’s nowhere I’d rather be than by you. I love that you’re trying, because it was worth it to see you happy with the pack, but if you wanted to sit up here for the next fifty years, my happiness would never abate, because I love you. Just...just being next to you brings a smile to my lips. Your scent, makes my heart flutter, and when you smile or laugh...fucking heaven, Stiles.”

Stiles gave him a small grin.

“See? That just made my day, Stiles. I’m never going to harbor anger or resentment towards you for not being ready to do what makes you uncomfortable.”

“I love you, Der.” Stiles said, his smile growing. “I really do.”

“I love you, too, babe.”

## Chapter End Notes

Made this one a bit longer to make up for the delay, sorry about that. Expect a lot of this though, I want to show Stiles healing and that

means cute fluff chapters with really nothing of too much substance.  
But hey, Derek accepting new members and Henry? Was that sweet or  
was that sweet? next chapter when I have time, promise.

# Full Moon Season

## Chapter Summary

Henry gets an idea from a commercial and Isaac remembers what life used to be like.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

WARNING!: This chapter contains a flashback to Stiles' time with Aiden.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

Stiles' path was rocky and he often stumbled. A shout from downstairs or a pack member moving towards him too quickly on the sparse occasions he went downstairs was often followed by shaking, fear, and withdrawal. Derek helped, though. It was almost like he helped to carry Stiles so he didn't have to walk the road alone.

After the misunderstanding about Stiles' nightmares, Derek had stayed in bed with Stiles every night. If Stiles cuddled close enough, his mate's presence kept the nightmares at bay and of course, Derek was only too willing to let Stiles sleep as close as possible.



When Stiles awoke with his face buried in the forest of chest hair, Derek's scent in his nostrils, he could almost believe that he was normal, again. He could take himself back to the mornings that he spent with Derek before Aiden came along and ruined everything...

Well...almost everything. Stiles wouldn't trade his son for anything in the world, even as the two year old ran into the room and began jumping on the bed.

"Derek, daddy, wake up!"

"What's wrong?" Stiles asked, sitting up quickly. Immediately, thoughts of Aiden escaping his grave came to mind.

Derek likewise looked wary as he got up, his eyes red and narrowed, searching the room for threats.

"You have to wake up, it's the full moon season!" Henry cried, and when Stiles realized there was no danger he laid back down with a groan.

"There's no such thing, kiddo." He said, hating the way that Henry's face fell.

"The man on the T.V. said that it was the Halloween season, Halloween is further away than the full moon, which means it's the full moon season." Henry argued, crossing his arms.

"Pretty sound logic, babe." Derek said with a chuckle.

"You're not mad that he woke you up?" Stiles asked.

Derek shook his head. "Stiles, I said that I'd adopt him. Being a father sometimes means waking up early. Come here, kiddo." Derek said, patting the spot next to him.

Stiles looked at his mate in amazement as Henry came to sit in the spot between them. Derek never ceased to amaze him. Even Aiden, who had loved Henry with all of his heart had gotten grumpy when he had been

woken up too early.

“Well, if it’s the full moon season, we’ll have to decorate.”

Henry looked up with an exuberant expression and clapped his hands excitedly. “Really?”

Derek nodded. “Of course. Why don’t we ask Uncle Isaac to take you out to the store and you can go buy supplies?”

“Sparkly paint, too?”

What would the full moon season be without sparkly paint?” Derek asked, a laugh in his voice that made Stiles’ heart flutter. “You can get whatever you want, and then you can decorate with the pack or with us.”

Stiles was inspired by Derek’s attitude, and took his son into his arms.

“I’ll come down with you and help.” He promised.

Henry looked at Stiles, his grin growing wider.

“Stiles, are you-?” Derek began, but Stiles nodded.

“What’s the full moon season without the entire pack?” He asked with a wink, though he felt a little unsure, Henry’s words made it worth it.

“Thank you, daddy!” He said, snuggling himself into Stiles’ chest.

“Of course, kiddo. You understand that I can’t go with you to the store though, right?”

Henry nodded. “I know, and I promise to be good for Uncle Isaac.”

“That’s my boy.” Stiles chuckled. “Stay close, and don’t talk to strangers.”

Henry let out a growl, his eyes flashing blue. “I won’t let anyone hurt me, papa.”

“You’re very brave my son, but your bringing Lydia, Ethan, and-“

“Why don’t you bring everyone? Then your daddy and I will go down and have some breakfast before you get back.” Derek suggested.

“What if they don’t want to go?”

“Henry, trust me, just go down there and say that you want to go to the store, and the pack will be jumping to join you.”

Henry crawled out of bed, and Stiles felt his heart clench as he watched his son leaving the room. Henry must have sensed his fear and sadness, though, because he turned around and ran back into Stiles’ arms.

“Bye, daddy, I’ll miss you.”

“I love you, kiddo.”

“I love you, too.”

Then, surprising Stiles, Henry climbed over to Derek.

“Bye, otets, I love you.”

“I love you, too, Henry.” Derek whispered, hugging Henry, and bringing tears to Stiles’ eyes.

“That was unexpected.” Derek said as Henry ran out of the room, no doubt to wake up the whole pack. “What did he call me?”

“Otets, it’s Russian, it means ‘father’. He learned it from Isaac.”

“I thought he would have just called me papa.”

Stiles flinched at the word, not liking the implications of it, and Derek’s arms immediately surrounded him in warmth and comfort.

“I’m sorry, I…wasn’t thinking.” He said, sounding upset.

“It’s alright.” Stiles whispered. “I think that’s the reason he doesn’t use it though. That word is linked to Aiden, too much. You’re otets, get used to it.”

“If that’s what our son wants to call me, I won’t complain.”

Stiles looked up and smiled at Derek. “That’s the first time you’ve said that...Our son. I like it.”

I like it, too, and I love Henry, and I love you.” Derek said, rubbing his cheek over Stiles’, sending a pleasant shiver up Stiles’ spine, and causing him to be seized by a sudden impulse.

Stiles tilted his head up and pressed his lips to Derek’s. Derek seemed shocked, but after a moment, moaned and pressed himself closer. His tongue was hesitant at first, but when Stiles parted his lips, Derek slipped his tongue in and they began to kiss for real.

## Isaac

Going out with the entire pack was an ordeal, but Isaac didn’t complain. It was worth it in order to make sure that Stiles was as comfortable as possible, and besides, he really couldn’t complain with Scott by his side.

“So, remind me what we’re doing again?” Scott asked while they pushed the cart through the hobby store.

“We’re decorating for the ‘full moon season’, moy grusha.” Isaac said with a chuckle as Henry ran ahead with Lydia pointing out some glittering paint.

“He’s an amazing child, so full of hope and wonder...after what happened.” Deucalion said.

Isaac couldn’t help but agree. “Stiles did a good job shielding him from the worst of what happened, I think.”

“We should have done a better job shielding him.” Deucalion said, sadly.

“We did what we could, but Aiden was...” Isaac began, but Ennis cut him off with a growl.

“We could have done more! Aiden held us all by our pasts, and we...we let loyalty get in the way of helping someone who needed us more!”

A few heads turned to look at him, but Ennis glared and people bustled back to their lives.

“You didn’t...he doesn’t blame you, moy drook, and neither do I.” Scott said to Isaac, but loud enough that Ennis could hear. “We still owe you the greatest debt for saving him...Helping him to escape, bringing us Henry who is a new light in our lives that we never could have imagined.”

Isaac nodded, but Ennis was right, they had sat there and watched...and done nothing.

*Ten months earlier.*

*“What the hell were you thinking?” Aiden hissed at Stiles. They were in the backseat of the car with Isaac who was looking at them, worriedly, while Kali drove them back home. Such was Aiden’s anger that Henry had had to go in the second car with Ennis.*

*“He asked me about my family, Aiden. Derek and the others are my family.”*

*“You had no right to tell my son about that failure of an Alpha.”*

*Stiles growled, and Isaac flinched as Aiden’s claws dug into Stiles’ thigh.*

*“Show me disrespect again, and I’ll make you sorry.” He warned in a low voice. Isaac was used to this, Aiden making threats in a voice too low for Henry to hear, and Stiles struggling to maintain his composure. Even without their son in car, they still behaved as though he might see them.*

*Isaac was more than surprised when Stiles spat in Aiden's face. Stiles usually verbally retaliated, but Isaac hadn't seen Stiles physically attack Aiden since before he had gotten pregnant.*

*Isaac braced himself for Aiden's anger. His eyes were blazing red, and his lips curled around his fangs as he wiped the saliva from his face.*

*"Aiden, maybe...maybe you should calm down." He said, placing a hand on his Alpha's shoulder. He knew that Aiden was going to hurt Stiles, again...he always did, but he also wanted to spare Stiles pain for as long he could. Isaac might not be able to take on his Alpha, but he did what he could.*

*"He spit in my face, like some common mongrel!" Aiden roared, making Isaac pull back.*

*Aiden grabbed Stiles' head, his claws drawing blood and whimpers from Stiles.*

*"Who the fuck do you think you are?" Aiden asked with a snarl.*

*"You have no right to tell me what I can and cannot tell my son." Stiles said.*

*THUD! Aiden slammed Stiles' head into the window, hard enough that it cracked, and Stiles let out a cry, making Isaac's heart clench.*

*"You are never to mention Derek or his pack, again, do you understand me?" Aiden growled.*

*"He asked me, Aiden, and I'm not going to lie to my son."*

*It was the gust of wind that made Isaac turn around. Aiden had opened the door, and when the car slowed down he shouted at Kali.*

*"If you stop this fucking car, I will banish you from this pack!"*

*With a wicked grin Kali began driving, again.*

*“What are you doing, Aiden?” Isaac asked, trying to pull his Alpha back, as he began to push a frightened looking Stiles out of the car.*

*“Teaching him a lesson.” Aiden said with an evil smile.*

*“Aiden, this is going too far.” Isaac said, trying to struggle with Aiden to pull Stiles back into the car.*

*It was Stiles who made it stop, though.*

*“I won’t, I promise.” He said, quickly. “I won’t tell him.”*

*“You’ll keep your fucking mouth shut about Derek?” Aiden asked, pushing Stiles further. Stiles’ face was mere inches from the passing asphalt, and Isaac didn’t need a very vivid imagination to think of what would happen if Stiles’ skin made contact with the ground.*

*“Yes, I promise.” Stiles said, pausing for a moment before continuing.*

*“What...what would Henry think?”*

*“That you fell out of the car in a tragic accident.” Aiden said. “And it’s exactly what I’ll do if I ever find out that you mentioned that man to my son, again. Do you understand me?” He asked, pressing harder on the struggling Stiles, his face moving closer to the street.*

*“Yes, Aiden.”*

*Aiden held him there for a moment longer before pulling him back into the car and slamming the door, shattering the glass.*

*It was then, more than any other moment that Isaac realized that this wouldn’t work. One day, Aiden would kill Stiles, and that was unacceptable. His mind began to race with the thoughts of how he might save Stiles from his Alpha.*

*“You still with me, moy drook?” Scott asked with a chuckle.*

*Isaac nodded. “Sorry, I was just thinking...” He said, with a slight smile,*

though his memories had been anything but worthy of a smile.

Stiles was safe, now, though, and Isaac knew that Derek cherished his mate.

## Chapter End Notes

Moy Drook is Russian and means 'my love', Isaac would have taught it to Scott.

The flashback was to show why Isaac feels guilty, and why he needed Derek's assurances before he would join the pack. I think Deucalion and Ennis both feel really bad for what happened to Stiles, but Isaac feels it more.

The idea for the 'full moon season' when there really isn't one came from Star Trek: Voyager when Neelix tells Tuvok it's the Kal Rekk season, and Tuvok says that it's a solitary holiday and there is no Kal Rekk season. I think Henry's a lot cuter than Neelix though, nay?

So, Stiles and Derek kissing for real! I was really glad that I got to add that this time, it's another step in the Stiles healing process.

One of the readers asked for a scene from Aiden's point of view to see him suffering, but I'm unsure if I want to do it or not. If I do, it will be in the next chapter, though, so be prepared for that.

Thank you everyone and I'll post again when I can.



# I Remember That Look

## Chapter Summary

Derek and Stiles help Henry decorate.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

NO AIDEN IN THIS CHAPTER! I decided against it.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

If Stiles could step out of his body, he would be amazed at what was happening. He was sitting in the living room, cutting out a big round circle from white construction paper, which in and of itself was innocuous, but it was who he was doing it with that was so shocking. Stiles was sitting no more than five feet away from three other pack members, and was calm. Something about Derek behind him, one hand rubbing his head, one hand using the glitter glue, and Henry's smile was enough to ground him for the time being.

It was different than it had been at breakfast the day before. Stiles could lose himself in the security of his mate and the work presented before him, and it allowed himself to remain with the pack, something that made them

loosen up slightly.

Stiles was surprised by the presence of the entire pack in the living room. They all seemed to be not at all bothered by the fact that they were decorating for a non-existent holiday, all based on the simple whim of a two year old. Stiles, of course, would have done it alone, but Henry was his son, and couldn't deny that he was wrapped around Henry's finger, it looked as though the same could be said for the rest of the pack.

"We need chips, daddy." Henry said, drawing a big green smiley face on the moon Stiles had cut out.

"What do we need chips for, kiddo?" Stiles asked.

"What's a party without food?" Henry said, shaking his head as though Stiles were silly for even asking.

"Well...if you'd like, we...someone can take you to the store to get chips for tonight, but on the full moon, we won't be here."

Henry's face fell. "Why not?"

"Because on the full moon, we all go out running as wolves." Derek said, grinning. Stiles knew that Derek was eagerly looking forward to the night when they would all grace the woods with their wolfish presence. When they had been younger, Derek had always loved shifting and going out for a run, even when it wasn't called for by centuries of tradition.

"Papa said that only rabbit wolves do that, and we're not rabbits." Henry said, looking confused.

Stiles felt bad that he had not fully explained the situation to his son. To him, it was second nature, but after Aiden...Henry had never learned that some packs honor tradition and their ancestors by running with the moon.

"The word is 'rabid', kiddo, it means...mean, and...do you think anyone here is mean?"

“No...was that...was that another lie that papa told?” Henry asked, sounding so confused, and... betrayed. There was no other word for it, and Stiles felt himself withdrawing, again. The need to hold his son and apologize for ever letting him in the hands of a man who could have lied and caused so much damage, for a moment, overwhelmed Stiles, and he held his arms out.

Derek seemed to sense what Stiles needed. He pulled Stiles up on the couch, after having moved his art, and wrapped a protective arm around them both.

“It...was a lie, and I’m so sorry, baby.” Stiles whispered, hating himself for crying in front of the pack he was supposed to be co-Alpha of.

“You didn’t lie, daddy, it was papa. I know you and otets wouldn’t lie.” Henry said, showing once again his pure innocence when it came to placing blame on people.

Stiles *felt* responsible, though.

“I know it’s confusing, but the way things were when we lived with...your papa, isn’t how every pack works.”

“You mean how otets never makes you cry?” Henry said, beaming at Derek.

“Yeah.” Stiles said, with a watery chuckle. “Like that.”

“Don’t be sad, daddy.” Henry said, wiping the tears from Stiles’ face, which only made Stiles sob harder. Henry shouldn’t have to cheer him up.

“I’m just...I wish I could have let you grow up here. Derek and the pack love you very much, and so do I, and...your papa was different.”

“Daddy, did papa really love us, or was that a lie, too?”

It took everything that Stiles had not to just break down in tears at the question. He knew, somewhere in his heart, that if he wanted to, he could

end it. He could lie and tell Henry that Aiden had hated them both, and that Henry would most likely drop the issue for the time being.

Still, looking into his son's eyes, seeing the fear and potential devastation there, Stiles couldn't do it. He couldn't lie just so Henry would stop asking him questions about the man who had made his own life a personal hell.

"I don't think that your...papa loved me, but I know he loved you, kiddo. I have no doubt in my mind that Aiden loved you very much, and I don't want you to ever feel as though he didn't." Stiles said, quietly, trying to hide the heartache and pain that were wracking his body.

The room was silent for a moment as Stiles sat in Derek's embrace and held his son. They were a family now, and Stiles would never let his son question his or Derek's love.

"I'm sorry for making you upset, daddy." Henry said.

"Not at all, kiddo. You are always free to ask me questions, okay?"

Henry nodded, but his face looked unsure, so Stiles kissed his forehead, and fought with every fiber of his being to put a smile on his face.

"Come on, let's get your decorations put up."

Henry shook his head and buried his face in Stiles' chest, again. "I made you sad."

"No, you didn't, Henry. You've never made me anything but happy. You are my little light, and you could never do anything to make me sad."

"Even if I talk about papa?"

Stiles nodded. "Even if you talk about your papa." He promised.

Derek

The silence in the room slowly gave way to gentle conversation, again, and when Stiles went back to sit on the floor, Derek could feel his phone buzzing to alert him to a message he had received.

*You've been avoiding me. Need to see Stiles.*

It was from Deaton, and Derek let out a groan. He really didn't want to take Stiles to see the man who had undoubtedly saved his mate's life, but who would also hold a reminder for Stiles of all he had lost.

Stiles never spoke about the child that he had miscarried, and Derek never brought it up, either. Stiles had grieved and cried, and Derek had joined him, but Derek was loathe to remind his mate if the man wasn't ready, and Deaton...the man who had actually performed the procedure, would not doubt be an unpleasant reminder.

"Is something wrong?" Stiles asked, his eyes furrowing instantly.

Derek let out a sigh, and ground his teeth while he considered telling the truth. He didn't want to lie to his mate, but telling him who it was could exacerbate the very situation he sought to avoid.

"Well...I mean, you don't have to, everything is whatever you're comfortable with, but...Deaton has been asking to see you."

The result was exactly what Derek feared: Stiles' face crashed and his heartbeat increased.

"Oh." He whispered.

"I think...I think he just wants to make sure that you're still healing properly, and...well, it won't happen for a while, but it would probably be safe...if you want...to go back on heat control."

Stiles nodded. "If that...if that's what you want, I mean, I don't...I know..." He let out a sigh, and Derek took a spot next to him on the floor, allowing Stiles to fold into his body.

“Stiles, I want you to be comfortable. Do you want to go through another heat, right now?”

Stiles hesitantly shook his head.

“Then we’ll get you some pills so that doesn’t happen. Let’s be safe rather than sorry, okay?”

“Okay. Thank you, Der.” Stiles whispered.

“We’ll go to him, only if you’re ready. If you’re not, I can go or-.”

“We’ll do it.” Isaac offered, no hesitation at all in his voice. He was obviously willing to do whatever it took to make Stiles happy and comfortable.

“Thank you...I...I don’t want to see him, yet, Der. He...it wasn’t his fault, but...” Stiles’ voice slipped into silence, and Derek felt his own throat tighten at what he knew Stiles must be experiencing. He had had no hand in creating the life that had passed away, but he still felt his mate’s pain.

“Alright, I’ll talk to him, let him know how you’re doing. You...you are feeling alright, aren’t you?”

Stiles nodded. “I mean...I guess.” He let out a harsh laugh. “Physically, I’m fine. Sorry, I didn’t mean to bring everyone down, again.”

“We understand.” Ennis said, doing the strangest thing: He picked up a bottle of silver sparkle paint and, after making sure Stiles’ wasn’t opposed to contact, drew a smiley face on his arm with it.

Stiles began to shake, and for a moment, Derek was ready to admonish Ennis, until the sound of Stiles’ laughter reached his ears. Stiles was shaking because he was laughing, which was a perfectly acceptable thing as far as Derek was concerned.

“What the hell is this?” Stiles asked.

Ennis shrugged. "You looked like you could do with a smile." He was laughing, too, and the pack was joining in.

Derek was grateful. All too often, he was at a loss as to how to calm Stiles down and make him smile, anymore. He could hold Stiles, something Stiles clung to, but Derek frequently was unsure if an action he wanted to take would help or make the problem worse. Ennis had taken a chance and it had paid off.

Derek bathed in his mate's smile, and put a grateful hand on Ennis' shoulder.

"It's missing fangs, Uncle Enny." Henry said. Ennis handed Henry the bottle, and the child added some fangs to the smile on Stiles' arm.

"There, now, it's a werewolf, too."

Seeing the calming effect that Ennis and Henry had had on his mate, Derek leaned back and sent a text to Deaton, informing him that Stiles did not wish to be seen at the moment, but that they could use some more contraceptives.

Derek knew that Deaton only had Stiles' best interests at heart, but also knew that Stiles' healing was a process that could all be reversed if he was confronted with too much, too soon.

"What do we do in the woods, otets?" Derek startled at the name, as he still wasn't used to it, but smiled, nonetheless so as not to discourage Henry.

"Well...can you fully shift?" Derek asked, knowing that the ability appeared at different times in different cubs. Stiles had fully shifted at around three, while Derek hadn't shifted until he was seven.

"Maybe...I don't know, what does it mean?" Henry asked, looking to Stiles.

"He's never fully shifted, before, but that's alright, when we were cubs we used to ride on our parent's backs, remember?" He asked, looking up at

Derek with that damned smile that always made his stomach flip.

“Yeah, you fell off into the mud.” Derek said, risking a joke.

“Only twice.”

“Daddy, what does it mean?” Henry whined, pulling at Stiles’ shirt.

Stiles let out a sigh. “I haven’t in a long time, not since...not since before you were born.” He said, standing up and moving toward the kitchen. “Stay here, I’ll be right back.”

Werewolves didn’t have so much modesty, normally, especially if they were going to shift, but he also knew that after what Stiles had been through, he wouldn’t get naked in front of the pack.

Henry’s eyes widened in wonder and surprises when the large meringue wolf trotted back into the living room. His nostrils flared, and he knew immediately who it was.

“Daddy! But...but you’re a wolf.” He said, prompting Stiles to lick him on the face.

Derek had always thought his mate was gorgeous, but seeing him as a wolf was always a particular favorite of his, especially now. Stiles showed no fear or pain, only love for his son and Derek. Those eyes looked up at Derek and something of a smile appeared on his face.

## Chapter End Notes

First off, I decided against the whole Aiden in the grave chapter, so don't worry about that happening.

Second, I was corrected by some of the Russian speakers here who informed me of a few mistakes, but the most important is that 'moy



drok' does not mean 'my love' but 'my friend'. We'll just say that Isaac is rusty, I still think it's cure for them to use Russian with each other, and I hereby vow to always double check with Google Translate before adding more Russian.

Derek shifted so much longer after Stiles because...what? does Derek always have to be the best at everything?

I've started trying to draw a picture of wolf!Stiles wolf!Derek and human!Henry, just like a cute family portrait, but I'll probably fail hard, so if I post a link, yay, if not...enjoy the writing. :)

Thank you all so much for sticking with me as we move forward.

# You Don't Understand

## Chapter Summary

Stiles remembers being young and Derek shares his guilt with John.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

Henry sat at the table, his face scrunched up in concentration, his eyes on his plate, but out of focus as he muttered to himself:

“Come on, do it...I can do it.”

“Kiddo, eat your food. If you shift at the table, you’re just going to make a mess anyway.” Stiles said with a chuckle.

“But it was so cool, daddy!” Henry practically shouted. “You were you, but you were a wolf just like Rolph.” Henry said, prancing his stuffed wolf across the table. “And then you turned back.”

Henry had spoken of nothing else since the night before when Stiles had shifted. He had been too weak when he had been living with Aiden to do

more than call forth his claws and fangs, but his wolf reasserting itself meant that the shift had come easily, again.

Stiles couldn't help but smile fondly at his son, he remembered when he had been that age, and had been so excited when he had been able to shift for the first time, that he really couldn't blame Henry for wanting it.

*Seven years old.*

*"Stiles!" Derek shouted, barging into his room where Stiles sat on his bed, doing his homework.*

*"Hey, Der. Stupid Graham gave me long division." Stiles said, looking up.*

*Derek was getting undressed, making Stiles chuckle.*

*"Der, what are you doing...?" His sentence fell into silence as Derek was standing there one moment, and the next, a jet black wolf cub stood before him.*

*"Derek! You shifted!" Stiles said, exuberantly. Derek was panting and wagging his tail, shaking his whole body, and Stiles really didn't blame him. Derek had been quietly disappointed that he had not attained his shift as early as Stiles, but they were on even footing now.*

*"You're so pretty." Stiles said, rubbing the silken fur around Derek's ears. Derek let out a huff and Stiles rolled his eyes. "Fine, handsome...but cute." He said with a giggle.*

*Derek licked him on the face and then jumped back, motioning towards the door with his head and wagging his tail.*

*"You want to go for a walk, boy?" Stiles asked with a laugh, making Derek growl at him.*

*"No need to get all prissy, I'm just funning with you." Stiles said, leaving*

*his boring homework behind, to jump on the floor and shuck his own clothes, letting his inner wolf burst forth until he landed on his four paws, next to Derek.*

*Stiles liked walking around as a wolf, he was more coordinated and balanced, he was faster, sharper, but most of all, it served as a reminder of the happy lifetime he had to look forward to Derek. In his wolf form, Derek's scent permeated his being, and every breath was knowledge and affirmation that he had a mate, and always would.*

*Derek led the way towards the stairs towards the kitchen, and Stiles kept right behind him, stopping only when he saw his father and Talia, looking at them from kitchen with a wary expression.*

*"Derek, keep an eye on him, and both of you stay out of trouble." And then quietly to Talia: "Gods, now there's two of them, it's going to be hell."*

Stiles remembered the days when everything had been so simple, so pure. He desperately wanted that for his son. He wanted Henry to run free through the forests and not have to think about if his father loved him or if Stiles would end up being okay.

"You'll get there, kiddo." Derek said to Henry. "But you should eat, you can't shift without energy."

The idea that food might help him, made Henry's eyes go wide, and he began to shovel food into his mouth at an unhealthy rate, making Stiles chuckle.

"Slow down or you'll give yourself a stomachache. Look, Henry, werewolves shift when it's time for them to shift. It'll happen when it happens."

"I don't want to wait, though." Henry said with a whine.

Stiles knew that he would have a hard time convincing his son to be patient, so instead, he attempted to tempt him with another option.

“Well, when I was your age, before I achieved my first full shift, I rode on my dad’s back, it was a lot of fun. You can do that, if you like?”

Henry looked as though he was considering it, and Derek added:

“There’s a full moon every month, kiddo, if you miss this one, there will always be another.”

“Promise?”

Derek chuckled. “Yes, Henry, I promise that the moon will always wax and wane.” He said, rustling the little amount of hair that Henry had on his head.

Stiles gave his mate a smile. Derek was a wonderful father, and even though Stiles wasn’t ready... to face the truth of what he had lost in the hospital, he knew that one day, if he had to drag his demons into the backyard and bury them himself, he would heal enough to carry more kids for the man.

Henry slowed the pace of his eating, but still tromped his stuffed animal across the table.

“I think I’d like...I mean, I’d like to see my dad.” Stiles said, Henry’s actions and childish playfulness, making him nostalgic.

“Are you sure?” Derek asked, looking up, Henry looked up, too, but where Derek’s face was reserved, Henry’s face was bright and happy.

“Yeah, I mean...the pack is out, anyway, and...we don’t have to if you don’t want to.” Stiles said, thinking that maybe Derek had wanted to spend some time with just the three of them.

“No, of course, Stiles, I just want to make sure it’s what you want.”

Stiles nodded. “You’ll...you’ll stay by me, right?” He asked, still feeling unsure, and hating himself for that. What kind of person was scared of their father? Isaac was, but his father had been abusive, Stiles could not think of

a single moment when his father had been anything other than loving and caring.

“Here you go.” Derek said, handing his phone to Stiles. It was funny, but it had almost been four years since he had used a phone. Aiden had kept them from him for fear that he might contact Derek.

Stiles felt his heart swell when he found the familiar number in Derek’s phone saved as: Pops.

“Hello?”

“Hey, dad.” Stiles said.

“Hey, buddy, how’ve you been? I’ve been meaning to call, but I wasn’t sure if it’d be okay.”

“It’s...I’m okay, dad. Not perfect, but getting better.”

“One step at a time, son. One step at a time.” John said with a soft chuckle. “And how’s my grandson?”

“Trying to force the shift in himself.” Stiles said. “I think he misses his father, and...so do I.”

“You miss...oh, wait, were you talking about me?” John asked.

“Yeah, sorry, bad joke.” Stiles said, feeling bad that he had made his father worry. The feeling of guilt was instinctual and came without him actively calling them forth.

“Nah, don’t apologize, son, you just confused me for a second, there. I miss you, too.”

“Well, that’s why I was calling. I was wondering if you wanted to come see your grandson.”

“Now?” Stiles thought he sounded hesitant.

“Yeah, I mean...if you want, and...I know...I might freak out, but...I just missed you.” Stiles sad, feeling like an idiot for bothering his dad.

John’s voice was bright, though. “Yeah, buddy, of course. I’ll head over, now.”

“You aren’t busy, I mean...I don’t want to pull you from anything.”

“Stiles, what could be more important than seeing my sons and my grandson? I’m on my way, now.”

Stiles smiled, even though John couldn’t see.

## Derek

Derek opened the door when John knocked, but blocked the interior of the house, feeling bad for making the man’s warm grin crash.

“Derek, are you-?”

“Forgive me, John, this will only take me a moment.” Derek said.

It was his instinct to protect his mate, which outweighed his love for the man who had become a second father to him, that forced him to stop John.

“He wanted to see you, which of course, is something that I’m all for, but be careful, John, please. He’s still-”

“My son.” John interrupted. “I understand that you’re trying to protect him, I probably would’ve done the same for Claudia, but this is my son, and I know what he’s going through. I promise not to cross any lines, but you can’t stop me from seeing him.” John said, his voice soft, but his eyes a bright red.

“I wasn’t going to stop you, I just wanted to make sure that you knew he was still healing...” He was fearful of losing the progress Stiles had made.

John sighed and placed a hand on Derek's shoulder. "The moment it seems to be too much for him, I'll leave, I promise, but...Derek-."

"He called you, I know, and I think he's making progress, just...step lightly?"

John nodded. "Your territory, your pack, your mate, your rules, I promise."

Derek smiled. "Thank you." He said, hugging the man, and letting out a shaky breath. "I'm just... he's...and the pack...and...he's healing, but I'm so scared, pops."

Derek didn't realize that he was crying until John's hug deepened.

"It's alright, son. You can let it out."

Derek did. He cried, the tears pouring, eroding the part of him that had held the secret since Stiles had first gone missing.

"I'm sorry." He sobbed.

"What are you sorry for, son?" The word was like a chisel, chipping away at the last bit of resolve, the last of his strength.

"It was me. It was my fault he got kidnapped, John, and now he's hurt and...it's my fault."

"Derek, how is it your fault?"

"I promised you, John. One of my first memories when I was a child was *knowing* that Stiles and I were meant for each other, and you told me, countless times... You *told* me to take care of him. One time...I was so happy that we were going to have a den and a pack, and I...I let him go off on his own, and I couldn't save him." Derek let out a dark chuckle. "And then the second time... What kind of man lets his mate get taken a second time...the second time, I was-."

"You stayed away because Aiden had threatened my son with a gun." John



said, and Derek shook his head.

John grabbed it with a clawed hand and stared at him, his eyes glowing. “No, Derek, I may not be your Alpha, but you *will* listen to me. I never blamed you...Except that first day, and that’s because I was hurting. You love my son and make him happier than I ever could have dreamed he would be. He was kidnapped, and you...you didn’t die, you held on hope.”

“Not as long...I gave up.”

“Derek, when I lost Claudia, the *only* thing that kept me going, the only thing that kept me from taking my own life was Stiles. When a wolf loses their mate, it destroys them. I had Stiles to help, you had nothing but that fire in your soul. Trust me, I *know* what it’s like to lose the one the gods set aside for you.”

“The second time-.”

“The second time, Aiden held a gun to my son’s head. Your hesitance saved Stiles’ life, and I will never blame you for-.”

“Grandpa!” Henry’s voice made Derek jump. He quickly pulled back from John and wiped his eyes.

“Hey, buddy!” John said, his voice thick as well.

Henry jumped up into John’s arms, and John gave him a significant look as he held the cub to his chest.

“No blame, just love.” He whispered.

## Chapter End Notes

Yeah, Derek had some major guilt deep inside, and I think John banished it perfectly.

Just a warning, not necessarily in the next chapter, but there might still be flashbacks to times with Aiden from time to time, since flashbacks are a thing that totally happens in this fic.

I finished my school papers for now, so I'll go back to trying as hard as I can to get out a chapter a day, if I don't, don't kill me.

Stiles' healing is still moving along, and we'll get to a good place, eventually.

Graham is an OC and is the professor who gave me a five page paper with only two days to do it. Which is why the last chapter took so long.

I'm trying to form some ideas for my next few fics, I still want to do the movie prequel and the police state fic, but I also want to do an amnesia story, and as those fics are forming in my head, I'm open to any suggestions. I'm the author, of course, and once a fic is on its course, I never change it, but I do like hearing ideas early on, and am not opposed to adding them.

# Premature

## Chapter Summary

Stiles talks with his father, but his fear returns. Scott and Isaac spend some time alone in a field.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

“He was a wolf, grandpa, a real life wolf.”

“Pure white, right?” John asked with a chuckle, and Henry nodded.

“Always made it easy to tell what kind of mischief he and Derek had gotten into.”

“Daddy got into trouble?” Henry asked, his eyes widening and looking at Stiles, who smirked.

“Buddy, your daddy was a hell raiser when he was younger. Derek, too.” He turned his eye to Stiles. “Have you been making yourself out to be innocent?”

“Not at all.” Stiles said with a chuckle, relishing that he *could* laugh around his father. “I just may not have given my two year old son any bad ideas.”

“Nah, you’re a good kid, aren’t you, Henry?”

Henry nodded his head. “I think so, but I’m not sure.”

“You are a very well behaved boy, kiddo. I am very, *very* proud of you.” Stiles said.

Henry beamed and blushed at the same time.

“She’d be proud of you three, too.” John said, a sad smile forming on his face.

Stiles felt his throat tighten as it always did whenever his mother was mentioned. His memories of her were hazy, but there was the knowledge that he had been loved, and Stiles had always hung onto that in the core of his soul.

“Who’d be proud of us, grandpa?”

“My mother.” Stiles whispered. “She...she passed away.”

Henry’s face scrunched in confusion. “Like papa?”

Derek and John both let out quiet growls at Claudia being linked together with Aiden, but Stiles knew that Henry just didn’t understand and was still trying to grasp the concept of death. The sound made Stiles pull back closer to Derek, and his father’s face fell.

“Sorry.” He said, quietly.

“It’s alright. She was...Henry, my mother was very sweet and kind and... your papa was...” Stiles still couldn’t bring himself to outright attack Aiden in front of Henry, so he let out a sigh. “Yes. Aiden passed and so did my mom.”

Henry crawled into Stiles' lap and gave him a hug. "I'm sorry you lost your mommy, daddy."

"And I'm sorry that you lost your papa, son." Stiles answered. It was true. If there had been a way to preserve Aiden's life so that he could have been there in Henry's...Stiles would have preferred that. But Aiden had left them with no choice.

"The...the house looks nice." John said, obviously trying to break the sad moment.

"It's for the full moon, Henry really got into the spirit." Stiles said with a small smile.

"Have you considered...I mean, it's up to you, son, of course, but have you considered going out?"

"We are." Stiles said with a chuckle, glad that he had decided to do something *before* someone had suggested it.

"These are for the *season*, grandpa, daddy's going to let me ride on his back, unless I can shift first, but it's hard."

"Well, the shift comes when it comes." John said with a shrug, making Henry pout.

"That's what daddy said."

"Well, if it makes you feel better, I can tell you that your daddy was impatient, too. And then when he shifted, your..." He paused, looking to Stiles for the word that Henry knew Derek by.

"Otets." Stiles whispered.

"Otets got even more impatient than that."

"Ha! I knew it." Henry said with a superior smirk.

“He’s just like you, son.” John said, shaking his head with a smile.

“As I recall, I was much more difficult at that age. I went through the human ‘mine’ phase.”

“Well, that was alright until you decided that my gun was ‘yours’, too.”

Stiles flinched at the word. The simple word had brought back memories. He *had* held his father’s gun, but more recently....

Stiles began to breathe harder, the memories closing in on him as he fought for air, and tried to calm himself.

“Stiles?” John looked worried as he moved forward, but Stiles pulled back. His own father and the result was entirely instinctual, but the guilt made him feel worse.

Henry moved between Stiles and John, putting his arms out. “Stay away from my daddy!” He shouted.

Derek didn’t speak to John, but instead pulled Stiles back, slowly, and Stiles let himself fall into the warm embrace that kept him safe.

## Isaac

“I’m glad we snuck away.” Isaac whispered, inhaling the scent of the sweet grass in the field.

“Well, we are adults. It wasn’t so much sneaking away as it was deciding not to go to the carnival.” Scott said with a chuckle.

“What carnival can compare with time alone with you?”

“A carnival full of powdered donuts?” Scott asked with a chuckle, dipping his face into Isaac’s neck, and pulling him so they were both laying down.

“I do like me some powdered donuts, but I couldn’t possibly trade you for

anything less than a hundred.”

“Only a hundred, that’s all I am to you?” Scott asked with mock hurt.

“You’re my everything, Scott. I love my pack but you...you’re a revelation. I didn’t see you properly the first time, but now that I have you, I won’t ever let go.” Isaac leaned forward and pressed a kiss to his lips. “You’re beautiful, moy grusha.”

Scott blushed. “You, too. I mean...We have Stiles and Henry at home waiting for us, but I could just sit here and watch you all day.”

“Well, that’s not the most productive use of our time, for example...We could do this.” He said, kissing Scott, again, holding it for longer, and tapping his tongue against the other man’s lips. Scott opened his mouth with a moan, and Isaac let the warmth envelop him.

Carefully, as they had yet to progress very far in their relationship, Isaac let his hands drift under Scott’s shirt, the contact making his heart flutter and his skin tingle.

Scott’s hands reached up and tangled themselves in Isaac’s hair, pulling Isaac deeper into the kiss, and giving him the consent he needed to continue touching Scott’s chest. There was a light sprinkling of body hair there, and when Isaac trailed his fingers over it, Scott trembled, and his breath came in sharp pants.

“That feels so good, baby.” He mumbled through their kiss.

“Then try this.” Isaac said with a mischievous grin. He scooted himself lower and brought his lips to Scott’s chest, kissing the skin there and making Scott moan. Encouraged by this response, Isaac used his tongue to trace the patterns of body hair he found, moving his way upwards.

“Oh, fuck!” Scott growled, his hands clawing at the grass.

Isaac sucked and licked his way towards Scott’s nipple.

“Isaac...please...” Scott panted.

Isaac smirked as he reached his mark: The darker skin of the man’s nipple. Circling it with his tongue, Isaac rutted his lower body into Scott’s, looking up only when a high pitched groan came from his mate.

Scott’s groan turned into a howl as his face twisted in ecstasy, something that made Isaac’s erection grow even harder as he watched his mate writhe in pleasure.

“Fuck, moy grusha, that was-.” Isaac began with a chuckle, but Scott cut him off

“Shit!” Scott exclaimed, and Isaac’s erection immediately softened as he saw guilt and sadness cross Scott’s face.

“What’s wrong?”

“Shit, Isaac, I’m...I’m sorry, that...That...I’m sorry.”

Isaac felt pangs of hurt as Scott backed away and pulled his shirt down.

“That was a mistake, Isaac, it shouldn’t have happened.” Scott muttered, pulling himself up and moved towards the woods.

“Scott, moy grusha, please, what did I do?” Isaac asked, feeling the tears come. His mate was rejecting him, and it was ripping his heart out.

“I’m sorry.” Was all Scott said, before taking off. Isaac got up and moved to follow, but Scott’s voice trailed behind him.

“Don’t follow me!”

Isaac wasn’t sure how he got home. He wandered...he remembered that much, the pain of rejection and the sting of Scott’s words making him sob long after he had no more tears to shed.

He didn’t know what to do. Scott had abandoned him, without giving an



explanation, and everything he had experienced in his life. Every blow... every indecency his father had committed against him, he would go through it all again to avoid the pain he was feeling now...To speak with Scott and find out *why* he had left.

The scent that assaulted his nose when he got to the door, momentarily wiped his pain away, though. So long had he lived entrenched in the smell of Stiles' fear and pain, that when he caught a hint of it, he felt his protective instincts return.

It wasn't possible for Aiden to have escaped. Isaac had to believe that the Alpha was gone from their lives forever.

Isaac opened the door, not finding the scent of poisoned or perverted wolves, and that allowed him to breathe, the exhale still a little shaky from the crying.

"What happened?" He asked, seeing Stiles' father in the living room.

"I'm the world's worst father is what happened." John muttered, darkly his own voice thick with unshed tears.

"Stiles is upset, I can smell it." Isaac said, moving forward, managing to force his own pain down to make sure that his Alpha was okay.

John nodded. "I wasn't thinking, Isaac. I just mentioned my gun..."

"Panic attack?" Isaac asked.

John nodded. "He's...he's upstairs with Derek and Henry. Henry hates me."

"I'm...I'm sure that he doesn't, but he's protective of his father. If you scared Stiles, he probably just saw you as a threat."

"I'm a threat to my son." John agreed, nodding.

"Shit. I...I didn't mean it like that, Alpha John. I just meant...Look, a few

days ago, I sneezed in front of him, and Stiles jumped. Henry growled at me, but he got over it once Stiles calmed down. I think he's just on guard after what happened. You're a good father."

John looked at Isaac and gave him a small smile. "You really care for him, too, don't you?"

Isaac nodded. "Yeah. He's like my brother, but *you* are his father. Stiles loves you, I know he does."

Isaac's eyes drifted to the door when it opened. Scott's eyes met his and they looked at each other for a moment, before Scott bolted for the stairs, and Isaac, after giving John an apologetic look, followed after him.

The door shut just as Isaac reached it. He was worried about Stiles, but if Derek was with him, he would be alright until Isaac could figure out why Scott was hurting him.

"Moy grusha, open the door."

"Go away, Isaac." Scott's voice drifted through. Isaac tried to turn the knob, but it was locked, and he couldn't risk breaking it down without scaring Stiles.

"Please, Scott...please, tell me what I did. I'm sorry, I won't...I won't ever touch you again, I promise, but...please, please don't leave me."

The lock clicked and the door opened and sliver. Scott's face was streaked with tears as well.

"Me leave *you*? Moy Drook, why would I ever leave *you*? Aren't you... aren't you mad at me?"

Isaac stood blinking at Scott, worried that his mate was having a mental breakdown.

"I'm *hurt*, Scott. You left me in the woods without an explanation."

“Because of what I did.” Scott said, red beginning to tinge his cheeks. “I thought...I thought you’d be mad.”

“Mad that you kissed me? Scott, that’s the craziest thing I’ve ever heard, that was the single happiest moment in my life!” Isaac said with exasperation.

“No, Isaac, not because I kissed you...because I...” The blush grew more, and Scott ducked his head and mumbled: “I couldn’t hold it.”

Isaac cocked his eyebrow in confusion. Scott sighed and opened the door the rest of the way and gestured towards his jeans, where there was a dark spot, smelling strongly of Scott’s musk.

“You think I’d be mad because you came?” Isaac asked, the question came out with a laugh because Scott didn’t hate him.

“And now you’re laughing at me.” Scott said, his voice wounded as he moved to shut the door, but Isaac wedged his foot between it and the jamb, keeping it open.

“I...I thought you were leaving me and you’re not, you’ll forgive me for being happy.” Isaac said.

Scott shook his head, his face positively blazing red. “It’s embarrassing, babe.” He whispered.

Isaac pushed himself into the room they shared. “It happens, moy grusha. Trust me, that was... hot. I was pretty close to coming myself, before you ran off.”

“Hot?” Scott asked skeptically.

“You don’t even see yourself, do you? To watch you unwinding just from my tongue...I can’t wait to have the rest of you, Scott.” Isaac said, moving closer and lifting Scott’s chin with a finger.

## Chapter End Notes

Double meaning for the chapter title.

I thought it would be nice to have a little bit of cute embarrassed Scott as a counterpoint to Stiles' panic attack.

So...I might also want to do a Beauty and the Beast fic with Stiles and Peter as the promised Steter fic, but...I'm not sure. The story's kind of abusiv-y (by design, not because I would make it so), and for those who wanted the Steter fic, would that be too much?

Anyway, hope you like this.

Thank you. :)

P.S.: The working title for this chapter was 'Tears', but I couldn't resist the double meaning in 'Premature'. (Stiles talking to his dad was premature and Scott was...Premature.....I thought it was funny.) \*Hides in a hole.

# Fried Chicken

## Chapter Summary

Stiles feels bad and Henry decides to make him dinner.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Derek

It had taken two hours for Stiles to calm down. He had sat in Derek's arms and sobbed, begging Derek not to hate him, begging him for assurance that his father didn't hate him, and Derek was at a loss for what to do, besides hold him and remind him that he and John would always love him.

Henry sat next to them, resting his head on Stiles' lap. Derek had been amazed with the child. Without a moment's hesitation, he had stepped between John and Stiles, protecting his father from the perceived threat.

"How are you feeling?" Derek asked, quietly.

"Like shit...but...better, I guess." Stiles said with a hoarse voice. "I don't... I don't understand why. It was just a word."

“A word that brought up memories of a very difficult time in your life, Stiles, and no one will ever blame you for that, not the pack, not your father, and not me.”

“I don’t blame you, either, daddy.” Henry said, looking up at Stiles with a smile, which Stiles return.

“You’re both...very important to me. You know that, right?” Stiles asked.

Henry nodded, and Derek whispered in his ear. “Of course.”

“I know...I know that it’s hard, Henry not being able to have a normal life, and Derek, having to stay awa from our pack, but...”

“Stiles-.” Derek began, but Stiles shook his head and finished.

“We’ll do this, together. If you just...bear with me, we can...we can be a family.”

“With Derek as my otets and you as my daddy?” Henry asked.

“That’s right, kiddo.” Stiles said, a small smile on his face as he leaned forward and tickled Henry’s ribs.

Stiles’ strength was something to be admired. It never ceased to amaze Derek how Stiles could force himself to be happy for the sake of his son.

“But what about grandpa?”

“Son, you need to understand that I love your grandfather very much, he’s *my* otets, *my* daddy, and he’s never hurt me.”

“He made you upset.” Henry argued, his eyes narrowing a little. “I don’t like people making you upset.”

“And it was very brave of you to protect me, kiddo. I know you were only trying to help, but you need to understand that there’s a difference between what your papa did and how your grandpa scared me. I...do you remember

the first time we came here?”

Henry nodded. “Derek said that I had to be careful because you would get scared, easily.”

Stiles nodded. “I still can be. I’m still...It’s still very easy to scare me, and that’s all your grandpa did. He didn’t do it on purpose, and if it happens with the pack, they don’t mean it, either. Do you understand the difference?”

Henry cocked his head. “I think so. Papa did it to mean, but grandpa did it by accident?”

“That’s right. So, the next time you see grandpa, you have to remember that he didn’t mean it.”

“I promise, daddy.” Henry said. “Are you mad that I yelled at him?”

Stiles shook his head. “Not at all, kiddo. When I was your age I would have done the exact same thing. Protecting family is nothing to be ashamed about, and that’s all you were doing.”

“Is grandpa mad?”

“I guarantee you that he’s not. Maybe at me...”

“No.” Derek said, firmly. “Stiles, no one blames you anymore than they would blame Henry for protecting you.”

“A *word*, Der.” Stiles said, quietly.

“Three years, babe.” Derek countered. “Three years with nothing but pain and hurt and *please*, Stiles, *please* believe me when I tell you that you are blameless, and that we’re here for you as long as it takes.”

“I don’t deserve you.” Stiles said, but with a smile.

“You deserve everything, babe. The entire world, you and Henry both, and

I'm going to try my hardest to give it to you."

"I don't want the world, Derek. I just want my mate, my pack, and my father around without having a panic attack."

"You'll get there, babe, I promise." Derek whispered, pressing his lips to Stiles' head.

"We'll help you, daddy."

"You're both...you're amazing and I love you." Stiles whispered, new tears forming in his eyes.

## Henry

Henry liked to think of himself as very grown up. He also liked that his daddy was proud of him. He knew that sometimes he got into trouble, but he always wanted to be his best.

There were a lot of things he didn't understand and his actions were one of them. Sometimes, he knew exactly what he was doing. He could laugh, growl, play, cry, or sleep, but other times... other times there was a force inside of him that compelled him to do something.

Like when his grandpa had upset his daddy. There had been *something* inside of him that made him want to protect the man he loved with all his heart.

His papa had called it his wolf, but Henry didn't think that that could be right. He couldn't shift, so he didn't know how his wolf could control his body.

Henry wondered if his daddy went through the same problems. If his wolf was scared all the time and sometimes he couldn't control his body. It seemed like it, but even when his daddy was panting and his heart was beating like he was terrified, Henry could still hug him, and it seemed to help a little.



Henry loved his daddy and only wanted to help, so whenever he could, he liked to hug him and show him that he cared.

He also tried to show his otets that he loved him, because he did. He knew that Derek wasn't his real father, but he also knew that Derek loved his daddy in a way that his papa hadn't.

Henry missed his papa, a lot. He had been mean to his daddy, but he had also taken Henry for walks, played airplanes and dinosaurs with him, read him stories, and let him have candy before bed. Henry knew that he couldn't see his papa again, that Derek had had to lock him away forever, and accepted it, but sometimes, at night when he was all alone, he cried into his pillow, because as much as he loved Derek, he wasn't his papa.

Henry never let his sadness show in front of his daddy, though. He was strong, because he had to be, because he knew that no one liked his papa but him, and he also knew that the scared part of his daddy's wolf came out whenever he brought it up.

"Daddy, can I sleep with you, tonight?" Henry asked, not wanting to leave his daddy alone after he had had what Derek called a 'panic attack'.

"Yeah, kiddo, of course."

"You don't mind, otets?"

"Henry, you don't even have to ask. You can sleep here whenever you want."

Henry thought that his otets was awesome. He was kind, treated Henry like a son, and best of all, never scared or hurt his daddy.

"We should eat first, though. What do you say, Henry, we could go get your daddy some food?"

"Yeah! What do you want, daddy?"

"I can go." He said, but the smell of fear was back again, and Henry knew

that his daddy really didn't want to.

"Let me do it for you, daddy. You can stay here with otets, and I'll go and get you food."

"Kiddo, I don't want you getting hurt in the kitchen." Derek said.

"Grandpa is down there, and I know he'll help, besides...I should say sorry."

"He doesn't blame you, son."

"I know, daddy, but it was still mean to yell."

His daddy looked at Derek, and then back at him before nodding. "Alright, but don't do *anything* in the kitchen unless grandpa or one of the pack is there, okay?"

"I promise, daddy, I love you." Henry said, hugging his daddy.

"I love you, too, son."

"Love you, otets." Henry said, jumping up onto Derek's back.

"I...I love you, too...son." Henry didn't know why Derek said the words so shakily, but he ignored it and ran to the door. He opened it and paused when he saw his curly haired uncle.

"Hey, is your daddy okay?" He asked.

"He was scared for a little while, but otets held him, and he's better now. I was going to go and get him some food."

"That's good. Do you want some help?"

Henry nodded. "Daddy said I'm not allowed to make anything in the kitchen without help."

"Well, that's because your daddy cares about you very much and he doesn't

want you to get hurt. Neither do I, so I'll help you, okay?"

Henry nodded even though he didn't understand why he couldn't be in the kitchen by himself. He was a werewolf and could heal if he got hurt.

## Isaac

When Isaac returned downstairs with Henry and Scott, John was still there, but he was the only one.

"I guess the pack hasn't returned, yet." Scott said.

John shook his head. "Not yet, but if you want, I can go and look for them." He offered, still sounding guilty for what had happened.

"I'm sure they're alright, they like to give Stiles his space."

"And then I go a ruin-." John was stopped when Henry ran forward and hugged him around his knees.

"Sorry that I yelled at you, grandpa." He said in a small voice.

"It's alright, kiddo, you were just trying to protect your daddy. I understand."

"Daddy said you would, but I still feel bad. I was going to make daddy some dinner, do you want to help?"

"I would enjoy that very much. Does my son still like fried chicken?"

Henry cocked his head with turned to Isaac with a confused look. Isaac grit his teeth as he explained.

"Aiden...never let Stiles pick what we ate. Henry wouldn't know what Stiles likes."

John's face went through a flash of anger, before he put on a hollow smile,

and looked back down at his grandson.

“Well, we he was growing up, you daddy would eat a lot of friend chicken, why don’t we make him that?”

“Fried...does that mean oil, grandpa?”

“Yeah, but don’t worry, let me handle the hot stuff, you, Isaac, and Scott can make the rest of it, okay?”

Henry looked excited and turned to Isaac. “Come on, Uncle Isaac.”

“You know, there’s a lot of us, now. Making dinner is a bit of a chore.” Scott said as he followed John into the kitchen.

“It’s no chore to see my son’s pack eating, even less when I have help.” John said.

Scott chuckled. “You say that now, but-.”

“Please, Scott. After...after what happened, let me help?”

Scott nodded. “You know....you’re not the first, and you won’t be the last to scare him. It happens, we apologize, give him his space, and then try not to do it, again. That’s all we can do, Alpha John.”

“I’m still not used to it. I’m still used to him...being him. He was always... light itself, and...”

“He’ll be there again, grandpa, you’ll see. Derek and I and you and the pack are going to help him, he’ll be okay, again.” Henry said, patting John on the side.

“You are an amazing child.” John said, Scooping Henry up and putting him on the counter.

Isaac couldn’t help but agree. Henry was stronger than any wolf he had ever met, even Stiles. Stiles had survived, endured, and fought, but Henry...

Henry had managed to escape unscathed and still full of his childish innocence and purity.

True to his word, John kept Henry distanced from the oil, and allowed Henry to combine the flour mixture with his hands, something the child delighted in.

## Chapter End Notes

So...writing from Henry's POV was interesting, I tried to make it as childish as possible, because obviously he isn't supposed to have super complex thoughts. Also, I didn't really know my mother's name until I was like six, so Henry can only think of Stiles as 'daddy', Derek is different because he knew Derek as 'Uncle Derek' before he knew him as otets.

I kind of got teared up writing Henry's part, because Henry got away from me. He was supposed to be just a plain kid who was too young to notice, but he's grown into my favorite character that I've ever written (including my novels) and he knows what Aiden did, but still loves his father and...:(

So, if I do a Beauty and the Beast Steter, which I'm very much for, I'm wondering if you guys would prefer a modern retelling or a historical setting? The modern wouldn't have magic.

Next chapter when I can, but probably tomorrow.

# The Run

## Chapter Summary

Deaton and Derek discuss his guilt, and the pack goes for their run

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Derek

“Thank you, Deaton, you’re a life saver.” Derek said, taking the pills that would prevent Stiles from having his heat from the man.

Deaton chuckled. “Remember that when I lose my license for giving prescriptions without actually seeing the patient.”

“I won’t tell if you won’t.” Derek said with a wink. After the previous day’s incident with his father, Stiles still wasn’t ready to meet with Deaton, meaning that Derek had had to meet with the man himself. He would have sent a pack member, but Deaton had insisted on receiving a proxy interview.

“So, how is he doing?” Deaton asked, sitting himself on the couch.

“Getting better...I think. I mean, most of the time he’s happy, and when it’s just us, he’s great, but he’s still wary of the pack, and yesterday...his dad brought up when Stiles was a kid and picked up his gun, and he completely shut down.”

“We knew this would be a hard road, Derek. Do you feel as though he’s getting better?”

Derek nodded. “Definitely. I can...I almost never scare him, now. And he comes down for breakfast sometimes, and the house? He helped with that.”

“With the pack?”

“Yeah. He came down here, and everyone still has to be really careful, but he can spend time with them. It’s...really encouraging.”

“That’s good, and definitely progress, as long as it’s genuine.”

“Meaning...?”

“Meaning that you would never force him to be in a situation he was uncomfortable in, right?”

“Right.” Derek said, furrowing his eyebrows at the very thought.

“Well, you’re not the only one that can force him. Feelings of inadequacy could cause him to push himself too far.”

“I’ve been keeping an eye on him, listening to his heart, making sure that’s he’s not going too far. I don’t know what else to do.”

“What you’re doing is good, Derek. Letting him do what’s comfortable to him is important, and if you’re monitoring the situation, he should be alright.”

“What about the run?”

“The wolf is a very peculiar creature, Derek. This run tonight might help

him, or it might not. The wolf coming to the surface could bring him a sense of tranquility, or it could cause him to find more instinctual fear.”

“The last time he shifted, he was alright.” Derek said, brightening a little at the thought that that night would go over without any problems.

“That’s promising. Take him out, Derek, but...just be careful.” Deaton warned. “I...I owe you an apology, though.”

“For what?”

“Both times he came back, I...I felt myself a better caretaker than you. You’ve obviously done a phenomenal job, Derek.”

“I can’t fault you, Deaton. Like me, you wanted what was best for him. The only reason I got angry with you is because...I was so scared, and I blamed myself for what had happened...Still do, as a matter of fact.”

“Derek-.” Deaton began, but Derek cut him off.

“It’s a weight I will carry for the rest of my life, no matter what words are spoken to help alleviate it. I had two jobs three years ago: The care of my pack and the care of my mate, I failed in one and then I failed in the other. We came through it more or less alright, Stiles is healing and Henry is...I fucking love Henry as though he was my own, but it doesn’t change the fact that I failed in my jobs.”

“If that’s how you view it, then that’s how you view it. I will tell you that from what I’ve seen since he’s been back, you’ve been his rock, Derek, and I don’t even want to fathom what would have happened to him if he didn’t have you beside him.”

“I can’t live in the past, Deaton. My guilt is very much present, but I won’t let it hold me back. Stiles, Henry, and my pack need me, and they will for the rest of our lives, that’s my focus, my anchor, standing by my mate.”

“Well, far be it from me to keep you any longer. Please, don’t hesitate to ask if you need anything.”



Derek nodded, standing up, and shaking Deaton's hand. "You're welcome to join us, tonight. I know you're technically not a member of my pack, but-."

"There's no need for that, Derek. I'm appreciative, but my place is in the hospital. Tonight the whole town will be running about and horsing around, it never fails that someone needs my services. Take care of your mate, Derek."

"I promise." Derek whispered with a small smile.

## Stiles

"We're going to take this easy and calm. This land has been our territory for so long, I can't imagine anyone coming to challenge that, but I still want everyone to remain within close proximity to me and Stiles, just in case." Derek ordered the pack as they stood on the lawn, waiting for the moon to rise.

"We'll be close." Jackson promised, smiling at Stiles. Stiles returned it, hoping the night went well and that he didn't ruin it for everyone. After what happened with his father, he was determined not let his problems interfere with the first full moon run the pack had had in three years.

"Howl if you need anything."

"Daddy, what do I do?" Henry asked, looking anxious as well. His youth and unfamiliarity with the energy that was currently buzzing through the pack making him sound worried.

"Remember the other day when I turned into a wolf the other day?"

Henry nodded.

"That will happen, again, and then Derek is going to put you on my back, and I want you to hold on very tight."

“Wont that hurt you?”

“No, kiddo, I promise. I used to do this with my daddy a lot, even after I could shift, he let me ride on his back.”

“Derek, too?”

Stiles nodded. “He rode on his mom.”

“I won’t fall?”

Stiles shook his head. “Not if hold on tight, kiddo. It’s...do you remember what instinct means?”

Henry cocked his head. “It means something within us that makes up do things, right?”

Stiles let out a chuckle. “Something like that. When I’m running, you’ll feel something, deep in your chest.” Stiles said, pointing at Henry’s heart.

“You’ll feel really happy, and you’ll know that you can’t let go. I want you to trust that feeling, okay?”

“It will make me hold on?”

Stiles nodded. “It sure will.”

“What if I fall?” Henry asked, sounding scared, and Stiles made a decision on the spot.

“Do you want to stay here?” There was no chance in hell that he was going to make his son go through something he didn’t want to. It was the same sacrifice Derek and the pack made for him, and it was in his own instincts to do the same for Henry.

“I *want* to go, daddy, but I’m scared.”

“Well, I promise to run slow, and if I feel you slipping, I’ll stop, but Henry, if at any time you want to stop and stay here, you just have to tell me. No

one will be mad, I promise.” He whispered.

“I promise to tell you, daddy, but for now I want to try.”

Stiles smiled at his son’s bravery and gave him a kiss on the forehead.

Derek and Henry walked with Stiles as he moved behind the trees to get undressed. It was stupid of him, but he didn’t like being naked and vulnerable in front of the other pack members.

It was the first time that Henry had seen the shift, and it showed in his eyes as they widened in awe and wonder when Stiles called forth his wolf and felt it bursting forth from his body. Landing on his paws, Stiles trotted up to Henry, licking him on the face.

“Daddy, that tickles.” Henry said, laughing, his voice richer in this form. All of Stiles’ senses were heightened, and he could smell the fear beginning to ebb away from his son and he reached out and scratched his ears.

“You ready for this, kiddo?” Derek asked Henry, who nodded.

Henry’s weight was nothing to Stiles when Derek placed on his back, and just like he had promised, when Henry gripped as hard as he could, Stiles hardly felt it at all. It was a trait that all wolves shared, in order to protect cubs of the pack who couldn’t shift.

Stiles might not have been ready for sex, yet, but he still watched Derek get undressed for his own transformation, heat rising in his body when he saw Derek’s tight body, furred chest, and cock. Stiles missed the intimacy of making love with Derek, the closeness he felt with his mate when they were lost in the throes of passion.

Derek gave him a knowing smirk, before he fell forward, the shift causing a black wolf to land on his paws in front of Stiles.

Derek moved forward and licked Stiles on his muzzle, the way they had kissed in wolf form when they were younger. Stiles reciprocated, causing Derek to pant in contentment.

A soft howl came from the direction of the house: The rest of the pack wondering where they were. Stiles waited for Derek to lead the way before following him, not wanting the excitement and safety the shift brought to let him get ahead of himself.

It had been a long time, but Stiles could still recognize most of his pack. Boyd and Erica were strangers to him, having been brought into Derek's pack after he had been taken, and he had only seen Isaac shift once before, and never Deucalion or Ennis, but Allison was still gorgeous with her chestnut colored fur, Lydia as radiant as Stiles was, even though Stiles could never get his white to glow the way she did under the moon.

Ethan, who was a deep gray, trotted up carefully to Stiles, who didn't flinch away like he would have if he was a human. He could feel the fear deep in the back of his mind, but his wolf calmed him. The scent of love and acceptance surrounded him, but more importantly, the scent of pack and home did, and his wolf trusted that.

Derek gave a warning growl, halting Ethan, making Stiles take the last steps forwards, before pressing his muzzle into Ethan's neck. The pack, seemingly emboldened by his actions, hesitantly moved forward, waiting for Stiles' nod of approval, before they ran forward towards him.

It was bonding that he couldn't achieve as a human, yet. The pack scenting him, licking him and Henry. They were a family, again, even if it couldn't last forever, and Stiles reveled in the moment. The loneliness and worry that they had felt was present.

It was something that should have happened a long time ago. Werewolves showed their love and caring through closeness, scenting, and bonding. Stiles' problems had prevented it from happening, and would again when he shifted back to being a human, and that's what made the moment so special. It wasn't just the pack that needed this, Stiles needed it, too.

"You're not scared, daddy?" Henry asked.

Stiles shook his head from side to side, because he wasn't, and it was the greatest gift he could have ever received. For a few hours, Stiles was allowed to be normal.

They ran and howled, dodged trees and splashed in streams, and all the while Henry's peals of laughter brought the forest alive around them.

"Get the bunny, daddy." Henry ordered from his back, and Stiles complied, feeling a little sorry for the poor rabbit that he was chasing. He wouldn't kill it, but that didn't matter to Henry, who just liked the thrill of the hunt, even vicariously.

## Chapter End Notes

Sorry there wasn't a chapter, yesterday. I received a really discouraging comment about how Henry acts in relation to his age, and I just...didn't feel like writing for the rest of the day.

I'm not letting it affect me anymore than that little interruption in writing, though. I like Henry, and I don't care if he acts a little older than his age, he's my character.

I'm definitely doing a Beauty and the Beast story, so the Steter fic I promised all of you will be after this one.

So, Stiles isn't healed, but in his wolf form, he isn't as affected by the trauma.

I look forward to bringing you more soon, and thank everyone for your support. :)

Also, I will have the formal adoption in the next chapter.

# Adoption

## Chapter Summary

Derek adopts his new pack members and Henry.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Derek

The clearing they had found was perfect. The soft, playful howls of the other wolves of Beacon Hills rang through the air, and the breeze made the grass billow.

Derek *wanted* to do this. This wasn't just for Stiles, Derek fully trusted and accepted Deucalion, Ennis, and Isaac. More than that, he loved Henry, and after the ceremony, Derek would be his adoptive father, something made Derek grin as he shifted back into his human form.

As was the custom, the other wolves remained as they were, sitting in a ring around the three newcomers, Stiles, and Henry.

“Deucalion, Ennis, Isaac. Tonight we meet to run under Luna’s gaze, but we meet for another reason as well. You’re all responsible for us being here

tonight. If it were not for you, my mate and the co-Alpha of this pack might still be missing. You are, through your actions, responsible for returning order and peace to our pack. Therefore, with the consent of my Betas and my co-Alpha, I am offering you all a place in this pack.”

The wolves all howled in one harmonious sound, showing their willingness to accept them. Henry looked around, before letting out a howl as well, making Derek chuckle.

“Do you agree to live among our pack, follow the orders of your Alphas, protect our lands and your pack mates?”

Isaac was the first to nod, followed by Ennis and Deucalion.

“Then we, in turn, promise to welcome you as family, protect you, and I swear to never abuse my authority, something that I know Stiles will agree with.”

Stiles nodded.

“Welcome home, then, my brothers.” Derek said to the approving howls of his pack.

“Is it my turn, now?” Henry asked, looking excited, as Isaac, Deucalion, and Ennis trotted away to find places within the circle.

“It sure is, kiddo.” Derek said with a smile. “Why don’t you climb down of your daddy’s back and we’ll get started?”

Henry allowed himself to slide down Stiles’ back, but stayed close to him, wrapping an arm around his father’s leg.

“Henry...Buranek, your father is my mate, and I love him very much. I also love you.”

“I love you, too, otets.” Henry said.

Derek smiled. It wasn’t how he ever pictured having his first child, but

Henry was more than worth it.

“I want your permission to be your father, Henry. I promise to love you and treat you just as I would my own flesh and blood. Is that acceptable to you?”

“I know that you’ll be nice to me, but what about my daddy? Promise to always be nice to him, Derek.”

It was one of those moments where Derek was sure that Henry was a full grown man trapped in a little boy’s body. His need to protect his father outweighing everything else.

“I swear to you, Henry, on my life that your father will always be loved and cherished by me. I will die defending him against any threat, and I will make him happy.”

Henry looked at Stiles who nodded his great white head twice. Henry ran forward and hugged Derek around his legs, ignoring the fact that he was naked. Derek lessened the awkward moment by squatting down, and making a mental note to bring clothes the next time the pack went for a run.

“Of course I want you to be my otets, Derek. I accept.”

“Thank you, my son.”

Stiles began the howling, this time, happiness in his eyes as he told the heavens of their new bond. The others joined in as well as Derek hugged Henry.

## Stiles

Stiles couldn’t cry as a wolf, but that’s what he would be doing if he could. Seeing his son and his mate hugging and officially accepting each other touched a part of him that had been obscured by pain. It gave him hope for the future. Even if it took him years to heal and move forward, this moment was pure and perfect. They were a larger pack, a larger family, and his son



had a second father.

The coming dawn began to brighten the sky, the hour surprising Stiles. The lack of fear had made the night pass so quickly, and Stiles felt an ache at the thought of what the day would bring. The fear would come back, unless he made a decision to live the rest of his life as a wolf, something that was counterproductive to the needs of his son.

Stiles padded up to Derek and Henry, licking his mate and son on the face.

“You ready to go home, babe?” Derek asked, running fingers through Stiles’ fur.

Stiles shook his head and let out a whine. He wanted to stay in the forest with Derek, his son, and his pack. Who needed to be human and bogged down with petty emotions and pain? What was an Xbox when there were rabbits to chase and streams to swim in?

When Stiles looked at his son, though, he knew that he could never do that to him. Henry deserved a normal life, and besides...he couldn’t even shift, yet. It wouldn’t be right to force on a child a life in the wild.

Stiles nodded and waited for Derek to place Henry on his back and shift, before turning back towards the house. Derek looked at him worriedly, but was limited to those penetrating green eyes instead of words to express his concern.

“Can we run, daddy?” Henry asked, squealing in glee when Stiles complied.

When they got back, Stiles let Henry slide off of his back, before heading up the stairs to shift back.

He had hoped. A part of him, deep within his heart had hoped that the wolf might have healed him, but when he heard the rest of the pack coming in, making small talk, and being rowdy, he felt his pulse increase, and his defenses kicking on. He felt ashamed and sickened with himself.

“Normal for seven hours.” He mumbled to himself.

“Stiles...babe, please stop beating yourself up over this.” Derek’s voice was sad, and it matched his eyes when he stepped into the room. Naked with a light sheen of sweat, Stiles found it hard to look away, even in his current state.

“I’m not beating myself up, Derek, I’m...just...It was nice....to be normal for a little while, and I guess...I thought that it would stay that way.”

“You’re healing, Stiles. Not all at once, but you’re getting here. Deaton said it himself, you’re doing great, babe.”

Stiles looked up. “He...He said that?”

Derek nodded. “He’s confused, though.”

Stiles was momentarily shock and hurt at Derek’s words, but Derek seemed to realize his mistake and quickly spoke, again.

“Wait, not about that. I meant...he said that it was me that did it, that I’d done a phenomenal job, but...it’s you, babe.”

“He’s not the only one who disagrees with that. I never would have gotten to where I am without you, Der. I *need* you.”

Derek opened his arms, and Stiles fell into them, taking comfort in the warmth. It took him a moment to realize that they were both naked, and that, if Derek wanted, he could take advantage of the situation.

One beat. His fear lasted for one beat of his heart, before he actually let out a chuckle at the absurdity of such a thought. Derek, *his* Derek raping him? It would never happen, and Stiles wouldn’t even allow his deep seated terror to entertain the thought. This was his mate, the man he loved more than anything in the world, except Henry. Derek would never harm him, especially not sexually.

Derek seemed to realize the same thing, though. “Shit, Stiles...we’re still-.”

“Mates, and one day lovers, it’s alright, Derek. *I’m* alright.” Stiles said with a surprised laugh. “I don’t...the pack, maybe, but you...Derek, you’re my rock.”

Derek chuckled. “Deaton said that, too.”

## Isaac

Isaac growled deep in his chest as he chased Scott up the stairs, the man’s rich laughter filling the halls.

Still naked from the run, and growing harder by the mere sight of his mate’s ass, Isaac shut their door, and tackled Scott onto the bed.

“I love you.” Isaac said, pressing his face into Scott’s neck. “I love you, too, moy drook, but...I...”

Isaac pulled back, not wishing to coerce his mate into anything he didn’t want. “But what, moy grusha?”

“But...I’ve...I’m still a virgin....mostly.” Scott said, blushing furiously.

“We don’t have to do anything that you’re uncomfortable with, I can be patient.”

“No, I want this, Isaac, I really do, but...can I...I mean...fuck.” Scott said, turning his head. “You don’t want to be passive.” Isaac said, no longer smiling.

“Well, just for now, Isaac, I...Isaac, what’s wrong?” Scott asked, looking worried.

Isaac sighed. Stiles may have known the story, but he hadn’t told Scott, yet, and he couldn’t proceed with being honest.

“Moy grusha, there’s...something that I need to tell you.”

“What’s wrong?” Scott asked, genuine concern on his face as he sat up.

Isaac sighed and began to explain the torment he had suffered, as he spoke, Scott’s face darkened, and tears began to fall.

“...Aiden nearly hit me with his car, but he also saved my life, cared for and protected me. I know-.”

Isaac was stopped by Scott rushing forward and holding on to him.

“I’m so sorry, moy drook, I...I had no idea.” Scott whispered, sounding broken, sobs shaking his body.

“Scott, moy grusha, it’s alright, I’m alright-.”

“No, it’s not. You’re...Isaac, you’re so sweet and innocent. How could he do that? How could he harm you?”

“He...I don’t know, Scott. The same way Aiden could hurt someone innocent and kind like Stiles. People...people can be so cruel, and if I’d never met Aiden...and somehow survived, I would have grown up believing that...especially after Aiden let me down. But Stiles...He had...has a fire in him it made me believe in people again. You have it, too. Your whole pack does, come to think of it.”

“Our pack, moy drook, you got adopted tonight.” Scott whispered, and then, more fiercely: “I’ll kill him. I’m going to find him, and rip his heart out, and give it to you as a gift.”

“And what would that prove, moy grusha? I...I was much like Stiles for a long time, but I healed, and I’ve...maybe not forgiven him, but I’ve moved on. We’re together now, we’re family, and that’s all that’s important.”

“I...I don’t...Isaac, I don’t want you to feel as though you need to be passive for me, after what happened, I’d understand.”

“I’m willing to try, I just...wanted you to understand in case something happens. I’ve healed, but...there might be scars deep in here.” He said,

taking Scott's had and bringing it to his chest.

"But...my hesitation is because of nervousness, yours is-."

"Something that can be overcome. I was raised with the belief that passive partners are weaker in a relationship, I thought that made me weak, but that's not the case."

"What changed your mind?" Scott asked, his hand trailing over Isaac's chest.

"Stiles. He's an Omega, it's in his blood to be passive, and he's..." Isaac chuckled and shook his head. "I just want to be close to you Scott. If that means we have sex, then we have sex, if it means blowjobs, then we'll do that, if all it means is that every night, I get to hold you, then we'll lay here, and I'll hold you." Isaac said, doing just that. He pushed himself forward and curled himself around Scott.

"We could try, though, if you like." He added, kissing Scott's neck, again.

"I did...get this, just in case." Scott said, grabbing a bottle of lube from his bedside table.

## Chapter End Notes

I didn't want Isaac to be able to just jump into sex as though his father had never done anything to him, but the next chapter will totally open with a steamy scene.

Stiles is getting better, and yay for adoption!

Next chapter soon, as always.

Thank you all for the really encouraging comments regarding the notes on yesterday's chapter. :) I really appreciate it.

# Idiot

## Chapter Summary

Stiles is happy until Jackson messes up.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

Stiles awoke to a silver tray bearing fruit, pancakes, bacon, sausage, hash browns, toast, and a single rose in a crystal vase. Best of all, though, was Derek's smiling face.

"Good morning, handsome."

Stiles blushed, and ducked his head. Even though they had always known they were mates, Derek had taken it upon himself to romance Stiles once in a while. Not since he'd been back, though.

"Derek, this is...thank you." Stiles said, quietly.

"Just because we're mates doesn't mean that I can't spoil you a little. You were feeling down this morning when we got back, and I thought that this

would make you smile.”

Stiles was indeed grinning as he took a piece of bacon. “You’re really sweet, you know that?”

“Well, I was thinking about you and how you make me feel, and I thought it ridiculous that I’ve not brought you breakfast in bed, yet.”

Derek fed Stiles bits of his food and snuck in kisses in between bites. The calmness and easiness with which they behaved gave Stiles hope and courage, which prompted his statement when he had finished eating.

“I think I’d like to go downstairs.”

“Are you sure?”

Stiles nodded. “I know I kind of panicked when we got back, but last night...last night reminded me how important the pack is, and...Derek I know and trust that you would never hurt me. I know that they would never hurt me, but I need to build the trust, and that can’t happen up here.”

“If you’re sure...Just don’t press yourself too much, okay? If you start to feel uncomfortable, you can come here, and-.”

“No one will blame me, I know, Der.” Stiles said with a smile. “I just...I feel like I’m ready.”

The nervousness was there as he descended the stairs, but when Stiles saw the surprised smiles of the pack, he knew that it would be worth it. He hadn’t been lying, the night before had given him the strength to attempt to build his ties with the pack more. Especially Boyd and Erica who had arrived before Stiles had returned.

“Daddy!” Henry jubilant expression certainly sealed the deal for Stiles, who settled himself on the couch, with Derek sitting next to him, providing a buffer.

“Should we go?” Jackson asked, looking as shocked as the pack, but no

malice in his voice, willing to sacrifice his spot next to Lydia to make Stiles feel comfortable.

“No, I’d like it if everyone stayed. Maybe...maybe don’t rush at me, but I think I can handle this.” Stiles said, with a genuine smile. He wasn’t having a panic attack, or curling himself on the couch, something that he surprised himself with, but that made him happy.

“Daddy, Uncle Enny promised to play video games with me.” Henry said, running up to him, and pointing at the T.V. where the intro for Super Smash Bros. was playing.

“You really are my son.” Stiles said, chuckling.

“Do you like it, too?”

“I do, but when we were living with your papa, I couldn’t play as much.”

“Then you have some catching up to do.” Ennis said, tossing a controller at him. Stiles caught it, and gave Ennis a grin.

“I don’t recall you playing that much while we were there.”

“And Stiles is the acknowledged King of Games...I think we made him a crown once.” Scott said.

Stiles laughed...actually laughed at the reminder of the cheap, construction paper crown that Derek had given him when they were seventeen.

“Bring it.” Ennis said with a smirk.

It wasn’t competitive, at least not as much as when Stiles was younger, he spent most of the time, watching Henry mash the controller buttons, trying to know Ennis from the stage, which Ennis took a few obvious dives for, but it was still fun. It was...normal.

Allison was twitchy, until Ennis handed her a controller, and she was able to join in.



“That was totally not fair.” She grumbled as Stiles KOed her character.

“How is it not fair?” Stiles asked with a smirk.

“Because you’re cheating by using only Kirby, try some variation.”

The light banter was familiar to Stiles, who had been through the conversation when he was younger, but the fact that he could do it now was encouraging.

“And when I kick your ass with someone else?” Stiles asked, perhaps slipping *too* much into his old self, because Henry gasped.

“Daddy, you said a bad word!”

Allison chuckled as Stiles tried to cover his use of bad language in front of his son. “Yeah, but it doesn’t count because...I was talking about a donkey.”

“A donkey, that’s your excuse?” Scott asked, shaking his head.

“After Kali, I think ‘ass’ is the least of my worries.”

“What did Aunt Bitch do, daddy?” Henry asked, eliciting laughs from the pack.

“See my point? Nothing, kiddo. Those are bad words, though and you shouldn’t say them, not until high school.”

Henry looked confused, but his attention quickly turned back to the T.V. when Ennis knocked out his character.

“I seem to remember a certain co-Alpha who used to cuss all the time.” Derek whispered in his ear, a smile evident in his voice.

“And shame on my father for not stopping me. I used to have a dirty mouth.”

“He...He didn’t like cussing?” Boyd asked, causing Derek to glare at him, but Stiles didn’t mind.

“No, he felt, and I agree that Henry shouldn’t use those words, but I’m not about to order you all to change your lives. Especially since...this is all new for you.”

“Daddy, you’re losing.” Henry said, and Stiles shook himself from the past to knock Allison from the stage, making her glare.

“Stiles, you’re my co-Alpha and his father, if you don’t want us to impart bad values on him, then we won’t.” Boyd said, as though he was stating the obvious.

“I don’t want...I’d like it if you didn’t, but I’m not going to order you all around. That’s what... that’s not me.”

“Daddy!” Henry implored, and Stiles returned his attention to his game. He knew that Boyd was trying to make life easier for him, but didn’t feel like being Aiden by ordering everyone around. The may have been pack, but they never signed up to have a cub without any time to prepare. That’s what pregnancy was for, to give people five months to prepare for how their lives were going to shift.

## Derek

It took Derek longer to ease than it did Stiles. He had been tense and on his guard, worried that someone would do or say something that would cause Stiles to retreat, but even when Allison had growled at losing her tenth game in a row, Stiles had managed only a slight increase in his heartbeat.

It was a major step forward, and for the first time since the idea had come up, Derek wondered if a birthday party for Henry would be a disaster. If they could all sit in the living room and talk without Stiles having a panic attack, then why wouldn’t they be able to stand and drink at the same time?

“Are you sure that you’re not bored?” Stiles asked him, pulling Derek from his thoughts.

“Yea, babe. Watching you be here and calm is enough for me.”

*Nineteen*

*“Give me the controller, Stiles.”*

*“Piss off, there’s nothing special about it.” Stiles countered with a wicked grin, as he held it from arm’s reach. Derek tackled him to the couch, playfully growling as he wrestled Stiles for the controller.*

*“I refuse to believe that, you must have cast some sort of witchcraft over it.”*

*“Derek just admit that I’m the best, that’s why you gave me that.” Stiles said, pointing to the paper crown on top of the T.V.*

*“I didn’t know you were cheating through sorcery, back then.”*

*“Sorcery?” Stiles asked, his hand trailing down the length of Derek’s body, eliciting a predictable response from Derek who gasped. “Is that how I’m able to do this?”*

*“No, you do that on your own, just a look or a touch and you make me want you, babe.” Derek whispered, huskily, grinding his hips into Stiles’, the friction making Stiles pant as well.*

*“My heat, Der, it will start soon.” Stiles said.*

*It was true, from a distance it wasn’t overtly obvious, but digging his nose into Stiles’ neck allowed him to smell the coming estrus cycle.*

*“But it hasn’t started, yet, right? No risk?”*

*Stiles shook his head. "A day, maybe two."*

*"We should probably make the most of our time together, then." Derek said, mouthing Stiles' neck, but not too aggressively, in case Stiles' decided he didn't want to mate.*

*"We could be absolutely sure." Stiles said, breathlessly, his fingers moving to Derek's ass, making Derek growl in need.*

*Derek nodded. He certainly had his preference as a top, but was more than willing to be passive for Stiles. He loved his mate, and would take him anyway he could get him.*

"Er...Alpha?" Erica said, poking him the shoulder, pulling Derek from the past.

"What?" he asked, a little irritably. It had been a good daydream.

"We can...Er...kind of smell what you're thinking about." She said, causing Derek to blush and pull a throw pillow over his tenting pants.

When Derek looked apologetically at Stiles, he found his mate watching him, a small blush in his own cheeks, breathing very quickly.

"Stiles, did I...I didn't mean...I mean, I know-."

Stiles leaned over and gave him a kiss. Not overtly passionate or sexual, just a kiss of reassurance.

"I'm alright, Der. Just...I miss it, too, even if I can't...right now."

"Your pace, babe. Nothing more than what you're comfortable with. I just-."

"Nothing to apologize for." Stiles said.

Derek wasn't sure if he agreed with that. If his scent of arousal made Stiles feel pressured, he could completely ruin his mood, but Stiles seemed okay

enough to tell Derek that he was, and go back to the game.

“I’m hungry, daddy.” Henry said, putting down his controller and running up to Stiles.

“Do you want me to make you something?”

“Oh, make us hamburgers.” Jackson said, making Derek growl at him and Lydia elbowed him in the chest.

“Get up and make yourself hamburgers, my mate isn’t your maid.” Derek said, his tone furious.

“It’s alright, Derek, I don’t...I don’t mind.” Stiles said, quietly, but in a tone that sounded defeated.

Derek glowered at Jackson. If the Beta made his mate feel responsible for having to cook for the pack, he’d certainly have more than a few words to say.

“Shit, Alpha Stiles, I’m sorry, I wasn’t thinking.”

Stiles just shook his head and stood up. “Does anyone else want anything?” He whispered.

The pack shook their heads, glaring at Jackson.

Derek took Stiles’ hand and pulled him so he was sitting, again.

“Jackson will go and make lunch, babe. Stay here with Henry and play your game.”

“Der, I don’t mind, I’m the-.”

“Co-Alpha, which means that you’re not subject to his demands.”

“If I’m making food for Henry, anyway, it’s not a big deal for me to do it for Jackson, too.”

“If I had asked, Stiles, but I ordered you, and that’s not right, I’m really sorry.” Jackson at least sounded sincere, but that didn’t make Derek feel better. The day had been going so well, and even though Jackson got up and ran into the kitchen, Stiles didn’t seem to have the same exuberance he had had earlier.

“I’ll be right back.” Derek muttered, getting up and moving into the kitchen, closing the door behind him.

Jackson looked like a deer caught in headlights as he turned to face Derek.

“Alpha, I’m sorry.”

“I know you are, but what the hell were you thinking?” Derek hissed, not wanting to startle Stiles.

“That he was...himself, again. I didn’t do it because I felt he had to, I wasn’t telling him to cook because he’s an Omega, he was just...Stiles, again. If anyone else would have asked if Henry wanted anything I would have said the same thing.”

“You weren’t ordering him?” Derek asked, having misunderstood Jackson’s intentions.

“No, Alpha, you have to understand...for a while now, he’s been... withdrawn and restricted, and obviously, I never would have said it then, but since last night, he’s been...happier, his old self, and I forgot for a moment that he could fall back into his protective state.”

Derek had a hard time arguing with that. He, of course, would never forget that at any moment, all of Stiles’ progress could be reversed by a stupid action such as the one that Jackson had made, but he had noticed how Stiles had seemed happy again for a few hours.

“I *am* truly sorry...I just...I have no excuse. I’ve already scared him once, and now I fucked up, again.”

“You did, and so help me, Jackson, if you break all of the progress that he

made, I'll banish you for a few weeks, but...you didn't mean to do it. You'll make lunch and clean the mess." Derek felt that was a fair punishment.

"Of course, Alpha." Jackson said, baring his neck in submission to show his honest intentions.

Derek's heart beat furiously as he turned back to the living room, worried that Stiles might have fled the room, or else, would be curled up on the couch, looking forlorn. It was a surprise, therefore to see him playing the game again. His laughter was a golden melody that made Derek release a sigh of relief.

## Chapter End Notes

Jackson honestly didn't mean it, I don't want you guys thinking that he was being mean on purpose.

Originally, I was going to have Stiles get scared when Allison got mad at losing, but my boyfriend told me to make him dinner, and I was like..."Am I your maid?" So I figured this was a more innocent action.

Stiles is really healing, now, though. He was playing games and even got over what Jackson did really quickly. Honest mistake, and I think he realizes that.

I'm sorry, this chapter was done yesterday, but...Let me tell you a story about why I didn't get to post it. I live in New Mexico, which has only one power company for most of the state, so when they do something awful, you have no choice but to grin and bear it. Yesterday, they were shutting off the power to the apartment next to mine, which was recently vacated, and they accidentally turned off mine. I called, and they apologized, but couldn't get out until today, so I had to wait until I was at school to have access to the internet to post. It's this whole

thing. Anyway, that shouldn't happen again, but if it does....like I said only one power company so nothing to do.

Sorry about that.

I hope you all like this chapter and will post again ASAP.

Thank you all for the encouraging words, I really thrive on them.



# Jerk

## Chapter Summary

Derek apologizes for being mean and Scott takes Henry shopping with Isaac

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

In case it isn't clear in the chapter, the two POVs are separated by about two weeks.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Derek

Derek sighed as he knocked on the door to Jackson's room. It had been something eating at him since the day before, when he had snapped Jackson for scaring Stiles. Stiles' words had only harshened his resolve.

*One hour earlier.*

*"Der, I think...I think that you should apologize to the pack."*

*Derek cocked an eyebrow, not sensing a joke in Stiles' voice, but that didn't mean one wasn't there.*

*“What do you mean?”*

*“Der, you’ve been protecting me since I came back. Something that I’m... grateful for, I really am. I still get scared and freak out, and your presence gives me the strength to not collapse in a puddle of nerves on the floor, but you’re ostracizing the pack.”*

*“Stiles, if they scare you-.”*

*“Then hold me, and make me feel better, Der, you don’t have to yell at them and punish them for doing something innocent.”*

*“But you nearly broke down yesterday.”*

*“But I didn’t. Maybe...maybe when I first got back because everything back then terrified me, Der, but I’m healing, and as I get better, your relationship with the pack needs to get better, too. I watched Aiden treat Ennis and Isaac like shit, sometimes, and...I don’t want the same thing to happen with us. You’re a great Alpha, Derek, but...”*

*“But, I could be better.”*

*“You could find other ways to make me feel safe without scaring them. They love me and they love you, but...I think...I think they’re scared of you.”*

“Oh...Hi, Alpha.” Jackson said, his face falling a little. Derek immediately thought of a wolf, pulling their ears back in fear, and the guilt rose even more.

Seized by instinct, Derek reached out and pulled the Beta to his chest, scenting his hair, and after a moment, Jackson began to do the same thing.

“I need to apologize to the pack, but I wanted to say sorry to you, first. I overreacted, yesterday, and that’s not the Alpha I want to be, that’s not the Alpha you or anyone deserves.”

“You were protecting your mate.” Jackson whispered.

“By being a complete asshole. If you had done it on purpose, we’d be having a very different conversation, but...Not once since he returned to us has any one of you done anything with malicious intent. All of you care for him and want him to be reintegrated with the pack, and... what kind of Alpha would I be if I didn’t understand that?”

“I really didn’t mean to do it. I just...forgot.”

“I’m not here seeking remorse, Jackson, but forgiveness. Stiles is my mate, but you’re pack, family, I shouldn’t be punishing and yelling at you for a simple mistake.”

“You have my forgiveness, Alpha.”

Derek smiled and pulled back to look at Jackson in the eyes.

“You love him.”

Jackson nodded. “Like a brother.”

“I’ve been a jerk.” Derek said, ten minutes later when he had the rest of the pack assembled in the living room. “Ever since Stiles...left, I’ve been cold and rude, mean, and even cruel.”

“Understandably so.” Ethan said, looking like he was going to wave the whole thing off, but Derek wasn’t going to take that route.

“No. Maybe...maybe when Stiles was gone, but there’s no excuse for it, anymore. I’ve been operating on instinct for so long that I...I forgot what it meant to be an Alpha.”

Stiles curled up against Derek’s body, his warmth offering strength for Derek to admit his shortcomings.

“You have all stood by me through this time, even those who weren’t here for the whole thing.” He said, his eyes finding Deucalion, Ennis, and Isaac. “Stiles was gone, and I was wounded and lashed out, and then he came back, and I...I completely ignored my duty as Alpha in order to protect

him. I apologize.”

“No one blames you for wanting to keep Stiles safe, we all do.” Scott said.

“And that just makes it even worse that I’ve been lashing out at all of you. What Jackson did yesterday was completely innocent and did no lasting damage. We’re family, and I promise to start working on being a better head for that family. Well...co-head.” He said, smiling at Stiles, who gave him a small smile in return.

## Isaac

*“Birthday, birthday, it’s almost my birthday.”* Henry sang as they walked through the store, picking out the food he wanted. Isaac wasn’t sure if he or any of the pack would eat any of it, but as long as Henry was happy, he didn’t mind.

“Catchy song.” Scott said with a chuckle, his arm wrapped around Isaac’s shoulder as he pushed the cart with one hand.

“At least you understand the lyrics, moy grusha.” Isaac said with a chuckle, remembering how his mate had reacted to Henry singing ‘Katyusha’. He had not mean or offensive, just confused.

“Very easy to remember, which is good, since it will be stuck in my head for a week, and I hate not knowing the words.”

“I think it’s adorable that you make up words when you don’t know them.” Isaac said, giving him an endearing smile, which Scott returned.

Henry threw a bag of marshmallows into the cart, eliciting a raised eyebrow from Scott.

“For the salsa.” He said, before running off to find more food.

“I think we might have to order pizza to go with the kid’s feast.” Isaac muttered, shaking his head.

“What are you talking about? He eats with a refined palette.”

“Scott, in the human world and in the werewolf world, marshmallows and salsa do *not* go together.”

“So says you, but I say that you’re picky.” Scott said with a wicked smile.

Isaac loved him. Honest to Lupa loved the man, even with this new odd information.

“You’re very...peculiar.” Isaac said, kissing him on the lips. “But I wouldn’t have you any other way.”

“Oh, I don’t know, I’m sure I wouldn’t hear any complaints if I was naked.”

“You’re right about that.” Isaac whispered, huskily, moving closer.

“Well then, let’s finish this shopping trip and get somewhere where I won’t get arrested for getting naked.” Scott said, and then, a whisper in his ear.

“Or for sucking you dry.”

Isaac shivered with need, and felt his own erection rubbing against Scott’s as they kissed, lightly.

“Come on, we shouldn’t leave Henry to wander through the store alone.”

“What was he like when he was little?” Scott asked, as he pushed the cart down the cart towards Henry, obviously needing a distraction.

Isaac thought back to Henry’s early months, a period that had brought with it joy and sadness.

“Brilliant, really brilliant. I mean, not only smart, but he was also Sties’ light. Which is odd considering how much he hated him when he got pregnant.”

Scott looked shocked. “What do you mean?”

“Stiles didn’t want Aiden’s children, he was so...angry when he got pregnant, he tried...” Isaac sighed and looked to make sure that Henry was still out of earshot. “He tried to cut it out of himself...with his claws.”

Scott paled. “But...”

“Abortion is a right that Omegas have, but we couldn’t let it happen. From the moment of conception, Henry was pack to the rest of us, so we stopped him, made sure he was eating. Five months of forcing Stiles to bear the pregnancy...But then when he gave birth, everything changed.”

“He saw his son and couldn’t help but loving him?” Scott asked, and Isaac nodded.

“He fell in love instantly. Before that, Stiles was on the brink. He missed all of you so much, and the only thing he lived for was getting back to his pack and Derek, but after that moment, his priorities shifted, I could almost see it happening. He lived for Henry from that moment on.

“Despite his feelings towards the pregnancy and his secrecy in ensuring that he never had the chance to get pregnant again by Aiden, Stiles cherished Henry, and it was obvious that Henry loved him back. We would hold him when he cried and try to get him to calm down, but the only thing that was sure to calm him down was Stiles. Aiden hated it, but couldn’t do anything about it, because he loved Henry, too, and if his son was happy, he wasn’t going to ruin that.”

“Aiden didn’t...hurt Stiles because he was jealous, did he?”

Isaac shook his head. “Only once. When Aiden snarled at Stiles for saying ‘my son’, instead of ‘our son’, and Henry, even though he was only a few months old, flashed his eyes and something akin to a growl came out. Aiden was furious, and beat Stiles because he thought Stiles was turning his son against him.”

“Fucking bastard.” Scott whispered, a slight sob in his voice.

Isaac nodded, grimly. "I know, moy grusha, but he's safe now, and that didn't stop Henry from bonding on Stiles."

"'Daddy' was his first word, when he was eight months, he even called me 'Unca Isa' before he learned 'papa'. I think...I think that as an infant he was more aware, or maybe it was just because they didn't hide their animosity so much back then...or rather, Stiles didn't hide his animosity, and Aiden didn't hide his...I guess you could call it disappointment."

"Why was he disappointed?"

"Aiden wanted so much to be a family. It was actually Aiden that encouraged Henry to use 'uncle' before our names, because he saw the pack as a tight community, we only had each other, and that was more important than blood ties. I think he thought that at one point Stiles would give up on Derek, accept his place, and they could be...happy."

"That doesn't excuse kidnap, rape, and-." Scott began, heatedly, but Isaac placed a kiss on his lips to silence him.

"I know, moy grusha, I know. I didn't say that I agreed with it, I was just explaining what he felt. Stiles was steadfast and loyal to you and Derek, though, and I think more than he was angry, he was...disappointed. The first Omega that he managed to get pregnant and...I don't think he thought through it very well, if he thought it out at all. He saw that Stiles fell in love instantly with a child he had despised, and wanted the same thing."

"It never happened, though?"

"Of course not. The only bond of kindness that they ever shared was in their mutual love for Henry."

"Uncle Isaac, what does 'kal-kali-ent loco' mean?" Henry asked, running forward carrying a package of chips.

Scott took it from him, before letting out a chuckle. "Caliente loco." He corrected. "It means 'crazy hot'. Which means that they're very spicy, you

should be careful.”

“I like spicy.” Henry said, throwing the chips into the cart.

“IS there anything you don’t like?” Scott asked with a chuckle.

Henry thought about it for a moment, scrunching his face as though it was a question of the gravest importance, before finally declaring. “Grapes are yucky, I can taste the gross spray.”

“The gross spray?” Scott asked.

“He means insecticides that they spray on them. The first time we gave him grapes, we forgot to wash them, and he hated the flavor so much, he’s refused to try them again.”

“Papa said I was stubborn.” Henry said, with a goofy grin. “But he also said that about daddy all the time, so I thought it was a good thing.”

“It *is* a good thing. I hate grapes, too.” Scott said.

“You’re really good with him.” Isaac said, echoing words Scott had said about Isaac weeks earlier.

“It’s not that hard. I mean...when he first got here, I was worried. A two year old? I have no experience with cubs, but he makes it so easy. He’s not as...helpless as media would have you believe.”

“He’s strong and stubborn, just like Stiles, and unlike Aiden, I mean that in the best possible way.”

## Chapter End Notes

Two week separation between the POVs, did you get that? Good.



Now, Derek has been kind of dickish lately, and I was going to have him apologize for it at some point, but a comment yesterday reminded me of it. I didn't mean for Derek to come off as this total Alpha monster douche, but that's just what happens sometimes when you protect the ones you love. Stiles is healing, though, which means that Derek doesn't have to yell at the pack for every little slip up.

Henry's party is coming soon, and obviously the culinary choices are going to be...unique. Henry isn't based off of my sister, but his food choices are. I've always been very picky, I refuse to eat anything with vinegar in it, except in very special circumstances, but my sister has always had some odd choices when it comes to food, and so though not everything Henry wants is something my sister would eat, I'd balk at it a lot longer than she would.

I kind of at least want to pair Allison with someone (I know who), so the story isn't nearly over, yet, and I still feel as though Stiles has a ways to go and \*obviously\* he needs to get pregnant again, that just needs to happen.

Let me know what you think, and the next chapter when it's done.

Thank you for all the kudos, and comments.

Also, my Spanish is worse than my Russian which is horrendously worse than my Japanese, which can't hold a candle to my English, so...if the Spanish is wrong, I'm sorry.

# The Spark

## Chapter Summary

Stiles and Derek get dirty while getting clean, Henry remembers his papa, and Allison sparks something.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

Stiles may not have been prepared to mate with Derek, yet, but there was something comforting about waking up with his nose buried in his mate's chest, his musk from the night thick in Stiles' nostrils, making him let out a groan.

"I bet I stink." Derek's voice rumbled his chest.

"No, you...you smell like home." Stiles whispered. It was the truth. Of course, 'home' didn't have a scent, but Derek's scent wrapped around him, making him feel safe and loved.

"Big day." Derek mumbled.

Stiles nodded. It wouldn't be Henry's birthday until the next day, but Stiles had been determined to go shopping for Henry's gift himself, meaning that while he had grown comfortable around the pack, he was about to face his first true test of what he was capable of handling: the real world.

"You know that you don't have to do this, right?"

Stiles nodded, but he had trapped himself on purpose, avoiding shopping until the last possible day so that he wouldn't chicken out and order online. He was determined to go out shopping, even if he was going to huddle into Derek's side the entire time.

"Well, let's go take a shower."

"Together?" Stiles asked.

"If you want...I mean, shit, babe, I'm sorry, I didn't think, I was just..." Derek let out a sigh. "If you want to, I wouldn't object to taking a shower with you."

Stiles chuckled. "I very much want to."

Showering with Derek was an interesting experience. Fear lurked in the far recesses of his mind, but much closer and prominent was his knowledge that Derek would never harm him and...

That Derek was hot.

Stiles didn't have to avert his gaze, but watching the rivulets of soapy water trail over the contours of his body made him blush and bite his lip. Derek, likewise watched him too, his eyes trailing over his body so hard that Stiles swore he could feel it.

Without being sure if he could handle it, emotionally, Stiles seized the moment, answering the call of his instincts, and pressed his lips to Derek's. Derek moaned and pulled Stiles closer, slowly, so as not to frighten him.

Carefully, Derek's hands found their way down Stiles' back, fingers lightly

tracing over his skin, sending sensation of electricity racing through him.

“Tell me when to stop, babe.” Derek whispered, moving his lips to Stiles’ jawbone, and then lower, nipping at his Adam’s apple and growling when he reached the side of his neck. Stiles let out a small, panicked gasp when Derek’s lips crawled over the scars that Aiden had left there, fear seizing him for a moment, and after a second of hesitation, Derek moved to pull back.

“Sorry, babe. I wasn’t thinking.” Derek whispered, looking crushed.

“It’s...I’m okay, Derek.” It’s wasn’t exactly the truth, but he was managing his memories and fears well enough that he wasn’t about to fall into a panic attack. “I’m...I’m sorry.”

“You don’t need to apologize, babe, it was my fault. I...I just wanted to...it doesn’t matter, I went too far.”

“Maybe...Maybe a little, but, at least I’m not curled up on the floor.” That didn’t seem to reassure Derek, though, he still looked furious with himself.

“What’s wrong?” Stiles asked, beginning to feel the old antagonist of doubt, pecking at his heart. Maybe Derek had reached his limit of how long he was willing to wait for sex.

Derek seemed to sense his doubt, however, for he turned and pressed a new kiss on Stiles’ forehead, his hair dripping cold water down Stiles’ back.

“It’s not you, babe, it’s me. I...I let lust take over for a moment...jealousy, and I could have...I could have...” Derek turned away in shame, but Stiles reached out and flipped him back around.

“You *could* have, but you didn’t, Der. You asked me to trust that you would never hurt me, then trust *yourself*.”

“But I scared you.”

“Derek, I still jump whenever someone sets a glass down too hard. The path

to us having sex again will be full of me being scared, the important thing is that as much as I know the sun will rise tomorrow, I know that you would *never* hurt me.”

“Of course I wouldn’t, babe, I love you.”

“I love you, too, Der.”

Once again, it was Stiles who initiated the kiss, this time, however, he brought his own mouth to Derek’s neck and lightly licked the skin he found there. Derek tasted of vanilla and soap, and Stiles lost himself in it, maintaining a cool a head, and not letting his fear ruin this.

The moans he elicited from Derek as he ran his tongue between the corded muscles of his pectorals was intoxicating and drove him on. Down, through the forest of hair on Derek’s abs, and reaching the base of his cock, before Stiles froze.

“Stiles, you don’t have to.” Derek said, scooping an arm under his elbow to pull him back up.

“Soon, Der, I just...”

Derek silenced him with a kiss.

## Henry

It had been a bad night for Henry. He was so excited that his birthday was the next day, but was also very sad because his papa wouldn’t be there. Life was odd like that sometimes, but at least it was less confusing than it was when he was still living with his papa.

*Six months earlier.*

*“Papa, why can’t daddy come with us?” Henry asked as they left the house*

*to go on their hike.*

*“Because daddy is...sick, son.”*

*This happened quite frequently and it worried Henry. Werewolves weren't supposed to get sick, that was what Uncle Enny had told him, but if his daddy was getting ill from something, maybe it was a problem.*

*“Can I help?”*

*“I'm sure you can. Why don't you pick him some flowers while we're out, and then you can bring them to him?”*

*Henry liked that idea. The week before, he had brought his daddy a stone he found outside, and it had made him smile so big. His daddy frequently smelled like sadness, something that went away whenever Henry joined him in the room, which was why Henry wanted his daddy to come with them, he wanted him to be as happy as possible.*

*Still, Henry wouldn't pass up the chance to go hiking with his papa for almost anything in the world. He didn't understand why his papa and daddy fought so much, or why his daddy called his papa mean. They would go out to movies and to eat, and on bright sunny days, like today, they would go to the mountains, and his papa would show him so many things.*

*Henry learned about the animals that they found, his papa carrying him through the woods, and pointing out the rabbits and snakes, the birds, and once, a mountain lion that had scared Henry, until his papa howled at it and made it scamper off.*

*There were no mountain lions on the trail that day, but Aiden did chase a rabbit for him, his fangs and claws out to scare it, making Henry squeal with laughter.*

*Later, they sat down together to eat their lunch, and Henry rested his head against his papa's chest, munching on the sandwich that Uncle Isaac had made for them.*

*“Papa, do you love daddy?” Henry asked. It had been something that he had been thinking about for as long as he could remember.*

*His papa shifted uncomfortably and the smell of sadness came to him.*

*“I...I love you, Henry, and I love my pack...your uncles and your aunt. Your daddy...I care for him a lot, but we probably...we’re very different people. You know what, though? I know that he loves you very much.”*

*“Maybe, you should propose to daddy, in the movies, that always works. They have a fight, then the man proposes to the woman and everything is alright. I know daddy isn’t a woman, but it might work.”*

*“It might, son...it might. Would you...would you be unhappy if your daddy and I never loved each other?”*

*Henry thought about it. “Ennis says that families are about love, how can we be a family if you and daddy don’t love each other?”*

*“Because we both love you very much.”*

*“But if you and daddy don’t love each other, how did you have me? Did you do it by accident?”*

*“Henry, why would you ever think that?” His papa’s voice sounded stern, but not angry. “Never, ever think that, son.”*

*“There was that movie with-.”*

*“No, son. That’s not real. This-.” He took Henry’s hand and placed it over his chest, where Henry could feel his heart beating strong. “This is real, this is my heart and it beats only for you. I know that your daddy would say the same exact thing. We love you, son, please believe that and always remember.”*

*Henry did remember. For the rest of his life, he would remember how his papa’s heart had felt, beating strong just for him.*

## Allison

*“Happy birthday, dear Henry. Happy birthday to you!”* The pack sang, and Allison sang along with them, even if her attention was a little bit distracted.

Allison had always thought that she would fall in love with Scott. But as she got older and saw how close Stiles and Derek had gotten, she realized that they were not mates, unless they moved to Britain.

She held no resentment against him, and in fact had been one of the first to congratulate him on his relationship with Isaac. Something she hoped he would reciprocate if her glances towards Ennis came to anything.

It was funny the way attraction worked. Allison could sit down with a billion magazines and cut out images of the men she might want to date, and Ennis wouldn't have been her first choice. A bulky jaw, the twilight of his thirties, and had the annoying habit of not letting her win at video games, but there was a charm there that wasn't hard to see if she looked hard enough.

When added to the fact that he had been brave enough to stay and let himself be tortured in order to let Stiles escape, Allison wasn't surprised to feel her heart flutter when those eyes met hers.

“Maybe you should go and talk to him instead of pretending that everyone can't see you.” Lydia said, making Allison jump, when she had gone into the kitchen for some punch.

“What do you mean ‘talk to him’? He's...pack, I know everything about him.” Allison said in a hushed whisper, trying and failing not to blush.

“Not what those lips would feel like.”

“I don't...you're mistaken.” Allison snapped, walking back towards the party, but bumping into Ennis on her way out of the kitchen.



“Hi, Allison.” Ennis said, smiling at her in a way that made her stomach explode in butterflies.

“Ennis...fancy seeing you here.”

Ennis raised his eyebrow. “Yes...the house I live in is a rare hangout for me.”

“Right...because you live here, obviously. I mean, you wouldn’t be here if you didn’t...unless you were friends with John and Talia, because they... obviously don’t live here...and oh my gods, Allison, shut the fuck up.” Allison babbled, unable to stop herself. Lydia stares at her with a look that clearly said: *‘What the fuck are you doing?’*

Ennis just smiled at her, though. “I think it’s a cute trait.”

Allison gave a most unusual giggle

## Chapter End Notes

Sorry, I had a last minute paper due, so I had to work on that. I've also decided to write a one shot, not related to any of the longer stories I have planned called: 'Stray' so I'm going to be working on that at the same time as this, but I promise to try and not let it interfere too much, I just want to get this idea out before it dies.

So...Allis or...Ennison? Anyway, I don't see it that often and I thought it might be a fun/unique change.

I swear, every time that write something with Aiden and Henry, I get a little sad for him.

And yay for almost sex.

Thank you all so much and I'll try not to let more than a day come

between chapters.

# Arbor Day

## Chapter Summary

Stiles captures some time with his father.

## Chapter Notes

Stay tuned after the feature for a special trailer for the all new fic coming from Rikudemyx.

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

“He’s only going to grow up faster.” John said, looking at the sleeping Henry, wrapped in the oversized wolf plush that Lydia had given him.

“I know, it already feels like he’s growing too fast, you know? Three years passed too quickly...at least, when it comes to him.” Stiles said, quietly.

“I felt the same about you. One day, you were in my arms, just a little baby, and then the next you were off making your own pack.” John said, giving him a hug, something that Stiles didn’t pull away from.

“I’m really glad that you and Talia were able to come.”

“Me too, son.”

“We should get him up to bed, but if you want, you should stay down here, and I can come down and we can talk, if you want?” Stiles made it a question that he wasn’t imposing on his father.

“Of course, son.” John said, getting comfortable on the couch.

Stiles went to pick Henry up, carefully, so as not wake him, and turned to Derek.

“Would you bring his wolf, Der?”

Derek smiled. “Of course.” He picked up the stuffed wolf and followed Stiles up the stairs.

“How are you feeling?” He asked, softly.

“When I first thought to do this...I wasn’t sure if I would be able to make it all night. I was ready to force myself to, for Henry’s sake, but...I’ve really been alright. I mean...I survived the mall, yesterday.”

“Even when that bitch...” Derek began, his voice growing a little heated, but Stiles heard him let out a calming breath, and continued. “I don’t know why people feel the need to invade the private space of others.”

“We’re werewolves, scent and touch are our worlds, Der.” Stiles said, able to chuckle at the experience now, even though the day before, it had made him tense.

“Scent and touch with *pack*, not with random strangers who think Omegas are...dress up dolls.”

“I will admit, I haven’t been so...talked down to in a long time. Life with... Henry’s father was one thing, and you and the pack are other extreme, treating me like an Alpha, I forgot that there are those who still treat us like children. Which isn’t fair, I mean, female wolves have children, and the only time their spoken down to is when they’re pregnant. I really think I

could get a lot of money by writing a paper on this...What?" Stiles asked. Derek had stilled and was watching him with a soft smile.

"You were babbling." Derek said, and then, before Stiles could even feel hurt by the words, he continued. "I haven't heard you do that in a long time."

Stiles chuckled. "It's the party...or rather...it was the party."

"What?" Derek asked as Stiles set Henry down on his bed, he was mumbling a little in his sleep, and Stiles smiled at his son as Derek tucked the wolf around him.

"Remember a few weeks ago, when Jackson kind of made me shut down for a few minutes?"

Derek nodded, his face darkening a little.

"Well, he said that it happened because he forgot, and I think...I think for the first time, I understand what he was talking about. I was there for Henry, and I kind of...let everything slip away."

"I'm glad that you had a good time. I did, too. I know I say this a lot, but...he's really your son."

"What do you mean?" Stiles asked as they descended the stairs.

"The look in his eyes as he tore through the wrapping paper...It looked so much like you do when you open gifts."

"When I was a kid, maybe."

"No, I remember the last birthday that you were here, I think...you both even have the same squeal."

"So rude." Stiles said with a small laugh. "I don't squeal, I modulate my voice in a very manly manner."

“Who said squealing wasn’t manly? I find everything about you to be fascinating and beautiful... perfect.” He added, leaning over and pressing a kiss to Stiles’ temple.

“Coffee, Alphas?” Isaac asked from the kitchen.

“Sure thing.” Stiles responded, and then, before he could stop himself. “If it’s not any trouble.”

“No trouble.”

Talia and John already had their coffee and were sitting on the couch, watching the assembled pack with the warm sort of affection that Stiles felt whenever he watched Henry playing. Stiles sat with Derek and accepted the offered cup of coffee with a quiet thanks.

“How have you been, son?” John asked.

“Getting better, actually.” Stiles said, taking Derek’s hand. “I mean...did you see me today?”

John smiled. “I did, son. I’m glad to see you healing.”

“It’s Derek, Henry...the pack.” Stiles let out a dry laugh. “I don’t even want to think about what I would be if it wasn’t for them.”

“That’s what pack and family are for, son.” Talia said. “They anchor us, keep us strong when we need it.”

“I think we’ve scared him more than anchored him.” Jackson said, quietly.

“No.” It wasn’t Talia, but Stiles who spoke. “You guys are my rock, all of you. A few accidents doesn’t change that. And besides, I haven’t...freaked out about anything that you’ve done in a few weeks.”

“Others, though?” John asked.

Stiles let out a sigh. “I went with Derek to the mall to get Henry’s gifts,

and...I forgot that personal space is a luxury that Omegas were never granted.”

“You hated it as a child, too.”

“It didn’t matter as much because I *was* a child, but I’m an adult, now, and I don’t need to be spoken to like...I’m Henry’s age.” Stiles said, glad that his son wasn’t an Omega. PTSD or not, he would certainly have more than a few words to say if people treated his son in the same condescending manner that had plagued him when he was young.

## Derek

“So, with Halloween out of the way, we should start discussing plans for Thanksgiving and Christmas.”

“I’ve never understood why you hate Thanksgiving so much, son.” John said with a chuckle.

“Because it was invented for humans, not werewolves. We live every day in pack, the type of family they pretend to have once a year.”

“But turkey and pie.” Scott said, waggling his eyebrows.

“Which I will make you, anyway. I just don’t see the point in making a big affair for what is... dinner for us.” Stiles said, voice full of exasperation. He paused for a moment, before continuing. “But...I know it means a lot to everyone, and...Henry’s never had one, so let’s do it.”

Talia smiled at him. Derek knew that his mother adored this time of year and that she never would have imposed on him herself.

When they had said good night and gone up to bed, Derek snuggled himself into his mate’s chest.

“That was really sweet of you, but don’t feel pressured.”

“I was telling the truth, Der. Henry’s never had a Thanksgiving, before, and besides, it will make your mother and the pack happy...My father, too, come to think of it.”

“What would make *you* happy, though, babe?”

Stiles chuckled. “Honestly? If I can make it through dinner without a panic attack. Before, I had resolve, but today gave me hope.” He wrapped his arms around Derek. “I can see the day when I’ll be better, and the only thing that we’ll have to remember those days is Henry, which is all we really need.”

Derek didn’t say it, but he would never forget. He *couldn’t*. Three years of missing his heart had left their mark on him, scarred his soul, and he would use that pain and those memories to sharpen his resolve, and ensure that nothing of the same sort happened ever again.

“At least we won’t have the same problems that humans do during the holidays.”

“What do you mean?”

“Humans get together on the holidays and have family feuds, we’re...we’re a lot closer than that.”

Derek couldn’t help but agree as he nestled his nose into Stiles’ neck.

“Oh, by the way, I mean...if you say that it’s okay, I was going to decorate tomorrow.”

## Isaac

“What are you doing, moy drook? Come to bed.” Scott’s voice enticed from the stairs.

“I’m just cleaning, moy grusha, I’ll be up in a minute.” Isaac called back, grabbing the last of the wrapping paper and putting it into the garbage bag



he had brought with him.

“You don’t have to clean.” Scott said with a chuckle, coming up behind him and kissing the back of his neck.

Isaac turned to him with a raised eyebrow. “How are we going to decorate, if I don’t clean?”

“Decorate...for Thanksgiving?”

Isaac laughed. “No, moy grusha, for Christmas...don’t you guys decorate?”

“Not since Stiles was kidnapped, and certainly never this early.”

Isaac’s let out a laugh, having forgotten for a moment that this was a completely different pack.

“When Henry was born on Halloween, we kind of considered it an early Christmas present, so we started decorating early. It’s all the kid knows.”

“Well, who am I to stand in the way of Henry’s happiness?” Scott asked, moving forward to help him.

Isaac just chuckled. Stiles and Derek may have been their Alphas, but Henry certainly ran the pack.

“We haven’t had a real Christmas here in a while, it might be good to do it a little early.”

“Stiles missing really broke your routine, huh?” Isaac asked.

“It broke *everything*. Derek was...almost catatonic for months, and the rest of us...we just weren’t the same, you know?”

Isaac shook his head. “I really don’t. I mean, we’ve lost Aiden and Kali, but Stiles has always been more pack than they ever were, and I’ve...never lost him.”

“Well, I don’t recommend it.” Scott said, his voice dark. Isaac turned around and gave him a hug.

“Come on, let’s get this place cleaned up, and tomorrow we can decorate, that’ll cheer you up.”

The conversation was making Isaac a little uncomfortable, considering that if he had tried harder, he might have been able to save Stiles from Aiden.

“Well, it is my second favorite holiday.” Scott said with a small smirk.

“What wins?” Isaac said, curious about his mate.

“Arbor day.” Scott said with a completely straight face.

“Arbor day?”

“What? Does Christmas provide you oxygen?”

“You’re such a dork, moy grusha.” Isaac said, chucking the trash bag into the kitchen, and taking his hand, leading him upstairs.

“Was it my imagination or were Allison and Ennis getting...familiar?”

“Oh no, there’s something there. She used to look at me the same way.”

Isaac felt a momentary surge of possessive instinct. “Mine!” He growled, but it was more of a plea, worried and hurt.

“Yes, moy drook, all yours. We never even mated. Haven’t you ever had a fling, before?”

Isaac thought about it for a moment before shaking his head. “I dated... once, as in...one time, but...nothing ever came of it.”

“Well, that’s all it was with me an Allison. We thought we would end up together, but I ended up being made for you, not her, and I think she was made for Ennis...or not. It’s hard to tell in the beginning.’

“I’ve never understood the point of dating.” Isaac said, shaking his head as he crawled into bed. “I mean...we have mates, so why...why try to make it work out with anyone else, who can just hurt you?”

“We all have mates, but not all of us are lucky to find them. I mean... Ethan’s mate could be all the way in Siberia, and he’d never have reason to go there, and maybe...maybe some of us don’t want to be alone.” Scott finished, wrapping himself around Isaac.

“My mom always told me that destiny would draw us to the ones we should be with. I mean... look how you and I met. If Aiden had never taken Stiles, I would have never met you.”

Scott let out a soft whine and pressed himself closer. “Don’t want to think about life without you, moy drook.” He whispered.

“I love you, too.” Isaac kissed the top of Scott’s head, the last thought before he fell asleep was that he hoped that the other pack members found their mates, so they could feel the contentment and joy that he did.

## Chapter End Notes

Alright, I'll post again as soon as I can. Thank you. :)

# Racing

## Chapter Summary

Stiles tells the pack what happened at the mall.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

“So, wait, what happened?” Ethan asked with a chuckle.

It was a sign of how far Stiles had come that he could laugh about a...less than comfortable incident the two days after it happened. As he began to tell the story, his mind drifted back to two days earlier, when he and Derek had gone to the mall to shop for Henry's gifts.

*Two days earlier*

*Stiles had Derek's arm slung over his shoulder, as his heart palpitated.*

*Not the type of rush as one would expect before Christmas, but there were enough strangers that Stiles had to work to calm his breathing.*

*“Anytime that this gets to be too much for you, let me know.”*

*Stiles nodded, but moved forward, skipping over several stores.*

*“When I was a kid, it seemed like there were a bunch of toy stores, and now everything is lingerie and stupid shoes.” Stiles mumbled as they passed a store of the most horrendous ‘organic’ shoes he had ever seen.*

*“Excuse me, Alpha. Would you and your Omega like to switch your long distance service plan?” A man at a kiosk asked them, causing Stiles and Derek both to glare, and flash their eyes. The man backed away, his eyes changing to a soft golden color.*

*“The next time you refer to my mate as though he’s a piece of property, I’m going to castrate and send your family jewels on their own long distance trip.” Derek growled.*

*“Forgive me.” The salesman said, tilting his neck in submission*

*“Der, it’s alright.” Stiles said with a sigh, pulling Derek away. “If you stop to threaten everyone who treats me like...like and Omega, we’ll be here all day.”*

*It was the truth. People regarded Derek with quiet respect, while looking at Stiles as though he was a doll Derek had dressed up to bring around. Stiles was willing to grin and bear it, not wanting to provoke conflict, as long as people kept their distance, but when they stopped at the food court to grab a bite to eat, that’s when people began stepping on Stiles’ nerves.*

*First was the woman who gave took their order at the yakisoba restaurant:*

*“I’ll get a full plate with a side of eggrolls.” Stiles said, refusing to bend to the restaurant’s terms, which called the biggest plate; ‘The Alpha’.*

*“Oh, are you sure? We have smaller portions for Omegas” She said in a tone that suggested she thought she was being helpful.*

*Stiles felt wounded, but more angry than hurt.*

*“No, I want the bloody food that I ordered.” He snapped. “I’m one of the only fucking Omegas in Beacon Hills, it makes no sense whatso-fucking-ever that you would even have ‘Omega portions’” He snapped. It had been so long since he had had to deal with people’s prejudices when it came to Omegas that it was a surprise to feel the same anger he had felt when he was younger and people tried to coddle him.*

*Derek paid and carried Stiles’ tray to the table.*

*“I should’ve stayed home and ordered from Amazon.” Stiles grumbled as he crunched on his eggroll.*

*Derek’s face darkened, immediately. “Do you want to go back?” He asked.*

*Stiles shook his head. “I’m not scared, Der, just pissed. I mean, you’d think we were living in Medieval Europe or Pinochet’s Chile.” Stiles said, referencing the dictator of Chile’s barbaric policy towards Omega’s “Pinochet was Ecuador, I remember, because ‘Ecuador was not equal-for Omegas’.” Derek said.*

*Stiles laughed. “No, you’re thinking of today. Omegas are ostracized now, but Pinochet ran-.”*

*“Mommy, look at the Omega!” Stiles turned to the source of the voice, ready to growl and even claw at whoever had interrupted him. He hid his fangs and claws when he saw who it was. A small pup, looking only a year or two older than Henry. The comparison his brain made with his son stilled his anger.*

*“Yes, Michelle, a rather adorable one.” The mother said. Derek moved to get up, but Stiles put a hand on his shoulder.*

*“Not in front of the girl.” He whispered, his parental instincts flaring up at the thought of Derek killing someone in front of an innocent child.*

*The little girl ran up to Stiles, and in complete violation of his personal space, tugged on his shirt.*

*“Excuse me, Mr. Omega.” She said.*

*Stiles managed a smile on his face as turned. “Yes, dear?”*

*“I’ve never met an Omega, before. My teacher said that they had red eyes, but mommy says that only Alphas had red eyes.”*

*“And I suppose you want to see mine?” Stiles said, trying not to be too frustrated with a girl that was obviously as curious as Henry.*

*The girl nodded, shyly. ‘Sure, you’re shy now.’ Stiles thought to himself.*

*With a sigh, Stiles turned his eyes and stared at the girl, whose own eyes had turned blue, and opened wide in awe.*

*“They are red.” She whispered.*

*“Michelle, honey, I think you’ve bothered the Omega enough.” The girl’s mother said, approaching him, making Derek’s chest rumble in a growl, though it was what she did next that truly tested his resolve.*

*“Though, I must admit, a rather cute one.” She said, reaching out and pinching Stiles’ cheek. Stiles tried not to flinch and failed, and the moment he didn’t he heard a sharp crack, and looked down to see the Derek’s claws had snapped the little plastic table they were sitting at, his eyes blazing furiously. Stiles reached out and calmed him by rubbing his knuckles.*

*The women looked down at the table, and let out a nervous chuckle. “Oh my.” She said. “I do hope I haven’t violated-.”*

*“Personal space?” Stiles asked, keeping his tone as friendly as possible. “Very much so, and my mate here is very protective, so it might be best for you to run along, now that Michelle has gotten her answer.”*

*“Yes, of course. Come along, Michelle, dear.”*

*Michelle let herself be led away, though she kept her eyes glued to Stiles until she turned a corner.*

*“That little-.” Derek began in a snarl, but Stiles shook his head.*

*“Makes no sense to growl about it, now.” Stiles said with a weary sigh.*

*“I’m...I’m still not quite to my old self, but...I remember that this is just what happens, at least with older people...I miss Jungle.”*

*“The club?” Derek asked.*

*Stiles nodded. “The few times that I snuck out to go there, I never felt... different. I mean, the other Alphas and Betas swarmed towards me, but no one ever acted as though I the same age as Michelle.”*

*“We should go, before you get in trouble for mangling the table.”*

*“Better than me mangling the bitch that touched you.” Derek said, still glowering. “Which is exactly what I was going to do.”*

*“And what would that have accomplished, except a trip to prison? And I have to tell you, Der, I don’t think I could survive prison.” Stiles said, though with a smile.*

*“I swear, I very seriously considered homicide.” Derek said, like Stiles, able to laugh about it when they were telling the pack.*

*“I mean, I get the little girl, but the mom...and that lady at the restaurant.” Ethan said, shaking his head in disbelief.*

*“I forgot that we’re rather...different when it comes to Omegas.” Lydia added.*

*“People treat Omegas differently?” Henry asked as he waited patiently for Isaac and Scott to come down with the decorations.*

*“Sometimes. It’s just the way our world is set up, kind of like...race in the human world.” Stiles explained, making Henry cock his head.*



“Who’s racing?” He asked.

Stiles just chuckled. “I’ll tell you when you’re older.”

“The next time you go, we’ll go with you and glare people down.” Ethan offered, but Stiles shook his head.

“You’re not going to destroy centuries of social construct with a glare. As long as my pack treats me with respect, I’ll be alright.”

“I was never that bad, was I?” Isaac asked, carting several boxes down the stairs, while Scott followed him with another pile, both bringing the scent of dust and neglect with them. Henry clapped his hands excitedly.

“Remind me again why we’re doing this so early?” Allison asked, sitting rather close to Ennis, who had been whispering in her ear, looking like an unofficial couple, making Stiles wonder when they would just admit that they liked each other.

“A tradition from our pack.” Deucalion said, moving forward to begin opening boxes. “Your last few Christmases have been rather dull, if I understood Derek, correctly.”

“Yeah, get in the spirit.” Ennis said with a chuckle.

“Daddy, can we do the tree first?” Henry asked.

“Of course, kiddo.” Stiles said, before thinking for a moment and adding.

“Ah, frak, we’ll have to go out, won’t we?” He asked.

“Why, daddy?”

“Well, I know when we were living with...your papa we had a plastic tree, but this pack has always gone out and gotten a fresh one.” Stiles explained.

“Well, you guys can start and we can go out and get the tree.” Alison offered, giggling when Ennis tickled her ribs.

“Uh huh.” Derek said, waggling his eyebrows at them.

“I’ll go to make sure that they behave themselves.” Deucalion said, getting up from his spot.

“We don’t need a chaperone.” Allison said, but with a blush.

“We’re just teasing you, go.” Derek said, a warm smile on his lips. His attempts to be more amicable with the pack had been going over well, even if they didn’t quite catch on to his humor right away.

“Looks like the tree will have to wait, kiddo.” Stiles told Henry.

It was almost like a miracle. The scents of pine and cinnamon, musty though they were, brought Stiles’ memories alight. Not to his time with Aiden, but rather to his time with the pack, where for years they had decorated and enjoyed warm fires bundled on the floor, watching the rain fall, and sipping hot cocoa.

When Ennis arrived with the tree, he enlisted the help of Scott and Isaac brining it in, something that confused Stiles until he saw the size of the tree. It was at least ten feet tall, and much too tall for the living room. The ended up setting it in the entrance hall.

“Compensating for something?” Ethan asked with a snigger, causing a glare from both Ennis and Stiles. Ennis for being the butt of the joke, and Stiles for preserving his son’s innocent mind.

“What? He’s seen Shrek.” Ethan said, attempting to look innocent himself.

Even more comforting than the memories the smell of Christmas brought with it, was the look of pure innocent joy and exuberance that Henry had on his face as Stiles lifted him up to put ornaments on the tree.

Stiles noticed for the time in a long time, the scenting that packs went through. Though they did not approach him as readily as Derek, Isaac, Deucalion, and Ennis frequently got as close as they could and let a quick scenting occur between them, always looking for approval from Stiles first,

who nodded allowing the ritual to take place.

It was a necessary act of bonding, one that Stiles remembered each older member of the pack going through, and one that he ignored his jealousy for. Wolves had to smell like their pack or they never quite fit in. The fact that they were doing it now, was only more proof that he was healing, and that the pack felt comfortable enough getting their scent on himself and Derek.

## Chapter End Notes

Sexy times in the next chapter.

i know this is all fluff and healing and really long, but I really want Derek and Stiles to end with their own child and it would be unrealistic that Stiles is ready for that now. Plus, if I end it, I wont have anymore Henry, and I really like him.

If you guys hate it, though I could end it and move on to 'Stray' and 'Beauty and the Beast' (Which will be Steter!)

# **Back on the .Horse.**

## Chapter Summary

Derek and Stiles get intimate.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

“Hey, look at that.” Stiles said, as he carried an exhausted Henry up to bed.

Derek looked up to where Stiles was pointing with his free hand, a sprig of mistletoe was hanging there.

“You know that stuff is poisonous, right?” Derek asked.

“Well, I was going to eat it, but since you warned me, I think I’ll settle for a kiss.” Stiles said, moving forward and allowing his mouth to meet with Derek’s.

Derek moaned and wrapped his fingers over the back of Stiles’ neck to pull him closer, the touch sending an electric current through his skin.

“I’m going to put Henry to bed, and then I expect to see you in our

room, naked.” Stiles growled, smirking at Derek’s surprised look.

Derek opened his mouth, but Stiles put a finger to his lips. “Bed...naked.” He muttered, turning on his heel and carrying Henry up the stairs.

As Stiles placed Henry gently on his bed, the child groaned in his sleep, and turned over to get more comfortable. Stiles wrapped the stuffed wolf around his son and switched on his starry night light.

“I love you more than anything, kiddo. Sweet dreams.” He whispered, kind of glad that Henry was asleep. The things he was willing to try with Derek tonight wouldn’t be appropriate for a pup’s peeking eyes...or ears.

Having obeyed Stiles’ command, Derek was reclining in bed, naked, except for a sheet tastefully covering his cock. Stiles wasted no time in tackling his mate, and pressing soft kisses to his chest.

“Babe?” Derek asked, and Stiles looked up.

“I want you, Derek. I fucking love you, and I want to just...be close to you.” Stiles whispered.

“Are you-?” Derek began, but Stiles just ran his tongue over his throat, and his words fell into nothing more than a moan.

Derek only had one mating mark on his neck, but Stiles knew how to work the scar to make Derek curl his toes. With his hand, he reached down and began stroking Derek’s hardening member while his tongue danced over the mark.

“I’m going to suck you until you scream my name and shoot.” Stiles whispered. His own words stirring some memories in the back of his mind, but he ignored them. He wanted this, he *needed* this. The desire for intimacy with his mate overrode any feelings of fear, and maybe...maybe that’s all healing was. He might never forget, but he would be able to ignore the memories enough that he could get close to Derek.

Even now, as he made his way down Derek’s body, he could feel

excitement and lust pooling in his groin, making him glad that he was doing what he was doing. Obligation was not the primary reason driving him.

Older memories flooded his mind as he remembered the tricks he used to drive Derek crazy when they were younger. He ghosted his lips over the hair on Derek's stomach, flicked his tongue over the corded muscle, and used his fingers to tweak Derek's nipples.

"Babe..." Derek rumbled, letting out a primal grunt.

Stiles approached Derek's cock as he might a pool or a lake. He didn't jump in right away and begin sucking. Instead he tested the water, licking he shaft, teasingly dragging his tongue up and down the smooth skin, the intoxicating musk of his mate washing over him. Arousal was the dominate scent in the room.

"Stiles, babe, you..." Derek stopped speaking, a momentary whiff of fear coming to Stiles, who understood. Derek had no way of knowing everything that Aiden had spoken when he had been...taken, and was scared of saying something to ruin the moment.

Stiles didn't need to hear words, though. He could see Derek tensing, his hand fisting the sheets as his claws cut into them like butter. The growls and moans were enough for Stiles, and the stuttered cry, when Stiles finally opened his mouth and took Derek's length into it.

The salty precum was sweet to Stiles, it was his mate's and he relished the taste, using his tongue to lap it up while he moved his head up and down to pleasure his mate. When he swallowed, his throat pulsed and Derek let out a breathy pant.

"I don't know...won't last, babe." He moaned, his voice conflicted between wanting release and wanting to stay in the fog of pleasure Stiles was giving him.

They had years, many, in fact in order to sleep together, explore and touch each other's bodies, so it was with a smirk that Stiles quickened his pace.

It was short, but it had been the first time that they had been so intimate, and when Derek shoot, with a strangled howl, Stiles greedily swallowed all that his mate had to give.

“Fuck...fucking fuck! That was...” Derek didn’t speak anymore, he pulled Stiles up, and kissed him passionately, before gently flipping their positions so that Stiles was on his back. Stiles felt himself melt into the kiss, melding with Derek, becoming one in such a way that he had experienced since he was younger. Derek’s touches sent waves of electricity and pleasure throughout his body, even the hairs on his beard tickled Stiles in just the right way.

Derek pulled back and looked down at Stiles’ body like a man seeing a rainbow for the first time, like it was something to be respected and worshiped. And worship it, he did. Derek’s mouth sought every bit of Stiles’ chest and stomach. Lips ghosted over body hair, his tongue teased a nipple, and his nose came to Stiles’ armpit taking in the scent he found there. Stiles blushed a little, feeling as though a long day had made him stink, but then he remembered how he had found no malodourous scent on Derek’s body, and imagined that Derek must have felt the same.

Until Derek’s tongue flicked out and licked there.

“What are you doing?” Stiles asked in a whisper, forced out as a pant.

“Tasting my mate, loving him. Everything about you, Stiles...” Derek growled and moved his mouth back down, placing deep kisses there, moving lower and suckling on every bit of his chest.

Stiles savored the moment, Derek’s mouth finally found his cock. Though he was sure that the man hadn’t, he knew that Derek had been free to masturbate, even while Stiles was gone. Stiles had not achieved an orgasm in a very long time, his body not reacting to Aiden as other Omegas would have. Even if it had been violated, his body was always and would forever be Derek’s and so when Derek widened his mouth and sucked on his orbs as well as the shaft, Stiles could feel his impending orgasm come closer.

## Derek

When Stiles came, Derek considered it a more pure and blissful moment than even his own orgasm. To hear the mewling pants of pleasure that Stiles brought forth, followed by the howl was music to his ears. That his mate had trusted him enough to engage in the activity was the sweet topping on a perfect moment. Stiles was happy, truly and completely, with no trace of fear present, no doubt or worry in his eyes, and no restrictions in his movements. His hands had guided Derek without asking permission, something Derek found extremely attractive. When they had been younger, Stiles had been more dominating, something that Derek knew Stiles would need to time to return to, but seeing the spark of it, again, had definitely contributed to his second erection.

“That was...fuck!” Stiles said with a chuckle, running his fingers over Derek’s chest.

“Magical? Hot? Perfect?” Derek offered. “All of the above. It wasn’t...I mean, we didn’t go all the way, but-.”

“It was still a perfect moment in my life, babe. Watching you come undone in my mouth...”

“I’d like to do it...soon, just...I need a little time.”

“And I told you, babe, take all the time you need.” Derek said, kissing the top of his head. He would never admonish Stiles for speaking to his fears, but when he even tried to imagine himself forcing Stiles into sex, either through words or actions, his stomach turned and bile rose in his throat.

He shook the dark thought from his mind, and instead focused on Stiles, whose body was still laid out next to him. Moving his hands down, Derek began to rub the man’s shoulders, if for no other reason than he liked to be in contact with Stiles as often as possible.

“Feels good.” Stiles mumbled, sounding sleepy. Derek had to hide a



chuckle as he remembered the days when his Stiles would be wiped after sex.

“Sleep, my angel. I’ll join you in your dreams.”

Stiles mumbled something that sounded like ‘love you’. Before his breathing evened out.

## Isaac

Isaac snuck out of bed, and padded his way down the hallway to Henry’s room, peeking on the child to make sure he was still asleep. He would never be angry about Stiles healing enough to have sex with Derek, but he did worry that Henry might have been awakened by the howls coming from his parent’s room.

However, Henry dozed peacefully, his arm wrapped around his wolf as he snored lightly.

“Oh, thank Lupa.” He heard a whisper as he left Henry’s room, softly shutting the door behind him.

Allison softly ran up to him, and without any explanation, pulled at his arm to get him to follow her.

“Oh, no, I wasn’t going to bed or anything.” He mumbled as she shut her door.

“You were up checking on Henry, and I just need to talk to you real quick.”

“Yes, Ennis likes you.” Isaac snapped, guessing what she wanted was a confirmation of Ennis’ feelings.

“How can you tell?” She asked, sounding exasperated.

“You mean besides the smell of arousal and contentment which clings to him more than he does to you?”

“Well, yeah, that’s what I thought, too, but...” She let out a sigh and sat down on the bed. “I mean, earlier this evening, he kissed me and I was like...” Instead of using a word to explain herself, Allison made a little flail of excitement. Isaac had to bite his cheek to keep himself from laughing.

“What was that, again?” He asked, his laughter bulging against his cheeks.

“Shut up.” She snapped with a glare. “The *point* is that I thought he wanted me as much as I want him, but then, when we were done kissing, he left.”

“So... he’s behaving like a gentleman? The scoundrel.” Isaac said with mock anger.

“Well, no, it’s just...I like him, Isaac, and I was wondering if I did anything to scare him off.”

“Probably not, but it’s not like I’ve dated him myself. Why are you asking me instead of asking him?”

“Because we’re not like you and Scott or Stiles and Derek. I...feel for him, but I don’t know that we’re mates.”

“Yet.” Isaac corrected for her. “It’s not always an immediate thing, Allison. The first time that I came back, I hardly noticed Scott.”

“But Scott never ran off when you kissed him.”

“I repeat: He was being a gentleman. Soak it up, enjoy it, patience makes the heart grow fonder.”

“That’s ‘absence’.”

“Whatever, sestra.” Isaac said with a chuckle, leaning over and kissing her on her forehead. “He likes you, trust me. Give it time.”

“What did you just call me?”

“It means sister...sister.”

## Chapter End Notes

Yay! Sex finally. I thought it's be fun to flesh out the ancillary relationships for once, so Allison is having trouble with her feelings a little.

I know, the chapter title suggests "real" sex, but...oral is just as intimate and real as anal.

I have a bunch of fic ideas just bursting from my head, so I'm going to share them with you, just to be a tease:

1. 'Stray', the story I recently previewed.
2. Beauty and the Beast, Steter fic.
3. Stiles amnesia fic, I was thinking about something like Anastasia.
4. 'Movie' prequel, which I am calling 'Running up that Hill'.
5. Dystopian future fic.

Alright, so this is all for now, I'm always typing, and will post again soon. Let me know what you think.

# Bond

## Chapter Summary

Derek and Henry bond.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Derek

“Good morning, handsome.” Stiles said as Derek opened his eyes.

“Ah, the sun is up.” Derek replied, smiling warmly at his mate.

“Uh...yeah, it’s kind of noon.”

Derek shook his head. “I meant you.”

Stiles blushed, and kissed Derek’s on the head. “You’re so cheesy.”

“You love it.” Derek said, pulling Stiles down so they were laying chest to chest.

“I do, and I love you, and your bed head, and-.”

“Daddy!”

“And my son.” Stiles said with a laugh as Henry barged into the room, and seeing Stiles lying on top of Derek, decided he should join in as well.

“So...doggy pile?” Stiles asked, once Henry had climbed on Stiles’ back. Derek thanked the gods for convenient sheet coverings.

“We’re *wolves*, daddy, not dogs.”

“It’s an expression, kiddo.” Stiles said, laughing.

After a moment, Henry poked Stiles in the back, Derek could only tell, because it jostled Stiles’ shoulder.

“Daddy, can we go to the park, today.”

The scent of fear wasn’t anywhere near what it had been in the past, but Stiles still seemed a little...worried by his son’s request.

“I don’t know if...maybe you could ask Uncle Isaac.”

Seeing the sad look on Henry’s face, Derek quickly interjected.

“Or, I could take you.”

Stiles looked down at him with a raised eyebrow. “Der, you-.”

“Adopted him. He’s my son, too, and I don’t mind. I mean...as long as you feel that you’ll be alright.”

“Yeah.” Stiles said, with Derek listening very closely for any doubts or insecurities. “I mean...if I get scared, I could call you, right?”

Derek nodded. “Of course, and I’ll fly over here.”

“Otets, you don’t have wings.” Henry said, making Stiles chuckle, and the sincerity in his laughter was what told Derek that they could do this. Separate for a short time.

That wouldn't keep him from keeping his phone glued to his hand, waiting for any call from his mate, though.

"Stiles, you don't have to-."

"Der, I've been doing better, and I think that this would actually be good for both of you. Go and bond."

Derek didn't want to seem too happy at the idea of leaving Stiles for a day, and in all honesty, he wasn't, but the chance to hang out with Henry sounded like a very good idea. It wasn't as though Henry ostracized him, but Derek had spent very little time with the boy, and he wanted to know his son better.

"Can we get ice cream, Otets?" Henry asked, and Derek smiled.

"Of course, kiddo."

"Der, you'll keep him-."

"I'll die a hundred times over before I let harm come to our son, babe."  
Derek promised.

Stiles smiled at him.

It took Derek all of five second to decide that his idea to take Henry out was a good one. The kid was remarkable curious and smart, just like his father, and Derek didn't regret a moment of their time together. Derek decided to take Henry to the mall, when Henry insisted (with a pout that was all Stiles) on Cold Stone.

They walked past the stores, slowly, enjoying their ice cream, though the woman had given Derek a raised eyebrow when Henry asked for pickles in his birthday cake flavored dessert.

"My gods, isn't he adorable?" A woman asked her husband, before kneeling in their path, causing Derek to let out a protective snarl and pulled

Henry back.

“Forgive my wife, Alpha...?” The man said, reaching out to tug on his wife’s shirt.

“Derek.” Derek said, wary of the strangers.

“She’s...she’s always loved kids.” The man said, a sad note in his voice.

“He’s a handsome boy.” She said. “You have great genes.”

“Otets, what are ‘genes’?” Henry asked, his face scrunching in confusion.

“Genes are...when your papa and daddy made you, they mixed their genes and that’s why you look like you do.” “

Oh, so you’re not...”

“Adopted. I’m the mate of his father.” Derek said, kindly. He thought about Stiles and how he would get that exasperated look for snapping at strangers.

“Well...that’s marvelous. Forgive my terrible manners, my name is Marlene, this is my husband, David.”

Derek opened his mouth to say that it was nice to meet them, but Henry spoke first.

“My name is Henry, and this is my otets, Derek.”

“Otets?” Marlene asked.

“It means father in Russian. His uncle gave him a word that he could use so that he didn’t have to call me papa...like his papa.” Derek said, feeling a tic of anger at even mentioning Aiden.

“Well it is very nice to meet you, Henry.” Marlene said, standing up. “We’ll leave you to your shopping then, I’m sorry if we offended you.”

“No offense, I’m just-.”

“Protective of your cub.” She said, nodding. “If I had one, I would be the exact same way.” The same tone of sadness entered her voice, and Derek’s curiosity was piqued, but it was Henry who asked the question.

“Why don’t you have one, then?”

“Henry, that’s a rude question.” Derek reprimanded, quietly.

“No, it’s alright.” David said, quietly to Derek before turning to Henry. “We can’t have children.”

“Why not?”

“Because I was not born a woman, so I...I can’t have children.”

It was clear to Derek that Henry didn’t understand what he was being told, but he smiled anyway.

“I’m sorry.” He said, giving Marlene a hug, which Derek allowed.

“It’s nothing, child.”

Later, when Derek sat down with Henry outside of the toy store to finish their ice cream, Henry turned to Derek, a ponderous expression on his face.

“Otets, how come you and daddy haven’t had any more babies?”

Derek never ceased to be amazed with Henry and his inquisitive nature.

“Well, I mean...we will...one day, but your daddy...neither of us, are really ready for that.”

“Because you aren’t married?”

“Well...” Derek began, unsure of how to explain himself. “A little, yeah.” In reality, Derek had always thought that he and Stiles would be married, but hadn’t given it any consideration since Stiles had been kidnapped.



“Then you should marry daddy, I want a little brother or sister.”

“Well, I think that your daddy is happy with just you for now. Maybe when you’re a little older we can have another one. Besides, I like spending time with you.”

“I like spending time with you, too, Otets. Can we go to the park, now?”

“You don’t want any toys?” Derek asked, smiling when Henry’s eyes lit up.

“I didn’t know if I could.”

“Son, I’m your father now, too. If you want a toy, all you have to do is ask.”

“Just one?” Henry asked, a sly smile on his face as though he was wondering how many toys he could get.

“Well...I did miss two birthdays and Christmases, so let’s make up for it.” Derek said, throwing their bowls away, and leading Henry into the store by the hand.

## Stiles

“What are you doing, babe?” Derek’s voice was soft.

“It’s called laundry. Just because we’re werewolves doesn’t mean that we don’t eventually stink.” Stiles said with a chuckle.

“Yeah, but you don’t...you didn’t have to, babe.”

“PTSD doesn’t stop me from being able to do laundry-.”

“Daddy, daddy! Look what Otets bought me!” Henry cried, running into the laundry room, carrying with him a box containing a Nintendo 3DS.

“You bought him a 3DS?” Stiles asked, raising an eyebrow, but smiling

nonetheless.

“It’s what he wanted.” Derek said with a shrug.

“Very cool.” Stiles said, crouching to Henry’s level.

“I can play it when you and Otets go in your room or when you’re playing with Isaac and Allison.”

“That’s right. Did Derek show you how to set it up?”

“He wanted you to do it. And I quote: ‘Daddy knows more about video games.’”

“Don’t deny my awesomeness.” Stiles said with a smirk.

“I also got ice cream and five games.”

“That was very nice of Derek.” Stiles said, though mostly to his mate, Henry was too busy trying to open the box.

“I don’t mind, and it’s not like...he’s my son, Stiles, I was happy to do so.”

Derek came to fatherhood so naturally that it made Stiles ache for the day when he would be prepared to have another child.

Derek would be an amazing father, and together they would raise Henry and any other children they had to do great things. Even now, when Henry ran up to Derek and showed him the things his new game system could do, Derek never showed disinterest or boredom. He looked at what Henry was showing him as intently as anything that Stiles had ever shown him.

“Daddy, can I go show Uncle Isaac?”

“Give me a hug first, kiddo.” Stiles said, stretching his arms out to catch his eager son. Stiles scented him for a moment, before letting him run off to find Isaac.

“That really was kind of you, Der. Fatherhood looks good on you.”

Derek blushed, but something sad in his eyes, drawing a question from Stiles.

“What’s wrong?”

Derek just shook his head. “Nothing, babe. What do you say to some dinner?”

“I could cook.”

“You do laundry, and I’ll make dinner...We’ll make someone else do the dishes.” Derek said with a wink.

“I’m glad you two had a good time.” Stiles said a little later, coming in to the smell of roasting chicken and vegetables.

“It was...your son is amazing, Stiles. He’s so much like you that it’s almost scary. The same curiosity, cleverness, and...if I recall correctly, you ate weird things when you were younger.”

“I most certainly did not.” Stiles said, with mock indignation. “What are you making, anyway?” Stiles asked as he picked a carrot from the pot, while Derek playfully swatted at his hand.

“Chicken pot pies.”

Stiles blinked at him. “Der, you know I love you more than anything, but...that’s a complex dish.”

“I can cook, it’s not like it’s a science.” Derek said, brandishing the spoon he was using to stir.

“I may have been out of commission for a while, but I’m pretty sure they invented food science.”

Derek shrugged and reached out, pulling Stiles towards him, dipping his

finger in pot of broth and offering it to Stiles, who sucked on it.

“How does it taste?” Derek asked, huskily.

Stiles blushed and chuckled. “Pretty good, actually, but uh...” He sucked on Derek’s finger more, a slow sensual motion. “This tastes better.” He said, looking up Derek with a wicked grin.

Derek pulled Stiles even closer and Stiles could feel his mate’s erection rubbing against his thigh.

“Do you know what you do to me?” Derek asked.

“This?” Stiles replied, running a finger over the bulging denim of Derek’s jeans, making Derek moan.

Derek growled and kissed Stiles fiercely, bringing forth absolutely no fear in Stiles, in fact, Stiles would have been willing to get down on his knees and please his mate if it weren’t for his son and the pack in the living room.

## Chapter End Notes

Ugh, worse writer's block, that's why this chapter is so late.

Yay for Derek and Henry bonding, I want few more chapters with this in it.

I really wanted more diversity, so that's where David and his wife come in, though they will be important for the final conflict which I decided to add. They are linked to that pack in Georgia that John and Talia ran into ages ago.

Sorry for the wait, I really love you guys and if it were up to me, I'd be done with it so I could post chapters every hour.

Look forward to your thoughts, and will post again when I can.

Thank you.

# The Plan

## Chapter Summary

Marlene speaks to her Alpha and Stiles heals a little more

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Marlene

“I don’t want him, anymore.” Marlene said quietly to the man.

His Southern accent hardly betrayed any anger, but his eye did, it flashed angry red.

“What do you mean you don’t want him anymore?”

“I...I’m having second thoughts.”

“Which is why Betas don’t think, Alphas do. Do you know what it would mean for our pack to have an Omega?”

“Yes, but why this one, Alpha? His mate seemed nice enough.”

“I don’t give a fuck if his mate is perfect for him, you want a child, and I

want an Omega. After what his father did to me, I deserve this.”

The Alpha stepped forward into the light, and Marlene looked away, not able to bring herself to stare at the ugly red scar that ran across his face, marring it, one eye missing altogether.

“I remember, Alpha.”

“Do you, really? Do you remember Martin, Lewis, and Ashley? Your brothers and sister, mauled by that fucking Western savage?”

Marlene flinched at the reminder of her fellow pack mates and she tried to feel the rage that she did that day, the rage that had made her swear vengeance.

*Several Months Earlier*

*Marlene laughed as she chased Ashley through the forest.*

*“Come on, sis, catch up.” She laughed.*

*Marlene switched to running on all fours, launching herself forward through the trees.*

*When she finally caught up with Ashley, it wasn’t because she was running faster, but because Ashley had stopped. Marlene rose from her crouched position.*

*“Shh, listen.” Ashley whispered.*

*Marlene did, for a moment, there was nothing, and then the sounds of approaching footsteps gradually got louder, along with whispering.*

*“Intruders.” Marlene whispered. “Run!”*

*Ashley obeyed, hurtling herself back towards the pack’s house, while*

*Marlene kept herself behind a little, to protect her younger pack mate, if necessary.*

*Their territory was well marked, impossible to miss, even for humans. Urine and signs marked the borders, and the only thing that Marlene could think of was that they had violated their territory on purpose.*

*To attack.*

*“Alpha Mordrake! We have intruders on our land!” Marlene screamed at the top of her lungs, falling into the strong arms of her Alpha when she reached the clearing where their house stood. Robert would never let anything happen to them, Marlene had faith in the man who led their pack.*

*Drawn by Marlene’s shouts, Lewis and Martin came running out of the house, staying behind Robert.*

*Slowly, two shapes emerged from the trees. A man and a woman, bearing with them the scent of frustration, loss, and somewhere deep...hope.*

*“What do you want?” Robert asked, his claws and fangs out, a warning to the two trespassers.*

*“We’re just passing through, looking for my son.” The man said, a growl in his voice, and his eyes flashing in response to the threatening glare of Robert.*

*“Well, we don’t have anyone here who didn’t grow up here, so kindly leave.”*

*“I was told he might have come through here, please, he’s an Omega, and he’s been missing for a while.”*

*Marlene thought it sounded somewhat familiar. A rumor whispered through the packs of an Omega gone missing. Marlene had never even met one, rare as they were. If she had, she probably wouldn’t have paid it much attention. In the pecking order of life, Omegas were only superior to humans.*



*“Well, if a stray Omega wandered into my territory, I’d have a new pack mate, but alas, all I have is my hand.” Robert said, making Marlene shift uncomfortably. She wasn’t sure why her Alpha was taunting an obviously distressed father.*

*The man and the woman both snarled. “Watch your fucking mouth.” The woman warned.*

*Robert cocked his head. “You asked about your son, I don’t have him, leave my territory.”*

Marlene shuddered and forced herself back to the present. It was too hard to remember that day. They had lost so much that day.

“He’ll help us move forward, Marlene, we’ll be a pack, again.” Robert said, looking at her and David...all that remained.

“I know, and I want us to be a pack, but...it feels wrong.” Marlene whispered.

## Stiles

“I’m glad we could do this, son.” John said, leaning back on the blanket Stiles had thrown out.

It had been Stiles’ idea to go out for a picnic. He still didn’t like being in close quarters with too many strangers, but the park was mostly deserted. As November reached its halfway point, the weather was perfect. Grey clouds dotted the sky, and if it happened to rain, Stiles would have considered it a blessing.

Talia was chasing Henry through the grass, while Derek watched carefully, even his mother not exempt from his eyes, always looking for dangers to their son.

“Well I held true to my promise.” Stiles said with a chuckle. “At least once a week with your grandson.”

“And my son.” John said, reaching out and pulling Stiles into a hug.

“And maybe more, soon.” Stiles said, quietly, watching Derek to make sure he didn’t overhear. He didn’t want to get his mate’s hopes up.

“What do you mean?” John asked, cottoning on rather quickly, and speaking in a hushed whisper.

“Well, I was thinking...and I could be completely wrong, but...I’ve been healing rather well, right?”

John nodded. “There was never a moment that I thought that anything was wrong with you, but I think you’re getting to a...happier place.”

“I am, and it’s not because I have to, I’m actually really comfortable with people, again. It’s been a week since anyone in the pack scared me. I know you and everyone else say there’s nothing wrong with me, but...if there was, it’s receding.”

John twitched his lips as though he wanted to argue against Stiles, but it was a long tired argument from both sides. Stiles had heard it all before, how there was nothing wrong with him, but...he still felt broken...partially, at least.

“In any case, I don’t know if I’m fully ready...” Stiles began, shredding a leaf in his fingers, “but, I think I’m close to ready to throw out my contraceptives.”

John raised an eyebrow, but Stiles spoke before he could.

“I know, I need to be sure, because going through my heat could totally... shatter what I’ve built so far, but...I’m not thinking about it for anyone but myself, which in and of itself is a huge step forward. I mean...a few weeks ago, a lot of my decisions were made on whether or not it would be inconvenient to others. And sex...sex is-.”

“Something you should not be speaking to your father about.” John said, quickly.

“The *point*,” Stiles pressed, “is that I think, really soon, I might be ready to bear one of Derek’s children.”

“That’s encouraging, and if you’re sure that you’re ready for it, obviously I won’t stop you.”

“I just...I just worry, dad.”

“Worry about what, son?” John asked, looking at Stiles with no judgments or preconceptions.

“How do you feel about Derek?”

John cocked his head. “I’m afraid I don’t understand...as your mate?”

Stiles shook his head. “No, as a father...I mean, if Derek and I have a kid, it’d be the same to me as Henry is, my blood, my cub. But Der...”

“You worry that he’d love his own natural child more than Henry?” John asked and Stiles nodded with a blush.

In response, John turned Stiles’ head to look out across the field. Derek was chasing Henry, who was screaming in laughter when Derek caught him. The game was apparently ‘tease the wolf’. After a few moments, Derek let go of Henry and turned his back, only for Henry to poke him, prompting another chase. It brought a smile to Stiles’ lips.

“That man, that *love*, going away? Never in a million years, Stiles. I speak from experience, seeing as I view Derek as a second son, you don’t lose love like that, and your heart just gets bigger to fit more people inside of it.”

“It’s just...always been a worry at the back of my mind. When we were little and in pack classes...they talked about how important blood ties are, and they never made it seem as though an outside pup could fit into that.”

“Fully outside? Maybe not as much, but Henry is of you, son. A child doesn’t have to come from an Alpha to be included in the pack, and your

pack...rightfully, treats you like an Alpha, anyway. If you picked a kid up off the street, the reaction might not be the same, but Henry is as much a child of the pack as any that you and Derek will have.” He let out a chuckle, and patted Stiles on the arm. “You know that normally it’s the child that fears for being loved less.”

“Yeah, but that’s not Henry’s style. He doesn’t worry about those kinds of things.” Stiles snorted. “Actually, according to Derek, Henry *wants* a brother or sister. When I was that age...I never thought about such things.”

“You’re more alike than you think. When...” John’s voice dropped and got thick. “Right before we lost your mother, you feared that you’d forget her, and you asked her to have another child so you’d always remember her.”

Stiles felt a tear slide down his cheek. What a foolish child he had been, his mother was as much of a part of his heart as Derek was.

“I don’t...I don’t remember that.”

“You were young and grieving. I only remember because she wanted to try, but...” John fell into silence, the sunset reflecting in his tears as he looked out across the field.

They sat like that for a moment, with Stiles staring at Derek and Henry, but not really seeing them.

“So what do you want?” John asked, after a moment.

“Ice cream?”

“No, a boy or a girl.”

“You know when you ask that, I’m required by the laws of the Council of the Cliché to say: ‘I don’t care as long as it’s healthy.’”

John nodded. “And then you tell me what you’d like. I won’t spill it on the news or anything.”

“Well, a girl would be nice, but...I wouldn’t say no to another boy. Either way, protective as fuck father sitting, right here. Even with Henry...” Stiles shuddered. “I dread the day that he’s old enough to date.”

“No offense, son, but you seem like the type to begrudgingly accept any man or woman your children bring home. Derek, on the other hand, he’s more likely to make a date end with a disemboweling.”

“Well, yeah, I want my kid to like me at least a little bit of their teenage years...Unless the second is an Omega.”

“That changes things?”

“It did for you. I mean...raise him to be an Alpha, like you did me, but I didn’t understand why you were so protective until I had Henry.”

John chuckled. “You hated me so much, back then.”

“I didn’t hate you or Derek, but...I just hated it. It felt like...what’s the big deal, you know? And then...Well, then I learned why Omegas need a little more protection.”

John nodded. “Nothing I did when I was raising you was to make you unhappy, I just...wanted you safe.”

“And I want the same for Henry and any other children that I have.” Stiles said.

“Daddy, grandpa, come and play with us!” Henry called. They had little choice or desire to do anything other than get up and chase Henry, Derek and Talia.

## Chapter End Notes

So this was a whole thing this weekend. I was just...out of it, I guess

you could say, so sorry about the long update time. I also got to work a little on 'Stray' so at least it wasn't an entire waste.

I should clarify, the final conflict I mentioned and alluded to in this chapter won't be a bad time for Stiles. I just like adding BAMF!Stiles whenever I can, and that's what this will be for.

I've left enough clues, I think, that you should be able to guess what Derek and Stiles' Christmas gifts will be. So, we still have a ways to go, how could I have ever thought of ending the story? We need prego!Stiles. I always like writing that.

# We Love

## Chapter Summary

Various romances progress

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Derek

The setting sun glinted off the jewels set in the gold, platinum, and silver. Derek smiled at the salesman, a young human in a nice suit, and with a shy smile.

“Hi...Sir, how are you this evening?”

“Good, thank you.”

“How can I help you?”

“I’m planning on proposing to my mate and wanted to look at some rings.”

“Ah, so we’ll skip the silver.” The salesman said with a chuckle. He seemed nervous, so Derek just smiled at him. He didn’t want to scare the man, after all.

“I’d hate to burn my mate, so that’s a good idea, but platinum...that’s always safe.”

At the mention of a more expensive precious metal, the man’s eyes widened noticeably. Though Derek’s casual mention of it seemed to make him more nervous.

“Platinum? Yes, sir, we several options for you to choose from.” The man said, moving to a counter filled with thin rings with many gemstones, causing Derek to chuckle.

“Forgive me, I used a gender neutral term, but my mate is a man.”

The man looked embarrassed, but quickly kept walking to another display case, this time, containing thicker bands meant for men.

“Sorry about that.”

“It’s of no consequence, I should have been clearer.”

“We have several werewolf options, I’m...not too sure if they’re too much different, but they have engravings.” The man said, handing Derek one of the rings, which bore the words: *‘I am yours and you are mine.’* In an elegant script.

“I’m appreciative, but...I think I’ll go with something more traditional. Stiles and I aren’t really the types to be...possessive in this manner.”

The man apologized, again, fear becoming present in his scent. Derek thought back to how he had been treating his pack, and the same feelings of remorse and shame started to crawl into his gut.

“You don’t have to apologize, man. It’s not a big deal, this is your job, to show me rings, please don’t feel bad about picking out ones that other wolves like.”

“I’m sorry, I’m just new...and it’s not...you’re only my second werewolf, and the first yelled at me because it slipped my mind about the silver and...



Sorry.”

“It’s no problem.” Derek said, looking down at the bands. There was something calling him to pick Stiles’ out himself. When the time came...if Stiles said yes, then Derek would bring him back and they could pick their wedding bands out separately, but he really wanted the ring to be a surprise.

“Can I see this one?” Derek asked, tapping the glass at one ring that caught his eye.

It was a platinum band, but contain a thread of black stone throughout it, and was crowned by three diamonds.

“That’s onyx mixed into the band. A lot of people don’t like it because they see it as detracting from the platinum, but I think it’s-.”

“Unique.” Derek muttered, and the man nodded. “Just like my Stiles.”

“The vein of onyx is one of a kind, even other rings done in the same style aren’t the same.”

Derek reached into his back pocket and pulled out his wallet, handing his card to the man.

“Don’t you want to know how much it is?” He asked.

“For my babe, no price is too high.” Derek said with a smirk, trying, but no doubt failing at not being flashy with his money. The money his family had been born into was such that he had never really learned how to spend in a delicate manner.

When Derek got the first copy of the receipt, he left a tip for the man, to try and mitigate the still present scent of fear. Derek didn’t frequently have encounters with humans, and wondered if it was the norm for them to be so fearful.

“Thank you, sir, have a good day and good holiday. I hope he says yes.” The man said, walking Derek to the door.

“Me, too.” Derek said with a final grin, before slipping the ring into his pocket, heading out the door.

When Derek got home, he was greeted by Henry, who gave him a strange smile and a conspiratorial wink, though Derek had no idea how the child knew what he was doing, he returned it. The time for being surprised at the things Henry knew was long past.

“Where’s your daddy?” Derek asked, picking Henry up.

“In the kitchen, but do planes, Otets!” Henry demanded, and Derek had no choice but to comply.

“Zoom!” Derek said, as he flew Henry through the living room and into the kitchen, pausing once he was there. Stiles was dancing to whatever song he was listening to on his headphones, and cooking. It was something Stiles used to do before Aiden, and the fact that he had closed his world off entirely was a surprise for Derek.

“Hi, how’d your ‘secret trip’ go?” Stiles asked, when he saw Derek, removing his headphones and using air quotes.

Derek’s eyes narrowed, slightly. “What secret mission?”

“Der, you can’t just leave the house for three hours without me noticing, unless you went at like... midnight or something, and even then...I usually notice when you get out of bed.”

“Well, then it wasn’t really a secret trip, then, was it?”

“Not if you tell me what you got.” Stiles said, his eyes sparkling.

“I bought a house in Siberia, thought it might be a nice place to go for a vacation.”

The look Stiles gave him could best be described as ‘cold’.

“It’s a surprise, you’ll find out later.” Derek promised with a soft smile.

“Is it a puppy?” Henry asked.

“A what?” Derek asked.

“It’s the new thing he wants. He watched ‘Oliver and Company’ while you were gone.”

“Then shouldn’t you want a kitty?” Derek asked, lifting Henry up to the counter.

Henry shook his head. “Uncle Isaac said it would be...daddy, what was the word?”

“Improper.” Stiles offered while he was mixing the stir fry on the stove.

“Yeah. Uncle Isaac said it would be improper for wolves to own a cat, and that puppies like wolves.”

Derek had heard similar things growing up, but had never tested the theory himself. His mother didn’t approve of other canines being used as pets, she had said it was a violation of what it meant to be a wolf.

“Did he, now?” Derek asked, and Henry nodded. “Well, you know a puppy is a big responsibility. You’d have to feed it, water it, and give it lots of love and attention.”

“Like you and papa do for me.” Henry said.

Derek wasn’t sure that he’d liken raising a child to a pet, but he nodded anyway, it was a simple enough explanation. A thought that made him shudder, though, was the idea that one day Henry would grow up, raise a pack of his own, have a mate, and children. It was...terrifying. Derek might not have been the natural father of Henry, but he still felt the fear that all parents must feel when they realize that one day their children would grow up.

“I can do that.” Henry said, nodding.

“Maybe, we’ll see after Christmas, now, go with Uncle Isaac, and get washed up for dinner.” Stiles said.

“Are you really going to deny him?” Derek asked.

“Are *we* going to deny him?” Stiles corrected, but Derek laughed.

“Oh, no, if you’re going to break his little heart, you do it alone, I’ll just sneak the animal to him afterwards.”

Stiles swatted him with the wooden spoon he had been using. “For Christmas, I suppose it couldn’t hurt, but...Your mom’s going to get mad, doesn’t she hate when werewolves keep dogs as pets?”

Derek nodded. “Maybe, but this isn’t her decision. This is our den, our pack, and our son, we make the decisions. If people didn’t break from what their parents wanted then...well, life would be very different.”

## Isaac

“Fuck!” Scott whimpered as Isaac finished cleaning cum off of his cock. “That mouth...should be outlawed.”

“And you’d break the law to get at it again?” Isaac asked, with a smirk, as he trailed his fingers over Scott’s trembling body.

“Oh, moy drook, you have no idea. I could live in your mouth.”

Isaac laughed. “That’s a very...interesting mental image.”

“I’m a master of wording.” Scott said with a wink. “For example, ty vyydesh' za menya?”

Isaac let out a chuckle. “You need to practice more, moy grusha, you just asked...” Isaac paused when Scott’s face broke out in a furious blush.

“You...you’re serious, aren’t you?”

Scott nodded. “Took me an hour to get that right, but, yes, Isaac. I mean...I think we should wait, until Derek’s very obvious ‘secret plan’ is done, because I don’t want Stiles to think that we stole the idea, but-.”

Isaac stopped his rambling with a kiss. “Yes, Scott, moy grusha, I will absolutely marry you.” He whispered, though in his excitement, it came out as more of a squeal.

“Really?” Scott asked with a grin.

“No, I think I’ll go after my other mate. You know, Ethan has been-.”

Scott growled, playfully. “Mine.” He said, jumping on top of Isaac, and pressing their lips together.

“Yes, moy grusha, all yours, forever.”

Scott might have praised Isaac’s mouth, but his own was nothing to scoff at. Isaac lost himself in the tight, hot embrace as Scott showed his appreciation through a blow job.

## Allison

“Oh, it’s you.” Allison huffed, after looking up to see Ennis standing in her doorway.

“Yeah, me...I thought you might want to see me.”

Allison *was* excited to see him, but she wasn’t going to admit to it. “Well, to the king of iciness, I have nothing at all to say to you.”

“Ah, come one, baby, don’t treat me like that.”

“Don’t call me ‘baby’.” Alison snapped, narrowing her eyes.

“Why not, I thought...I thought we had something.” Ennis said, sliding into her room, and moving to sit next to her on the bed.

“We *did* and then you had to give me the cold shoulder and-.” Allison stopped when those soft hands threaded themselves into her hair, and lightly pulled her head to his for a kiss.

Allison melted into the kiss, before pulling back. “Stop it, with your...lips and your...your eyes.” She said, gazing into them.

“I didn’t press you because I wanted to make sure that this was what you wanted. I’m best friends with a man who was forced into...so many horrible things. I wanted to step lightly. Besides, for once...a man was paying hard to get.”

“Ass.” Allison said, slapping him on the arm.

“Chase a girl too much and she gets mad, don’t chase her enough and she gets mad. What do you want?”

“*You*, you...ass.” She said, with a shaky laugh. She had seriously wondered if she was desirable to the man that she more than wanted to mate with.

“So, I took the wrong road?” He asked.

## Chapter End Notes

So, I'm trying to keep up with everyone's romances, but I sometimes forget. I wanted a chapter with Derek interacting with a human who was kind of scared shitless at having to deal with a wolf.

Sorry these are coming out really slowly, I'm just really busy with school

Did you hate it?

I'll post again when I can and I try to never have more than a day between them.

# I Give Thanks

## Chapter Summary

Thanksgiving, and Stiles is finally ready.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

Derek had been absolutely right. Stiles really *didn't* care that much for Thanksgiving, but even he had to admit, the smell of the turkey, the pack being gathered, and the decorations made him feel warm inside.

“Hey, we haven’t seen you all day.” Jacksons said, popping his head into the kitchen.

“Do you think that dinner just teleports from some mystical dimension to the table?” Stiles asked as he stirred a pot of green beans.

“No, but I think there’s nearly a dozen people in there who could help if you just asked.”

“There’s a saying, something about too many wolves in my kitchen makes

Stiles pissed off.”

“Yeah...I’ve heard that...somewhere.” Jackson said with a smirk. “But seriously, at least let me help.”

Jackson walked into the kitchen and crossed his arms, causing Stiles to let out a sigh.

“Fine, you can do the cranberries and the gravy” Stiles said, reluctantly, before adding. “Thank you.”

Jackson nodded. “Anything for a brother, brother.”

“So, how are you and Lydia? I haven’t...spoken to you much since I got back.”

“I tried to stay away since I kept scaring you by accident.”

“Everyone was scaring me.” Stiles muttered, darkly, glad that at the very least, he could handle being with his pack, now.

“Anyway, we’re doing well, I mean...it’s not serious, but it’s not casual...if that makes any sense?”

“A little.” Stiles said, though in actuality, he really didn’t. He had known torture and misery under one man who was using him and Derek’s eternal, all-consuming love .He understood the theory, but not the actual experience of love that was not based on mating.

“I guess I don’t need to ask how you and Derek are doing.”

Stiles grinned. “Nope, we’re...we’re good. I mean...everything that I went through, everything that I suffered...and he still smiles at me like I set the sun in the sky every morning.”

“For him, you do.” Jackson said, shrugging. “You should hear the way he talks about you.”



Stiles knew, he felt similarly about Derek, and had been around the man long enough to know that Derek could be sappy, but he still blushed.

“He’s...romantic, when he wants to be.”

“And only towards you.”

“He hasn’t been being a dick again, has he?”

Jackson shook his head. “No. And I don’t blame him for behaving that way when he did. We’re all protective of our pack, and you, especially, and as your mate, it makes sense that he would be more aggressive, and, to be fair, I *did* terrify you.”

“Pass me the salt.” Stiles said, pointing at a cabinet. Jackson did so, before Stiles spoke, again.

“I used to hate it so much.”

“I remember. There was that time me and Danny went out to the lake and brought you with us.” Jackson chuckled. “I thought Derek was going to flay us.”

“We were only twelve, I hadn’t even had my first heat.”

“And we were, and remain, capable of protecting you if we needed to.”

“Even though, he’s the same age as me, I swear, he stood guard outside my crib when I was an infant. He’s always wanted me to be safe. And...I’m not excusing his behavior, but I think I understand. I’d do absolutely anything to protect Henry.”

“He won’t make it easy. He’s just like you, Stiles. He’s so smart and curious. And school-.”

“Don’t!” Stiles interrupted with mock horror...mostly mock. “I’m already nervous about sending him away.”

“There’s still three years.” Jackson said, moving as though he wanted to put a platonic hand on Stiles’ shoulder, but pulling back after a moment. “And he’s...he’s going to be awesome in school, Stiles, just like you.” Jackson reached out for some of the stuffing Stiles was making, but Stiles glared him down.

“Flattery won’t get you food.”

“It does when Lydia cooks.” Jackson pouted.

“Since I’m neither your lover nor susceptible to your pouting, you’ll have to wait.” Stiles said with a smirk, but when Jackson’s trembled, Stiles capitulated and gave him a cookie.

“You’re awesome, Alpha.” Jackson said with a mouth full of cookie.

“Well, pretty much.”

## Derek

Derek had been told that in human houses, prayers and declarations of thanks often came before the people ate, but in their home, they did thing a little differently.

Once Derek and Stiles had placed all the food on the table, Stiles loaded his plate, and Derek did the same, before the pack followed suit and they began to eat.

“I know it’s tradition to let the oldest Alpha at a table say thanks, but I wondered if I might usurp that position from you, Alpha John.” Derek said.

“Your house, your rules.” John said with no malice.

“I want to give thanks for many things this year. First and foremost, I want to thank the gods and my pack for helping to bring my mate.” Derek smiled at Stiles, who took his hand, and kissed it.

“I am also thankful for my pack, which has grown considerably, and which I love as much as my family. I give thanks for my son, whom I love with all my heart.”

Henry looked up with a smile around a mouthful of mashed potatoes, causing Derek to chuckle.

“I’m thankful for my son. I am also very thankful for a mate and family that was patient with me while I healed.” Stiles said, quietly. “I...you guys have no idea how much it’s helped me to have your support. You’re my family and I love you all very much.”

“This food is delicious, Stiles.” Deucalion said a little while later when the others had given their thanks as well. It had been the first time that Ennis acknowledged his love for Allison, making Allison blush, and a single tear of joy roll down her face.

“Thank you, Jackson helped.”

Jackson let out a snort. “I stirred a pot.” He said, grinning. “Stiles guards his food with fierceness.”

“If Jackson had had his way, there would be no food, right now. He tried to eat the turkey before it was even finished.”

“Lies and subterfuge.” Jackson said, reaching out for gravy. “I tried to eat the stuffing.”

Stiles gave him a look, and Jackson blushed. “Okay.” He admitted. “And the turkey, but Stiles kept me at bay.”

“With cookies, an effective solution.”

“Aw...I didn’t get any cookies.” Derek said, with a pout.

Stiles picked one up and held it up to Derek’s mouth, with a small smile. Derek took a bite, before kissing Stiles on the cheek.

“Well, I suppose I get you, so that more than makes up for it.” Derek whispered, nibbling at Stiles ear.

“In front of the whole table?” John asked, his voice slightly strained.

“Sorry, Alpha John, I am powerless in the presence of your son.” Derek said with a chuckle, making Stiles blush.

“Save it for the bedroom, son.” Talia said, reproachfully.

Derek gave ne final kiss to Stiles’ neck before pulling back. Stiles didn’t end it there, though. Even though he didn’t openly make out with Derek on the table, his hand slithered over Derek’s thigh, and rubbed it seductively.

“You’re the devil.” Derek whispered.

When John and Talia had gone to the living room to watch football with Jackson and Ethan, Derek followed Stiles into the kitchen.

“You’re not going to clean, are you?” Derek asked.

Stiles walked up to Derek and the reached around him to shut and lock the door.

“What are you doing, babe?” Derek asked.

“Don’t...hate me if I can’t finish.” Stiles whispered as he placed the palm of his hand over the bulge in Derek’s pants, which hadn’t properly gone down since dinner.

“Stiles...?” Derek began, but was unable to finish, when Stiles began to rub harder, bringing Derek to full hardness in a matter of second.

“I want this, and I want you to take me, tonight.” Stiles breathed over Derek’s crotch, and though Derek could feel his toes curling in pleasure, he still pulled Stiles back to his feet.

“What?”

“I’m ready, Der. Maybe not...maybe not for you to throw me and the table and fuck me like a beast...like when we were younger, but I want to make love to you.”

Derek traced, Stiles jaw with a finger before shaking his head. Stiles’ face fell.

“Is it because my dad’s here?”

Derek bobbed his head. “A little. But mainly because...this will be the first time in a long time, and you’re important to me. I don’t want you to have a panic attack or feel like less than you are. In the kitchen surrounded by dirty dishes? Maybe later, but if I’m going to make love with you, I’d like it to be in our bedroom, in an environment where you feel safe and loved.”

“I feel loved in your arms.” Stiles said, but didn’t argue any further. “Later?” He asked, turning towards the dishes, but Derek pulled him back, and kissed him passionately, making Stiles moan.

The walls *were* soundproof, and Stiles seemed willing enough, but Derek wanted to be sure, and to make it special.

“Wait in the living room and give me a few minutes, then come up to our room.” He whispered. He wondered if it was too demanding, but Stiles smiled.

“Really?”

Derek nodded, smiling himself. “If you’re sure.”

Derek was relieved of his doubts, when Stiles kissed him again, and Derek could smell the desire and musk, heavy around his mate.

“I’m wet, Der. I *want* you. Don’t deny me.”

Derek was willing to give it an attempt. Stiles did not seem willing to try out of guilt or obligation, but pure lust and love.

## Stiles

“Dad, can you do me a favor?” Stiles asked, trying not to blush at the scent he must have been emanating.

John looked up at him, before letting out a sigh. “You need to me to watch Henry?”

Stiles nodded, glad that is father understood. “Just for an hour or two.”

“Why, what’s going on?” Ethan asked, causing Stiles to blush deeper and flail a little.

“Things, Ethan, I just...need...things.”

It took a moment for a look of recognition to cross Ethan’s face, before he grinned wickedly.

“Not a single word.” Stiles warned.

Ethan held up his hands in an innocent gesture, and Stiles let out a breath of relief.

When he had woken up, he hadn’t thought that the say would lead to his having sex with Derek, again, but there was something that had just...clicked. He wanted this, for any number of reasons, but most amongst them was love.

Several weeks, even days earlier, Stiles might have felt obligated to mate with Derek, because of stupid reasons that Aiden had drilled into head.

This was different. Stiles would never say it out loud, but he was...horny. He needed to feel Derek thrusting inside of him.

## Chapter End Notes

I'm am SO sorry. I've had a relapse with my bronchitis, and I'm not at all well. It's hard to even type, and that's why this took so long. Forgive me? Stay on, please, as soon as I feel better, I will right a sexy times chapter.

Thank you.

# Mate

## Chapter Summary

Derek and Stiles have some intimate time alone.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

Derek was gentle as he carried Stiles up the stairs. Ten minutes. Ten excruciating minute, Stiles had had to wait while Derek ‘prepared’, and when he had come back down to take Stiles, neither could contain their excitement. Derek had scooped Stiles up, bridal style and headed for the stairs, while Stiles mouthed on his neck, causing a never easing groan of pleasure from Derek.

“I love you, babe.” Derek whispered, as he kicked open the door, the primal act sending a rush of pleasure through Stiles.

“I love you, too.”

Derek placed him on the bed, crawling on top of him, and pressing their lips together. Stiles felt like a man lost in the desert. For so long, he had been



scared to drink any water, but when Derek began lightly thrusting against him, he remembered why he *needed* it, and he melted into the pleasure.

Stiles tugged at Derek's shirt for a moment, before getting frustrated with the tight fabric, clinging to his chest, he produced his claws and carefully slashed at the fabric, ripping the shirt from his mate.

"That was fifty dollars." Derek said with a smirk.

"Sue me, maybe you should wear shirts your size, instead of-." Derek silenced him with a kiss and a growl, the scent of his body washing over Stiles, and making him moan with need.

It had been a long time since he had been excited enough to produce the slick that made sex easier, and it felt as though his body was making up for the loss. When Derek reached his hand into Stiles' pants, he let out a growl.

"So wet for me, babe."

"I've been needing this." Stiles agreed.

Derek ripped his shirt open, and licked up his chest. "You taste so fucking good, babe. Like honeysuckle and apples."

Derek used his mouth to unbutton Stiles' pants and his hands to pull them down. Stiles didn't expect Derek to move so quickly, but in the blink of an eye, his entire cock was bathed in the warmth of Derek's mouth, and he let out a groan.

"Fuck, Der." He panted.

Derek didn't respond...not verbally, anyways, he bobbed his head up and down, using a light touch to keep Stiles still as he writhed in absolute ecstasy.

As Derek sucked, his fingers trailed lower. The first finger was a surprise, but a pleasant one. It was purely for Stiles' pleasure, he didn't need to be stretched or lubed, but Derek's intentions became clear after a moment,

when he curled his finger and pressed against his prostate.

Stiles whined as his skin ignited.

“Bad touch?” Derek asked, removing his finger and mouth, quickly.

Stiles shook his head and pushed Derek’s back down.

Sure that Stiles was alright, Derek added a second finger, making Stiles positively whine with need, his mouth returned to Stiles’ cock, and his slow, deliberate ministrations made Stiles see spots.

“Der...If you keep going...” Stiles didn’t finish his sentence, and Derek didn’t stop his sucking. Instead, he added a third finger, and all of them assaulting his prostate made Stiles curl his toes as the first shots began to burst forth. Derek swallowed, making Stiles arch his back as his sensitive organ was rubbed by Derek’s throat.

It was bliss. Pure and simple, and Stiles let out a shaky breath as he came down from his high.

Stiles trembled as Derek slid his way back up and kissed Stiles’ chest on the way, before coming level and kissing him on the lips. Stiles could taste himself on Derek’s mouth, and it made him moan.

“That was...fuck.” Stiles whispered.

“Are you sure that you still want to this?” Derek asked, his erection bumping into Stiles’ thigh.

Stiles nodded. Though he had achieved an orgasm, he still desperately wanted Derek to take him.

Derek gently placed himself between Stiles’ legs, seeming eager, but keeping his motions soft, something Stiles both loved and hated. He was glad that Derek was taking the time to not scare him, but his body still buzzed with need. Stiles had never felt such desire without the heat, before.

It wasn't hard for Derek to slid in, Stiles prepped himself, and Derek's fingering had loosed him enough that Derek sank into his body with relative ease. Though, he still let out a garbled whimper.

"Fuck, babe. You're so...fucking perfect." Derek panted into his neck.

Stiles felt full and complete, the intimacy of the moment enhancing the feelings of pleasure that brought him to erection again so soon after his last one.

"I love you, Der." Stiles whispered as his skin ignited in the fires of passion.

"I love you, too, babe."

Derek began thrusting, slowly at first, but enough force behind each one that Stiles felt himself sliding across the bed.

"More, Der." Stiles demanded, shifting himself so that Derek could fuck him harder, deeper.

Derek growled and complied, his eyes flashing as he drove his cock into Stiles, each thrust hitting his prostate, and making Stiles crazy.

All of it was exquisite. The pressure, the feel of Derek's cock gliding within him, his own dick rubbing against his stomach.

"I want you to take me, soon...if you're up for it." Derek said, and Stiles nodded.

"I'd love that, to feel you beneath me." Stiles reached down and ran a finger against Derek's thigh, making Derek let out a hiss. "Feel these thighs tighten as I fuck you." He grabbed one of Derek's arms. "Feel these arms beg me for more."

Derek's thrusts got deeper and he let out a low growl.

"I...I think I'm going to..." Derek began, but Stiles knew what he was

going to say and nodded.

“Go ahead.”

“I don’t want it to end.” Derek said, though he didn’t stop his movements. Stiles reached up and grabbed his neck.

“Derek, we have the rest of our lives to do this over and over again. Fucking cum in me.” Stiles ordered, and Derek did exactly that. His face, scrunched in concentration as Stiles felt the semen spilling into him. Derek’s rod twitched as it shot, each time rubbing against his prostate, making him writhe.

“Oh for...fuck!” Derek cried into the pillow behind Stiles, sparing Stiles’ neck.

Stiles’ second orgasm was triggered by nothing more than Derek words, his actions, and the closeness of his mate. Derek’s still hard cock pressed against his sweet spot only added to his bliss, though, and he clawed at the sheets as he came.

He was intertwined with Derek in that moment. The bodies more than touching, they melded, and Stiles felt as though he had become one with his mate.

## John

“Why didn’t daddy and Otets come with us, grandpa?” Henry asked.

John might never get used to that word, but he smiled, anyway.

“Well, kiddo, they were...they wanted some alone time.”

“They wanted to be away from me?” Henry asked, sounding hurt.

“No, kiddo, not at all...” John said, trying to think of a suitable lie that would excuse his son having sex. The truth would never do. “They...do you

know how your dads like to kiss?”

Henry nodded.

“Well, sometimes they like to do it for a long time, and they thought that you might get bored. Is it so bad, staying with me?” John asked, not really worrying that his grandson hated him, but curious, nonetheless.

“No, grandpa.” Henry said, getting up from his spot and jumping onto John’s back. “Daddy doesn’t like for me to be too far, usually.”

“No, he doesn’t. Your father loves you very much, we all do.”

“I know.”

“Am I boring you, do you want to do something?”

“Can we play ‘planes’?”

Henry was so much like Stiles, smart, but enjoying the simple things in life. As John ran through his house, with Henry on his shoulders, his mind was brought back to a time when Stiles wanted the same things.

*Eighteen years earlier*

*“Faster, daddy!” Stiles demanded, running ahead of John, who was a little worried.*

*“No, Stiles I need you to stay close.”*

*Stiles turned around, his eyes shining with joy. “No! Chase me, daddy!” He shouted, running back into the street.*

*John’s heart hammered as he chased Stiles. His fears were not about cars, but rather, people. Anyone might seek to take his son. An Omega was a rare creature and anyone would be willing to steal one in order to have a man*

*that could bear children.*

*John was saved from further fear and worrying by the sight of a second child running up to Stiles and taking his hand.*

*“Thank you, Derek.” John panted, catching up with the pair.*

*Derek’s face moved up to John, but his eyes remained on Stiles, a sign of the bond they had shared since they were infants. Even now, though they were little older than toddlers, John knew that Stiles and Derek would be a wonderful family, and that Derek would forever take care of his son.*

*“My mom said I could come over and play Nintendo with Stiles, but I saw him running.” Derek explained.*

*“Sorry, Der.” Stiles said, looking not at all sorry. He was always running about, full of more energy than even the sun released.*

*“If you want to run, I will not stop you, but go with Derek.” John told Stiles, who pulled on Derek’s arm, taking him back towards the house. The prospect of video games too much for Stiles to ignore.*

*“Precocious as always.” Talia’s voice brought forth a terrible sadness in John. In chasing Stiles he had allowed himself to forget, but seeing a woman who had been equally marred by tragedy, made it real, again.*

*Talia bore the same melancholy on her face that John felt in his heart.*

*“How have you been?” John asked.*

*“I have good days and bad days, I suppose since I managed to get out of bed this morning, it’s a good day.” She said, sadly.*

*“Rise for him.” John said, motioning with his head towards the boys’ retreating backs. “It’s how I’ve survived.”*

*“Faster, grandpa!” Henry cried, though unlike Stiles, he was safely on John’s back. John complied and ran even faster, zooming Henry through the*

yard.

“Is that my grandson?” The voice of Talia came towards them, not nearly as sad as it had been on that day so long ago.

“Oh, hi, I thought you went home.” John said, stopping his running.

“Gammy!” Henry said, reaching his arms out.

John let Henry crawl into her arms.

“I was, but I thought it would be a nice chance to see Henry...and you.” Talia said, smiling up at John, who shifted a little under her gaze.

“We were playing ‘planes’, gammy.” Henry said.

“I saw, do you want me to fly you around?” Talia asked.

Henry shook his head. “No let’s play ‘dinosaur’!”

“You know, I don’t get a cute nickname.” John said, chasing after them with his hands up like claws.

Talia laughed, all silver, her scent flowing in the breeze. “Jelly?”

That word actually stopped John. “Jelly?” He asked.

“Jealous, grandpa.” Henry said, looking angry that there wasn’t a game of ‘dinosaur’ going on.

“Now, I know I’m old...I don’t certain words.”

Talia laughed and patted him on the shoulder. “I just think of you as distinguished.”

John blushed and continued to chase them.

It would never, *could* never be the same as Claudia, but there was definitely something there.

## Chapter End Notes

Thank you for everyone who sent me well wishes, I'm feeling a little better, but still coughing up a storm, so next chapter when I can.

Thank you.



# Heat

## Chapter Summary

Stiles wants to spend one more day with his son before his heat arrives.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

Stiles' heat came forth two weeks before Christmas, which was not at all his plan. He had been taking his contraceptives, but sure enough, when he woke up, he could feel the shaky warmth spreading its way through his spine.

It wasn't a bad thing, he had been planning on getting his heat in two weeks, anyway, but it was a curious anomaly. He loved a trusted Derek, and he knew his mate would be innocent, but he wondered if *someone* had altered his pills.

"Babe, is something wrong?" Derek asked. Stiles didn't realize that he had been hyperventilating until that moment. It had no doubt been that that had awoken Derek. For the moment, he would be the only one aware of his

condition.

“Not really, Der. I need...I need to spend a few hours with Henry.” Stiles said. If he was going to do this, he would do it right, which meant several days without his son. Of course, chances were that he’s walk out of it with another child on the way, but still, he wouldn’t be able to speak to Henry while he was enflamed in need.

“Uh...okay.” Derek said, obviously worried at Stiles odd request. In response, Stiles kissed Derek, before pulling him to his neck. Derek sniffed curiously for a moment, before letting out a deep moan.

“We have about a day before it full hits, and we won’t be able to leave the room...I mean, if you want to...”

“Stiles, are you joking? I would love, *love* to do this with you, if you’re... Wait...you...you planned this, didn’t you?”

Stiles shrugged. “Not this soon...It was supposed to be your Christmas gift, I don’t know why the pills stopped working.”

“You...Stiles, you’re going to give me...Stiles do you know what this means?”

“A lot more than you do.” Stiles chuckled. “Omegas don’t have birth canals, getting cut open so Henry could be birthed will be forever burned into my memory.”

“But...oh, Stiles, I love you.” Derek cried, grabbing Stiles and pulling him close. “I fucking love you with everything that I am.”

“I’m sorry that it’s early-.”

“I don’t care about that. What’s two weeks when you’re offering me the greatest gift that anyone ever could?”

“A child of our own Derek.” Stiles agreed, because now that Derek knew, he was able to feel the desire, the excitement. He was going to carry

Derek's child, and that in and of itself was amazing.

Derek pressed his face into Stiles' neck and began to nibble on the skin there, igniting Stiles' body even more.

"Der...stop." Stiles pleaded, and Derek pulled back, immediately.

"Sorry." He rumbled.

Stiles shook his head. "Some time with Henry, and then I'll be yours for a few days, I promise."

Derek nodded, and kissed Stiles one more time, before leaning back on the bed.

"Well, obviously, you can come too, *you* won't be able to see him, either."

Derek smiled and slid out of bed.

"I didn't know if you meant by yourself or not." He said, quietly. Stiles folded himself into Derek's frame as they went down the stairs.

"Derek, everything that I do for the rest of my life, I want to do with you." Stiles whispered.

"Daddy! Otets!" Henry cried as they entered the living room. As usual, Henry had gotten up before Stiles or Derek, but as usual, so had Isaac and Scott. Stiles never had to worry about Henry with his pack around, one of them were always around the child, making sure that he was safe.

"Hey, kiddo, why don't we sit down for a moment, I have something that we need to discuss." Stiles said.

"Did I do something wrong?" Henry asked, joining Stiles on the couch, looking worried.

Stiles laughed. "Of course not, kiddo. Do you...remember a few months ago, when we were still living with your papa and I got sick?"

Henry's eyes fell a little, but he nodded.

"Yeah."

"Well, I think..." Stiles paused, unsure of how to explain his heat to his son. "I think I'm going to get sick, again."

It was very much the wrong thing to say. Henry look scared, and immediately threw himself into Stiles' side.

"No, daddy!"

"Henry, what's wrong?" Derek asked. "He'll be alright, just sick for a few days."

Henry shook his head. "No, last time daddy was sick, he was sick for a long time. Papa made him sick, don't make him sick, Otets."

And it all clicked into place for Stiles. Henry couldn't differentiate between Stiles' heat (which Stiles called a 'sickness'), and the abuse that Aiden had perpetuated. He thought Aiden was responsible for both, and consequently that Derek would do the same thing. He took 'sickness' to mean that Stiles was going to get hit.

"No, kiddo, Otets isn't going to make me sick, it's just...it's not related to what your papa did to me."

"It's not?" Henry asked, his eyes a little wetter than usual.

"I'd never hurt your daddy, son, you know that, right?" Derek asked.

Henry looked hesitant for a moment, before he nodded.

"What's going to happen is...it's going to let me have another baby." Stiles said, carefully. He worried that Henry might be against not being the only child, but on the contrary, his eyes lit up.

"You're going to give me a sister?" He asked, and Stiles nodded while he

let out a sigh of relief at Henry calming down.

“Or a brother, we can’t really control it, kiddo.” Derek said.

“Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you!” Henry said, throwing himself into Stiles’ arms. After a moment, though, he pulled back.

“You smell kind of funny, daddy.” He said, scrunching his nose.

Stiles blushed and stood up. “Come on, kiddo, we’re going to go to the park before I have to go and lie down.”

Isaac rose as well. “I’ll watch him while you’re...sick, again.” He promised.

## Derek

Derek loved Henry. As much as he knew he would love his own child, but the thought of Stiles willingly giving him one of his own made him a little anxious as they spent the day running around the park by themselves.

It took a lot of self-control for Derek not to tackle his mate and begin making love to him. As the day wore on, Stiles heat progressed further, obviously stinking to Henry, but downright mouthwatering to Derek. That, combined with the sweat coming from Stiles’ body made Derek constantly have to readjust his rock hard cock in his jeans.

Stiles seemed to realize that Derek was particularly horny, because from time to time, he would stop their game, walk up to Derek, and scent him, let out content rumblings from his chest each time.

Derek had heard the stories from Stiles about what the heat would mean, but had never been privy to experiencing it.

It was a new level of bliss. He could feel the scent work through his body in more than one way.

There was a primal need, deep lust that his wolf carried within it to *fuck*. At the very least, *this* feeling, he remembered. When they were younger, when Derek had been made to stay away from Stiles during his heats, whenever he had been reunited with his mate, he remembered the lingering scent on Stiles, it had awakened similar feelings.

This was fresh, though, and so much more potent.

It also attached to his heart. It was so much more than just a desire to fuck it was...acceptance, love, and a sense of completeness. The man who owned the delectable scent was his and he, in turn, belonged to it, as well.

“You smell so fucking good, babe.” Derek growled one of the times that Stiles pressed close against him.

Stiles was equally affected by the coming heat. “I can’t wait to have you beneath me, so I can ride your-.”

“Daddy! Why did you and Otets stop?” Henry asked, and a conflicted look crossed Stiles’ face as though he was struggling with what his biology was demanding, and what his son wanted.

To Derek’s relief, Stiles chose his son. Derek might not be able to control himself if Stiles insisted, and Henry would be in danger and also not be able to understand what his fathers were doing.

Finally, after having been out for several hours, Stiles’ moments with Derek became more frequent than his time with Henry, and Derek pulled him close to whisper in his ear.

“We should get home...Henry needs to be with the rest of the pack.”

Stiles growled and bit at his throat. “Need you.” He said.

“Stiles, listen to me, we have to go.”

Stiles shook his head. “No, need you.” He repeated.

Derek turned Stiles around to face his son. “Look at him.” Derek whispered as he himself felt desire roll through him.

“He needs to get home and then we can fuck for as long as you want, babe.”

Henry was thankfully occupied with chasing a lizard in grass, and after a low whine, Stiles forced himself away from Derek and ran to him.

“Come on, Henry. Daddy’s not feeling very well, we need to get home.” Stiles said.

Henry pouted for a moment, but when a breeze blew, and his nostrils flared with Stiles’ scent, he seemed to mistake the scent of need with illness and agreed.

As they drove home, Stiles seemed to get more desperate. They had stayed out too late, and Henry was obviously worried.

Thankfully, the drive wasn’t very long, and when they pulled into the driveway, Stiles pulled Henry from the backseat and brought him inside. Derek stopped the car and followed him inside.

“Daddy loves you very much, and I’ll see you in a few days, okay? Listen to Uncle Isaac and everyone else, okay?” Stiles asked, his breath coming in thick pants.

Henry nodded and Derek had to step forward to warn Isaac, who was less affected by the scent as he was mated and a Beta, but whose eyes still flashed in its presence.

“We’ll keep him safe, Alpha Stiles.” Jackson promised, he had stood up as well, but he stood behind Isaac in case the latter needed to be held back. Isaac just shook his head, and then knelt down to pick Henry up.

“How about some Super Smash Bros.?” Isaac asked.

Stiles didn’t even make it up the stairs by himself, he took two steps, before Derek scooped him up, and pressed their lips together. Now that Henry was

safe, he could focus on what his wolf wanted, what it *needed*.

Fucking Stiles until they both passed out from exhaustion.

## Isaac

“Unca Isaac, daddy’s going to be alright, right?”

Isaac’s heart clenched when his mind took him to the last time that Stiles had been ‘sick’, and the amount of torment that must have been to Henry.

“You bet, buddy. He just needs a few days, and I promise you, Derek is going to take of your daddy, it won’t be like...your papa.”

Henry got that dark look in his eyes whenever he thought back to Aiden, the conflicted mix of the unconditional love a child has for their father and the hate that a child fears when their father is harmed by someone they trusted.

## Chapter End Notes

Alright, I'm getting to the end. I mean, there's still a lot that needs to be here, but I'm gearing down and we'll get to the final conflict soon.

I hope you guys enjoy this. I mean, really enjoy this, because this has been my favorite story to write so far, and my second most popular story.

Thank you all, I really appreciate everyone who reads this, even if it was just two people.



# Protective

## Chapter Summary

Stiles in heat and Derek coming to grips with what it means to be an expectant father.

## Chapter Notes

WARNING: KNOTTING!

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

“More!” Stiles demanded, squirming under the fire that, for the first time in his life was being properly enjoyed as Derek’s cock speared him for the thirtieth time since two days earlier. The sheets were probably never going to be dry again, and they’d definitely need a new bed, but Stiles only registered that in the periphery of his brain, because he needed more.

Derek let out a chuffed laugh. “I’m in you as deep as I can be.” He said, his face strained with the effort of rutting his body into Stiles’.

Stiles didn’t want to hear that, though he wanted to be even closer to his mate.

“Then knot me.” He whispered.

“Stiles are you-?” Derek began, but Stiles just growled, he was so close to quenching the fire in him, and yet needed so much more from his mate.

“Yes, sir.” Derek said, with a grin, his eyes glowing red as he partially shifted.

Stiles could smell the increased arousal, before he felt the knot pressing at his hole. His reaction was to partially shift, as well. He dug his claws into Derek’s back, making the man moan with pleasure.

A second later, the fire stopped. Derek shoved his knot into Stiles, the barest moment of discomfort, before his brain exploded in wanton lust and a feeling of being complete. His eyes were open, but he saw nothing but stars as Derek locked inside of him and began to come.

Derek howled and so did Stiles, as his own orgasm shook through him. The moment was beyond perfection, it was another level of reality. Feeling the warm liquid spurting itself inside of him, Stiles acted on instinct and pulled Derek’s head towards his neck, offering himself as willing to receive another mating mark, which Derek did in a growl.

Stiles had forgotten, but there was no pain when he mated (such carnal acts could hardly be called anything else) with Derek. He didn’t feel pain from the knot, nor from the fangs of his mate buried in his neck. It was all just pleasure and relief; oxygen for a drowning man, water for one lost in the desert.

They lay in that pose for an indeterminate amount of time. Long after Derek’s knot deflated, he remained buried in Stiles neck. It took so long for Stiles to come down from his orgasm, that when they did move, his semen had dried on his stomach.

“That was...for fucking fuck, Stiles, that was...” Derek whispered, his voice harsh as though he had gargled with glass...or had sex for three days straight.

Stiles didn't even respond for a few moments. He was shaking and on the verge of tears at the feelings welling through his body. For the first time since he had returned from Aiden, and maybe even in his entire life, Stiles felt united with Derek. Loved, cherished, and content. He had a son, another child on the way now, and he had just experienced the first heat that had ever been properly quenched.

His life, in that moment, was truly perfect.

"Babe, are you alright?" Derek's voice was soft and worried and he looked up.

Stiles kissed him, ignoring the residual taste of blood in the man's mouth.

"Derek, I'm happy. I just...there were times...before, when I never thought that I'd have this again, but here we are and...it's just bliss." It was the first time in days that he had been able to speak in more than grunts of single word demands.

"I love you, and I'm just...thank you for doing this."

"You're welcome, but I did it for me, too. You think that you're the only one who wants another kid?"

Derek shook his head. "I'm still grateful." He mumbled, rubbing his face of Stiles' chest.

Stiles felt tired. Whenever the heat passed, he always wanted to sleep for a few days, and it took quite a bit of effort to pull himself from bed. He needed to see Henry and let him know that he was alright. The scent of the heat would linger around him for a few more days, but the moment Derek had knotted him, he had felt the desire break, something that was extremely useful, and as much as he loved being close to Derek, in the future, he would employ the effect a lot sooner.

"Where you going?" Derek slurred, not having moved from his spot on the bed.

“Where a *we* going?” Stiles corrected. “We need to shower and see Henry.”

“Sleep.” Derek whined, the rapid switch from the man who had been fucking him like a porn star a moment ago to the man whining about sleep was hilarious and Stiles let out a chuckle, before walking up, and popping Derek on the bum.

“You think this is bad, now? Wait until it’s two in the morning and our kid is screaming to be changed even though you just did it thirty minutes ago.”

“We’ll make Scott and Isaac do it.”

“Rude.” Stiles muttered, walking into the bathroom, but smiled when he heard Derek get up.

“You know, it might be considered wrong to bring our son into the room, debauched as it is at the moment.”

“We’ll sleep with him in his room,” Stiles began, but then thinking of how small his son’s bed was, added, “or the living room.”

Derek washed Stiles, sometimes needing to be rough because three days of orgasms had left a rather nasty buildup of semen on Stiles’ chest and stomach...and between his legs.

“This is so gross.” Stiles said, blushing.

“Nah, it’s all natural.” Derek said, rubbing his back down with the washcloth. Stiles blushed at the complete and total care that Derek showed him, also at the lack of embarrassment.

When Stiles and Derek were both clean, they headed down the stairs, and it wasn’t until Stiles got a look at the clock on the stove that he realized what time it was. Noon.

It was all he got to see before he felt the impact of Henry running up into his arms.

“Daddy! You’re all better!” He cried, but after a moment his nostrils flared. “You still smell kind of sick.”

Stiles held Henry to his chest. Though the instincts and pheromones had not allowed him to think about him very much (not to mention the awkwardness of thinking about your son when you were being fucked), Henry was still the most important part of his life.

“I know, kiddo, but I’m feeling a lot better. Derek really helped me out.”

It was, of course, inevitable when Isaac and Scott burst out laughing, even as Henry’s eyes crinkled in confusion.

“What’s so funny?” He asked, and Stiles glared at the pair, daring them to enlighten his son.

“Nothing, Henry, we’re just glad your daddy is feeling better.” Scott said, biting his cheek.

“Where’s my sister?” Henry asked, making Stiles chuckle as well.

“Well, the baby is...inside of me.” Stiles said, trying not to lie *too* much to his son. “It has to grow.”

The look of realization that crossed Henry’s face at these words was priceless. “Was I...inside of you, too?” He asked.

The kid was too smart for his own good.

“Well...how about a cookie?” Stiles said, changing the subject. Thankfully, Henry’s curiosity was curbed at the thought of sweets.

## Derek

Derek wasn’t sure if Stiles was pregnant, right away. There was, of course, a chance that he wasn’t, it wasn’t until the week before Christmas that he knew for sure, and it was his wolf that did it for him.

Five days after he had seeded Stiles for the final time, he awoke by himself in their new bed sheets. After relieving himself in the bathroom, he headed downstairs to find Stiles sitting on the couch next to Isaac and Henry. Isaac was sitting close to Stiles, an

d Derek didn't mind, until he caught his mate's scent.

"Otets?" Henry was the first to notice the low growl coming from Derek.

Isaac and Stiles turned to look at him, and Derek snarled.

"Get away from my mate." He wasn't even consciously aware of the words leaving his mouth.

Henry looked scared, as though he thought Derek was speaking to him, and moved to get up, but Stiles held him close, Isaac on the other hand, bolted from the couch so quickly it was as if it had burned him, fear was present in his eyes as well.

"What the hell, Der?" Stiles snapped, rubbing Henry's back, and looking apologetically at Isaac who was cowering on the other side of the room.

Derek rushed forward and pressed his face into Stiles' neck, his hand rubbing the man's stomach.

"No." Stiles said, pushing his hand away. "Why did you yell at Isaac, who was doing absolutely nothing wrong?"

"Too close, protect you." Derek muttered, the scent that Stiles was giving off was commanding his brain. He didn't know why, but he knew that his wolf absolutely needed to protect Stiles from any harm or danger.

Stiles' eyes opened wide as though he instantly understood, despite the tense situation, he smiled.

"Yeah, Mr. Overprotective? Are you sure?" He asked, the calmness in his voice seeming to ease Henry.

“What’s going on?” Scott asked, Derek hadn’t even noticed him come in, he was sitting next to Isaac, rubbing his back, and Derek’s brain overrode his instincts, and he grimaced at having fucked up as Alpha, again.

“Fuck, Isaac, I’m...” He began, but Isaac shook his head.

“Derek’s being an *ass*,” he put an extra emphasis on the word, “because Stiles is pregnant, again.”

“You didn’t need to yell at him.” Scott yelled, making guilt began to leak through Derek’s veins.

“Agreed.” Stiles said, almost absently, though still with the smile on his face as his eyes were down on his stomach. Derek reached out, again, and this time, Stiles let him touch. There was no bump, no heartbeat, but the scent was confirmation enough, for him.

“I’m...I’m sorry, Isaac, I wasn’t...I wasn’t even doing anything that can resemble thinking, it was-.”

“Instinct.” Isaac said, nodding, though he still looked a little shaken. “Maybe next time we can do it without screaming, though?”

“Is Unca Isaac in trouble?” Henry asked.

Derek shook his head. “No, kiddo, but I am. I yelled at him, even though he didn’t do anything wrong.”

Henry gasped, and put his hands on his hips. “Bad Otets! Leave Unca Isaac alone!” He leapt from Stiles’ arms and stood in front of Isaac like a guard, his eyes narrowed in anger, and if it was just Henry, Derek might, be okay, but Scott was glaring as well.

Though it killed him to do so, Derek removed himself from Stiles and walked carefully to Isaac, so as not to frighten the man even more.

“Isaac, I’m sorry, really. Come here, please?” Derek made it a complete question, leaving it to Isaac to refuse or not. Henry and Scott both watched

Derek warily, but Isaac nodded and stood up. Derek embraced him, letting Isaac scent his neck in order to remind him that he was a beloved member of the pack.

Gods knew, there was still a major protective streak within Derek, but he mastered it as he brought Isaac closer to Stiles.

“May he?” Derek asked, and Stiles nodded.

“As long as you aren’t going to rip his arm off, overreacting ass.” Stiles said, though with the same soft grin on his face.

Isaac smiled as he sat back in his old spot and reached a shaking hand out to lightly touch Stiles’ stomach, his face moving for Stiles’ neck in a bonding ritual that placated a wolf. Derek was internally beating the shit out of his wolf to keep it tamed. He wondered if every Alpha had the same response to someone touching their pregnant mate, but didn’t ask. This moment was for pack, and even though his instincts kept threatening to rip it apart, he wanted to make sure that the pack got to accept Stiles’ child.

“Why’s everyone touching your tummy, daddy?” Henry asked, moving forward, his anger towards Derek forgotten as he put his small hand there, as well, actually making Derek laugh. His wolf seemed to have no qualms about Henry touching Stiles.

“Because, in there, right now, about the size of a grain of rice, is a baby that’s going to be a brother or sister for you.” Stiles explained.

“I can’t feel anything.” Henry complained.

“No, not yet, but the pack touches your daddy’s stomach to show that they accept the child. Remember, when we were in the woods, and everyone said that they accepted you, me, Uncle Deucalion, and Uncle Ennis?” Isaac asked.

Henry nodded.

“This is the same thing. We... We did it when your daddy was pregnant



with you, too.” Isaac’s eyes darkened as though he was remembering something terrible, Stiles’ did as well, and he pulled Henry close.

“Why was Otets being mean to you?”

“Well, your Otets has a wolf inside of him, just like we all do, and sometimes...sometimes it’s hard to control it.” Stiles explained. “When one wolf, knows that their mate is pregnant, they want to protect them. Derek came downstairs and could smell that I was pregnant, and for a moment, he wasn’t himself.”

“He sounded like papa.” Henry said, and in that moment, Derek’s heart shattered. He had never even thought to compare himself to Aiden, but that was because he had been comparing himself by how he treated Stiles. Was it possible that Derek was just as bad when it came to his pack?

Before those thoughts could ruminate Derek could even think about responding, Isaac spoke up.

“No, he didn’t Henry. Your papa was mad for different reasons. We don’t blame wolves for what their instincts tell them to do, even if it is rude. Derek apologized, didn’t he?”

Henry nodded, again.

“Well, he really didn’t mean to do it, and I accept his apology.” He looked up at Derek. “As long as he doesn’t make a habit of it.”

Derek held his hands up in surrender. He would walk on eggshells to prevent the protection his wolf felt like it needed to give from becoming a burden to everyone else. Besides, it wasn’t like Stiles was in anything resembling danger with the pack. Primal instincts were for primal times, and Derek had to learn to keep that part of him locked away.

Surprise! HAHA, what's it feel like to have one after another chapter upload again?

Well, I'm trying to type as fast as I can.

So, to clear somethings up: Derek is not being a dick in the same way he was, before, it seriously is meant to just be instinct here.

So I lied, yesterday. This still has to go on for awhile. I mean, we have preggo Stiles, and then time after the baby is born. What in the bloody hell was I thinking? I don't know if you guys will like that or were excited for me to move on....

Anyway, I hope you guys liked this chapter, please let me know, cause I really do love comments, guys. (No sexism.)

I'm really serious about Derek not meaning it, but this will come up again.

# Irritation

## Chapter Summary

Stiles goes to the mall and John and Talia reveal their relationship.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

Stiles enjoyed being a werewolf most of the time. If it wasn't for him being one, he wouldn't have Henry, he probably wouldn't have Derek, or a pack that was like a family to him. When it came to pregnancy, though, nothing was worse than being a werewolf.

Humans had nine months, nine long months to acclimate to having a baby. Werewolves on the other hand...had only five.

Five if they were lucky, sometimes less than that. The morning sickness began almost immediately once Derek confirmed that he was indeed pregnant. Stiles would wake up leaning over the toilet, sometimes not even remembering how he got there.

Stiles could pull a penknife from the drawer, cut himself on the arm, and be

fine within a few hours, but somehow he got morning sickness? In what universe was it fair?

The pack was ecstatic. Of course they were, they didn't have to bear with cravings and throwing up more often than not. Though Derek's protectiveness had been the first to rear its head, it was by no means a lone incident.

On the third day of knowing, Stiles had gone out with Scott and Ennis to get Christmas gifts for their significant others. It had been hell convincing Derek to stay home, and it had only been Ennis' promise that he would never be further than five feet from Stiles that Derek had reluctantly let him go.

Stiles refused to be an invalid, just because he was pregnant, and in all honesty may have gotten a little heated in his argument with Derek. He understood wanting to keep him safe, and truth be told, Stiles relied on Derek wanting to protect him, but that didn't mean that he couldn't go on a simple shopping trip with two other werewolves.

Stiles didn't regret his decision, because Derek wouldn't have been able to stop his scent from permeating the mall, but he did despise all the people who stopped and took notice of the fact that he was expecting.

Nerves were frayed in less than thirty minutes. Stiles' more than anyone else, though it was obvious that Ennis and Scott were frustrated as well.

"It's a bloody miracle that Derek didn't come along with us, it'd look like one of those Christmas horror movies in here." Scott said, as he pushed through the crowd.

Stiles had to agree. Ennis and Scott were angry enough, shaking their heads and glaring at people who tried to touch Stiles. Stiles didn't just stand there like a brick, either, he growled and flashed his eyes, though even that wasn't enough to deter some headstrong people. He didn't even have a panic attack, angry as he was.

It wasn't so much that he didn't want people touching him, it was that he had this...alarm in his head warning him to protect his midsection, his future child from any who might harm it, and this early on, that was every single person in the mall.

"My gods, aren't you the most adorable Omega I've ever seen?" A woman asked, she was slightly crouched down, her hands on her knees as though she was calling over a small dog or some such animal.

"Oh, and you're pregnant!" She said, moving forward with her hand outstretched.

"Touch my brother and I will end you." Ennis snapped, making the woman halt, abruptly.

"Well, fuck you for me trying to be nice, I'm sure the Omega wouldn't mind." She said.

"I'm sure the Omega doesn't want anyone touching him without permission, I'm not a fucking toy!" Stiles shouted. Scott and Ennis both moved to block Stiles from her.

"I never said you were a toy, I just wanted to feel the baby...asshole." The woman muttered, walking away in a huff.

"I think I need to apologize to Derek." Scott said, quietly. "I understand why he was so angry with Isaac."

"Aww, do you want to protect the cub?" Stiles asked, his earlier anger slipping away, especially when Scott blushed.

"Of course I do. And you, Stiles. I mean...not to say that I don't think you're capable of protecting yourself, because, you are, but...I just feel like keeping you safe."

"Instincts." Stiles said, simply, leading the way to the last store they had planned for the day. Usually, planning one's way through a mall wasn't necessary, but considering it was close enough to Christmas that half of

Beacon Hills seemed present, Stiles had made an attack plan before they had left.

It ended up making their lives easier, and without any more major violations on his person, Stiles actually managed a grin as they left.

“Next year, we’re ordering online.” Ennis said, and Stiles nodded.

“Especially if I’m pregnant.” He agreed. “I mean...it’s one thing to deal with prejudiced assholes, but...fucking werewolves, man. I can’t imagine that we’re a unique case, are we?”

“What do you mean?” Scott asked, pulling his door closed.

“Okay, so a pack is always protective of an expecting wolf, right?” When Ennis and Scott nodded, Stiles continued. “So if they know what it’s like to not want people crowding the mother...or father, then why do they *want* to touch me so much?”

“It’s because you’re just the most adorable little Omega.” Scott said in a falsetto voice, pinching his cheek.

Stiles stared at him, his eyes narrowing in a glare. “Ennis, we’re about to be one pack member short.” He said, before moving to wrestle with Scott. He barely moved, when Ennis pulled them apart.

“No fighting.” He said, his voice stern.

“Uh...I wasn’t being serious, it was just roughhousing.” Stiles said, chuckling at Ennis’ seriousness.

“After the baby...please, Stiles” Ennis said, and it took a moment for Stiles to think of why his face was so low set when he spoke.

Right...This was his third pregnancy.

Stiles sat back down, a heavy sadness weighing down his soul. It wasn’t really Ennis’ fault, and in fact, if anything, Stiles was grateful for the

reminder. If he and Scott had been horsing around and something had happened...Stiles never would have been able to forgive himself.

“Stiles, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean-.” Ennis began.

“No, you’re right, Ennis. I can’t...I can’t lose another one.” Stiles whispered, because he *couldn’t*. Aiden had been without a doubt, the single most horrible thing that had ever happened to him, and he still felt destitute when he thought about the child he had lost. If he lost Derek’s...there would be no coming back, no way that he could ever be happy, again.

“Come on.” He said, his voice still a little hollow. “Let’s get home before Derek worries too much.”

That was only part of the reason, though. Stiles felt the sudden need to be wrapped in Derek’s arms, to see Henry, to see the happiness his life had brought him.

## Isaac

“What’s wrong, moy grusha?” Isaac asked as Scott walked into their bedroom, his footsteps a little heavier than normal, and melancholy in his scent.

Scott shook his head. “I just...Stiles.” He said, his voice thick.

“What happened?” Isaac asked, sitting up, quickly. He knew he should have gone.

“Nothing happened, nothing bad, anyway. We were...roughhousing and Ennis reminded me that...” Scott let out a small chuckle. “I was a little jealous of him, you know? He gets to bear his mate’s kids, but I had forgotten the price that can come with. We were all sad for him, but I don’t think...I don’t know what I would do if I lost a child, Isaac.”

Tears started to fall from Scott’s eyes, and Isaac pulled him to the spot next to him, and wrapped loving arms around him.

Isaac was at a loss for what to say. He allowed Scott to cry out his grief for a few moments.

“I...I’m sorry. I know it wasn’t even mine.” Scott whispered, eventually.

“No, don’t apologize. We’re family, and even though the loss may not have been directly borne on us, we still feel it.”

“I do...still, I mean...” Scott began, before biting his lips and shaking his head. “Never mind.”

“No, tell me, moy grusha.”

“I do still kind of want one. Is that bad?”

“Why would it be bad?” Isaac asked, keeping his voice calm, but inside he was ecstatic. To raise a child with his mate would be...a bond that they could never satisfy in other ways. Isaac had never given too much thought to being a father, but when Scott asked him, he saw an entire world of possibility open up to him.

“Why would that be bad?” Isaac breathed. “Scott, if you want kids-.”

“But we have Henry, and another one on the way.”

“Moy grusha, living vicariously through others is no way to exist. Do you honestly think that having a child of our own would ruin the love you feel for Henry?”

Scott shook his head.

“Then let’s do it.” Isaac said, a little too quickly, the excitement at the prospect of being a father was too great.

“Well, I didn’t mean like, heading down to the adoption agency right *now*, moy drook. I just... soon, one day soon, I’d like to be a father.”

“Well...if we’re not going to do that, why don’t you come up here and get



comfortable?” Isaac asked, patting the spot next to him on the bed.

## Derek

“So, is this an official thing, now?” Derek asked, motioning between his mother and John. They were sitting on the couch, holding hands after Stiles had invited them over to officially announce his pregnancy.

“I guess?” John made it sound like a question. “I mean...it’s...”

“It’s new and we don’t feel the need to label it, honey.” Talia interjected. “When you’ve already had a love as strong as one’s mate, you don’t try to replace it, but everyone gets lonely.”

They both sounded nervous, and Derek felt the need to clarify himself.

“I’m not judging.” He said, quickly. “I was just...curious.”

“No judgment.” Stiles agreed with a soft smile. “I mean...You’re already like a mother to me.”

Talia smiled warmly. “Thank you, Stiles, that means a lot. I would never try and replace Claudia, but I think your father and I can make each other happy.” She said, patting John’s hand.

“I’d like that. Dad deserves to be happy.” Stiles said.

“We just want the same for you, son, and on that note, let me see my grandchild.”

Henry ran forward, no doubt confused by John’s wording. John handled the situation rather well, though.

“Hey, buddy, want to see if we can feel your brother or sister?” John asked him, making Derek smile. As excited as Henry was, he was sure that there was going to be a climactic point of jealousy that would arise within the child. He heavily approved of moments such as these, when Henry could

participate in the fawning.

John had a look of soft reverence when he laid his hand, overlaid by Henry's, on Stiles' stomach. It wasn't a mystery to Derek, who had the same look when he got as close to his son, because he hadn't been there for the first one. Derek might have missed Henry's gestation and birth, but he would be able to participate in this child's developing months. Feeling their first kick, hearing their heartbeat for the first time, and the thought made him...giddy.

"There's nothing there, grandpa." Henry said, a frown coloring his face.

"There will be soon, kiddo. They're in there, growing. Soon there will be a heartbeat and kicks, and...I'll get bigger."

Derek knew Stiles had been on the verge of saying he would be 'fat' as it was a concern he had already brought up to Derek who had had to assure him (truthfully) that he thought Stiles would always be beautiful in his eyes.

"How big, daddy?"

"Well," Stiles said, standing up. "When I was pregnant with you I got out to here." He said, holding his hand out in front of his stomach.

Henry's eyes opened wide in astonishment as though his brain could not grasp the concept of the body stretching that much to accommodate a child.

"Do you have a gen-?" John began, but Stiles quickly cut him off.

"Don't even ask that cursed question, I'll be forced to belt out clichés." He warned with a smile, which John returned.

## Chapter End Notes

Derek's not the only protective one!

There's going to be a fun surprise with the baby in the next chapter so look forward to it!

I hope you all know how much I appreciate you all, thank you!

# Two

## Chapter Summary

A plan grows and Stiles hears something on Christmas Eve.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

The heart beat appeared on the morning of Christmas Eve, which Stiles would not have had any other way if he had been the deciding party. It was the most precious gift that he could have received, or rather, he thought it was until he listened carefully.

Stiles had yet to go to Deaton to run a preliminary scan on his growing child, and that was just as well, as an ultrasound would have ruined what he heard that morning as he squinted at the ceiling, trying to concentrate.

He was giving life. There could be no doubt about it. However, instead of giving just one life, as he thought that he was, he distinctly heard the sound of two heartbeats.

The moment he recognized the sounds for what they were, he let out a low

gasp, something that made Derek snap awake, his eyes narrowing.

“What’s wrong, babe?” He asked, sleep instantly wiped from his face.

Stiles just nodded and pressed a finger to his lips. Derek quirked and eyebrow, but did not speak as requested, his face confused for a moment, before he, too, let out a gasp.

“Two?” He asked.

Stiles felt the tears well up in his eyes as he nodded and pulled Derek towards him, his mate’s head ending up just below his sternum.

“But...Stiles...that’s...that’s two heartbeats.” Derek sounded as though he could scarcely believe it.

“That, or we’re both delusional.” Stiles said with a soft chuckle.

“Stiles!” Derek said, sounding breathless. “You’re giving me twins! Could you stop being so calm? I fucking love you for this, thank you!” Derek said, giving Stiles a deep kiss.

“It’s not like I had a choice, Der. When we have sex, I don’t close my eyes and ask for double fertilization.”

“But it’s still...thank you.” Derek said, calming down, slightly. “Are you...are you unhappy about that?” Sounding fearful, and Stiles immediately shook his head.

“Derek, I’m very happy that I get to carry your children, and I am thrilled that it’s twins, I’m just...trying to make it all real, you know?”

It was true. Stiles was stuck in a moment of disbelief that came with the happiest of news.

He thought that he might be dreaming, because at that moment, he felt as though he could be frozen in time and be happy forever. Derek’s excitement was a delicious sauce on the realization that he was having twins.

“You need time for it to sink in?” Derek asked, running his index finger lightly over his stomach.

“In a way that you obviously don’t.” Stiles said with another laugh, but it came out wrong, because his throat was closing up. It took him a moment to realize what the wet feeling rolling down his cheeks was.

He was crying. In joy, definitely, but the impact of carrying twins for Derek was such that he was actually crying in happiness.

“I love you, Der.” He whispered.

“Are you crying, babe?” Derek asked, looking worried, though his hand never moved from Stiles’ stomach.

“Only because...twins, Der!” Stiles said, trying to show the same enthusiasm as Derek had shown earlier, though he didn’t quite get it right.

## Marlene

“He’s pregnant, again.” David said, his tone worried.

Robert shook his head. “We knew it was only a matter of time, either we grabbed him first or he would eventually get pregnant. This puts a...kink in our plan, though.”

“How so?” Marlene asked.

“The pack will be more vigilant than ever, protecting Stiles from *every* threat. When I saw him at the mall, a woman reached out to touch him, and was this close to being mauled by Ennis and Scott.” David said, holding his thumb and index finger about a millimeter apart.

“There’s that...there’s also the fact that I’m not a monster, there’s a chance that Stiles might get roughed up a bit when we grab him, and I don’t want to...interrupt his pregnancy.”

Marlene nodded her agreement. "I wouldn't...I wouldn't be able to sleep at night if Stiles lost his child because of us. Still...taking two children from their pack? They won't...they won't like that."

Marlene could see that her Alpha was still struggling to justify his actions, and she agreed with it, because she wanted a child, and Henry was...Henry was adorable. And he would still be near his father, which she was grateful for.

That wasn't to suggest it wouldn't be hard, but the easier they could make it, the better.

"We'll leave the new child with his old pack, and take Stiles and Henry to Georgia with us." Robert decided.

"You want to separate Stiles from his child? Do you really think that he'll be okay with that?"

Robert shook his head. "Not at first, but he'll come to be okay with it. I'm more concerned about Derek, who undoubtedly fathered this new cub. The last person managed to hide Stiles away successfully enough, but hiding a child is another matter."

## Henry

Henry crawled into bed with his daddy and his Otets. Both of them were asleep, even though he could have sworn that he had heard them talking earlier.

His daddy smelled funny, and though Henry didn't know why, he wanted to cuddle into his chest, so that's what he did.

When he put his head on his daddy's stomach, he heard something he had never heard, before. He recognized his daddy's heartbeat. He would recognize it anywhere. There were two more beats underneath his daddy's, though.

Soft, but very quick, Henry didn't understand what they were. In an effort to get an answer, he began poking his daddy in the chest.

"Daddy...daddy." He whispered. When his daddy grunted, he did it, again. "Daddy."

"What's up, kiddo?" Derek's sleepy voice made Henry jump, he had been expecting his daddy to answer.

"Daddy has weird noises in his tummy."

Derek chuckled. "That's the babies."

"Babies?" Henry asked, and Derek nodded.

"Your daddy is having twins."

Henry had heard that word before, but wasn't sure if he remembered what it meant.

"What does 'twins' mean?"

"It means that he'll have two babies that will look alike, or look different, but he'll have two at once."

Henry felt very excited at this news. "*Two* sisters?"

"Maybe." Derek said with a smile. "But, Henry, it's entirely possible that your daddy will have two boys, and I don't want you to feel too disappointed if that's what happens, okay?"

Henry nodded. "I know, Otets, daddy already told me, I promise to love my brother, too."

Derek smiled at him, before ruffling his hair a little. "You're an amazing child, kiddo."

"You're a good Otets, too." Henry said, meaning it. Derek was a man who



made his daddy happy, he also made *him* happy, which, after his papa, wasn't as important, but his daddy sure seemed to think it was, so Henry included it in his calculations.

Otets had also listened to him. In just a few months he was going to have not one, but two new brothers or sisters! The man was great.

"A good Otets wouldn't wake your daddy up, but here we are." Said a sleepy whisper from in front of him.

"Daddy!" Henry shouted.

"Hey, kiddo. It's not every morning that you come to see me and your Otets."

"I could smell you, and...I wanted to hug you." Henry said, not sure how to explain his feeling.

"That's called instinct. When you do something because you feel a pull, right here." His daddy said, tapping him over his heart.

"Like when I'm scared?" Henry asked, and his daddy nodded.

"That's right. I know you might not like it, but that's your wolf telling you that you need to run."

"Even when Unca Isaac scares me?"

"That's your wolf overreacting a little. It doesn't know what's happening, and so you get scared."

"So the wolf is inside of me?"

"Of course, kiddo. Just because you can't call it forth, doesn't mean it's not there, inside of you."

"Will there be a wolf inside the babies?"

## Derek

Derek chuckled at Henry's curiosity. He bathed in the moment where it was just the five of them, his own family. It was something that he had wanted to have with Stiles for as long as he could remember, and here it was, already expanding.

"We'll have to think of some names." He said, wanting to include Henry as much as possible.

"How did you come up with my name, daddy?" Henry asked, making Derek flinch a little as Stiles' smile fell.

"Well...it was your papa's idea. He named you after your great grandfather."

Henry nodded, but didn't comment anymore on the past. They sat there, coming with several names, the genders changing from time to time. Stiles seemed adverse to matching names, shaking his head with a smirk whenever Derek suggested one.

At the name 'Phillip' and 'Lillian', Stiles let out a laugh, though.

"Gods, I haven't watched that show in forever."

"What show, daddy?"

Before Stiles could answer, there was a knock at the door.

"Yeah?" Derek said, unable to help his apprehension. For the rest of his life, he might be worried whenever there was a knock at the door. It brought back too many memories of receiving bad news.

"I was waiting for you guys to come out, but you seem to want to spend all day in bed." Isaac said, urgently as he let himself in and ran to Stiles' side of the bed.

“Was there something that you needed?” Derek asked, not at all irritated. He knew that Isaac loved Stiles perhaps more than anyone else in the pack, and had no qualms with the bond that the two had formed...especially not after he had yelled at the poor kid.

“I...I came by the door to make sure Henry was in here with you, and normally I can’t hear anything, but since I was so close, I could hear you three talking about names...Twins, Stiles?” Isaac burst out excitedly.

“Even with soundproof walls, no secrets amongst werewolves.” Derek muttered with a chuckle.

“This shouldn’t be a secret, though, this is the most...awesome thing since I found out that you were pregnant with Henry.” Isaac said, smiling at the child, who smiled back.

“It’s not that much bigger of a deal than if I was having just one...except I’m going to be even fatter.”

Isaac chuckled at something Derek wasn’t sure of, before saying:

“Oh, come on, it’s a little bigger than that.”

Stiles nodded his agreement.

“And you won’t be fat, we had this argument last time.”

It was Derek’s turn to be hurt by the past. He knew that Isaac had not said it with malicious intent, but it was an automatic pain whenever he thought about the life that Stiles had had without him.

“Huge...a balloon.” Stiles lamented, though with a soft smile. “Derek will be disgusted with me...” He had barely gotten the words out of his mouth, before Derek swooped in kissed him there, placing his love and truth into it.

“Never, babe, not for anything in the world. You’re beautiful and will always be beautiful.”

## Chapter End Notes

Twins!

I already have the genders set, but am at a loss for names, so anyone who helps will receive digital cookies.

I hope everyone likes it, and the next chapter will be Christmas.

# Christmas

## Chapter Summary

Christmas for the pack

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

Stiles awoke to a rhythmic bouncing and when he opened his eyes he saw the socked feet of his son flashing in and out of his line of vision.

“Christmas, daddy!” Henry said, jarring Stiles from his sleep.

Stiles turned and looked at the clock on the wall. He was reminded of himself at that age when he realized that it was five and the sun wasn’t even up.

“It’s so early.” He mumbled.

“But Santa already left, we have to get up, daddy!” Henry whined, throwing himself on the bed, face down.

Stiles smiled to himself and let out a soft chuckle, thinking back to his own

eagerness when he was a child, and let out the response his father always gave.

“Maybe in an hour.”

He could practically hear Henry’s indignation. Such was his son’s demeanor and disposition, though, that he did not speak his disappointment. His face fell, though, and even though he had only been joking, Stiles felt his heart break a little.

“Alright, kiddo, I was just teasing, no need to brandish the lip.”

“You crumble like cheese.” Derek said with a chuckle.

“Kiddo, your Otets is trying to make us sleep longer.” Immediately garnering the reaction he wanted: Henry turned to him with the most devastated face, and it took all of half a second for Derek to likewise, crumble.

“Okay, okay, let’s go down.” He said, quickly.

Henry clapped his hands, excitedly. He leapt out of the bed and ran through the house, rousing the other wolves, while Stiles slowly pulled himself up, not wanting a dizzy spell to affect him.

“Did you get the...present?” Stiles asked, and Derek nodded.

“Yeah, it’s actually good we woke up early, I feel bad leaving him out there all alone.” Derek said, quietly.

“Thank you for doing that.” Stiles whispered as he walked slowly towards the stairs.

“Babe, he’s our son, and as long as his requests are...reasonable, I’m more than happy to fulfill them. I mean...we might have to wonder whether or not we’re spoiling him, but he’s such a good kid that I can’t imagine that it would affect him too much. You did a hell of a job raising him.”

Stiles blushed and really couldn't argue against it, even to be modest, because Henry really was an amazing kid, and Stiles had played a part in that.

"And I'm so excited for our twins, babe, no child could ever hope for a better parent."

"Better *parents*." Stiles corrected. "Henry isn't even yours by blood and you're already a phenomenal father, I know little Fionna and Marceline are going to be surrounded in a cocoon of love and protection."

Derek raised an eyebrow, and Stiles chuckled. "Just trying some things out, don't give me that look."

"Were Lumpy Space Princess and Flame Princess going too far?" Derek asked with a snort.

"I knew you were paying attention when I was watching Adventure Time." Stiles said, wagging his eyebrows, overjoyed at having caught Derek enjoying the show.

"It's catchy." Derek said, waving his hand as though it wasn't a big deal. "Seriously, though, we should start discussing names."

"I would say that that's kind of forward, but that would make me a hypocrite. I like Preston and Travis for boys, Alexa and Cassandra for girls, we could mix them if they're both."

They had reached the bottom of the stairs at this point, and Stiles was surprised to find Isaac had already come down and started some coffee, which Stiles looked at longingly.

"Go ahead." Derek said with a heavy sigh.

Stiles smiled. "You know the evidence suggesting that caffeine is harmful during pregnancy is very shaky in the first place, added to the fact that I'm a werewolf, *and* I drank coffee when I was pregnant...with...Henry."

Stiles had not meant to make himself sad, but his words had achieved that effect. The reason he had drunk coffee when he was pregnant with Henry and the reason he knew that the research surrounding it and pregnancies was shaky was because it had been when he had...hated Henry. To think that he ever had seemed so ridiculous when he currently loved his son more than anything, but there had been a time when it was the lump that the monster had created.

“Thank you.” He whispered when Isaac handed him a cup.

Isaac put a hand on his shoulder, ever watchful and wise, he let out a sigh before speaking.

“It was a dark time, Stiles, but you overcame it being the strong werewolf, and you love him now, which is important.”

Stiles nodded, and let a single tear fall before turning his head up.

“Can you...do you have any name suggestions?” He asked, thickly, trying to find a distraction.

Isaac smiled and nodded. “I’d say go for Aleksandr, with a ‘k’ and no ‘e’ at the end, you know, so he always remembers his Russian uncle, or Alex for a more American option, or Theodore.”

“Only boys?” Stiles asked.

“My intuition tells me there will be boys, but if there is a girl or girls, Catherine and Elizabeth.”

“We’d have a royal theme going on.” Stiles remarked.

“Could you imagine us as royalty?” Derek said with a laugh. “The Werewolf Kings of Beacon Hills.”

Stiles laughed at the silly thought as well, and sat down on the couch with his coffee, waiting for the rest of the pack, which Henry was currently pleading with.



“When’s your first scan?” Isaac asked.

“I don’t know...I should actually probably talk to Melissa about that when she comes over, today. You know how it was with Henry.”

Isaac nodded. Due to his frequent attempts at escape, Stiles hadn’t really seen a ‘doctor’ so much as a wolf that had come over to ensure that Stiles was healthy, and the most that he did was poke and prod, he knew that Derek would want a physician present as often as possible, though.

The pack descended the stairs with bleary eyes and looks of irritation. Deucalion was carrying Henry on his back though, so Stiles knew that their negative dispositions were not too trained on his son.

“Look, daddy, everyone’s awake!” He said.

“And you were just upstairs, what a strange coincidence.” Stiles said, catching Henry as he jumped from Deucalion.

“It was a very strange wake up call, he apologized.” Ennis said, wearing nothing but sleep pants and wrapping an arm around Allison.

“I should hope that he didn’t catch anything...inappropriate.” Stiles said, not having to be a werewolf to tell that Ennis and Allison might have been less than clothed when Henry barged in.

Ennis shook his head. “I heard the little rugrat making the rounds, got dressed like...like a ninja.” He said behind a yawn.

“Daddy, what’s a ‘rugrat’?”

Stiles laughed. “That’s you, it’s just a fun name people sometimes use.”

## Derek

Derek decided to play Santa seeing as he knew what most of the pack had bought each other, and knew that Stiles, being pregnant, and Henry, being

young would receive the most presents. Stiles even placed a Santa hat on his head to commemorate the decision, which Derek accepted, albeit with a glare.

The first gift opened was one for Henry. Derek had never seen anyone tear through wrapping paper, even Henry himself during his birthday had been less enthusiastic. The gift, from Allison, was a cellphone, something that had irked Derek at its mention, but now made him actually smile.

It was small, green, and plastic, obviously not a smart phone and Henry looked at it in wonder as she explained quietly:

“I know it’s ridiculous to give kids five-hundred dollar cellphones, but this is a better option. It has your number, Stiles, it has Derek’s and also Isaac’s preprogrammed. He can send and give texts to those numbers, and perhaps most importantly, it has GPS.”

Derek nodded and looked at the box, it seemed to have been designed specifically for kids. Henry couldn’t send calls or texts to numbers that weren’t approved, and the GPS worked even when the phone was off. Best of all, Henry didn’t understand the difference between his phone and the one Derek had in his pocket.

“Thank you, Auntie Allison!” He said, jumping up into her arms.

“You’re welcome.” She said, giving him a hug, before setting him back down.

Yellow was going to be a theme for this Christmas, Derek decided when Stiles and Derek opened Allison’s gift which was two parts. She had given them massage oils scented candles, bath beads, and...

“Is that what I think it is?” Stiles asked, blushing as he quickly hid the vibrator from Henry’s line of sight.

Allison, who was equally red, nodded. “It’ll be fun for you guys, I mean, when Ennis-.”

“Alright, alright, thank you!” Stiles said, now a furious crimson, though with a smile, and Derek felt himself get hard at the thought of what he could do to Stiles with their new ‘toy’.

The second part of their gift, which had led Derek to believe that their Christmas would be yellow, was a large set of baby clothes. Onesies, some shirts, and even a small pair of shoes.

“Thank you.” Derek said, smiling warmly at her.

She shrugged. “I won’t pretend like I’m going to be the only who did it.”

She was right. Every member of the pack had given Stiles and Derek baby clothes, given Henry his own gifts, and gifts for each other. The bill was no doubt outstanding, but Derek didn’t mind, it wasn’t like any of them could go bankrupt.

Henry ended the day with his new phone, several outfits, a kid’s laptop, an art set, a remote control airplane, several video games, and more candy than any child could even dream of.

The pack had also provided Stiles and Derek with everything that they could possibly need for their new twins. Stiles had given Derek the twins themselves, but had also bought him a rather heavy silver chain with a figure of a wolf on it.

“Open it.” Stiles said, quietly.

Derek complied and felt a warm smile spread on his face. There were four nooks for pictures, two of them already taken by a picture of Stiles and Henry.

“Sorry that I didn’t have the other two-.”

Stiles stopped when Derek grabbed him and pulled him into a hug.

“Thank you.” He whispered.

## Stiles

Stiles was still smiling when Derek walked outside to get Henry's final gift, giving a wink to Stiles.

The bark made Henry look up from his Pokémon game, and Stiles smiled when the puppy ran into the room, its white tail wagging wildly.

The pure white husky ran straight for Henry, something that actually surprised Stiles.

"I gave him Henry's scent." Derek explained, quietly, and he watched the puppy lick Henry's face.

"Thank you, Otets! Thank you, thank you, thank you!" Henry squealed. "What's its name?"

"That's for you to decide, kiddo."

"Peaches." Henry said, immediately. He offered no explanation or excuses, and as it was Henry, the pack accepted it.

Stiles pulled his cellphone out of his pocket and texted his father and Melissa to make sure that they were still coming over, looking up only when the room had gone silent...mostly silent, anyway. Peaches and Henry were rustling the paper as they played.

"What?" He asked, looking up at Derek, who was staring at him.

"There's still one more gift." He said. He was shaking slightly and Stiles wondered if Derek was going to spring a major surprise on him. Like moving to Canada or the fact that he himself was an Omega.

"The tree's kind of empty, Der." Stiles said, pointing as Derek knelt before him.

"I..." Derek laughed. "I...honestly thought you would've found out by

now. The rest of the pack did, but...I think they wanted this to be a surprise for you.”

Lydia nodded.

“Stiles, I love you. I’ve always loved you, since the day...” Derek cleared his throat as his voice thickened. “I just...you’re my everything, and I know that I’ve said this before, but...I really do think you’re the single greatest thing to ever happen to me.”

“I love you, too, Der.”

“We’re mates. Bound forever in the tenants of werewolf law, but I need... more. It’s selfish, I know, but you make me selfish, Stiles, because there’s never enough of you. I want you, Stiles, all of you, and that’s why, in front of our son and our pack, I am asking you to be my husband.”

## Chapter End Notes

Okay, we all know what Stiles is going to say, but I thought it'd be a fun cliffhanger anyway.

The phone that Henry got is a real thing, you can totally get age appropriate phones for kids.

Thank you for everyone who submitted names, I think I've got it sorted out, and tried to use at least one name from every comment in the chapter.

Also, I might have thrown in a reference to Consort. :)

Thank you everyone, next chapter soon. which will have some grandpa John time in it.

# Scan

## Chapter Summary

A trip to the hospital for Stiles' scan.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

Stiles took a moment to himself under the pretense of throwing the wrapping paper away before his father, Talia, and Melissa arrived.

He stared at the ring on his finger, the feeling of joy rising in him in a way that he had never felt, before.

He was engaged to his mate, and even though marriage was a human custom, he couldn't help but feel giddy as he looked at his ring.

Platinum and onyx with three diamonds, which Stiles could take to mean the three children they would have. It was a symbol of everything they had fought through to get where they were, a symbol that Derek was completely devoted to him.

There had been few doubts in recent weeks, certainly less than when Stiles first got back, but there had always been the little demon named Aiden in the back of his mind that told him something would break and Derek might flee, if for no other reason than he didn't view Stiles as worthy anymore, but Stiles had been foolish to ever think such a ridiculous thing, this ring was proof positive that Derek was there and always would be.

John's voice snapped Stiles from his thoughts.

"There's my grandson!"

Stiles smiled as he exited the kitchen and gave his father a hug, not an easy thing to do when Henry was hanging on him like an ornament, but he managed to get through.

"How've you been?"

"Pregnant." Stiles responded with a small smirk, though there was little that was funny about the situation. Already, the morning sickness was beginning, and he knew it was only a matter of time before he would be sick, dizzy, and...suffer under other unpleasant symptoms that came with giving birth.

It would be worth it, though. More than worth it, he would suffer for twenty months just to see the faces of his children for a moment.

John nodded. "Well, there's some remedies I can suggest to you," He lowered his voice, "but don't let Melissa know, Western medicine always thinks it has the answer."

"Because Western medicine always does have the answer." Melissa said, making John grimace and shake his head. "Stiles, you need to come in for a scan." Melissa added while giving Scott a hug.

"I know." Stiles said. "I was just really busy with Christmas, I was actually going to bring it up to you, today."

"I'll speak to my doctor tomorrow and get you set up with a time, you're

already...”

“Two weeks give or take.”

“Any problems so far?” She asked moving towards him and touching his stomach when he nodded.

“No problems. I was...” Stiles lowered his voice, his eyes on Henry. “I was in a bad place when I was carrying Henry and everything turned out fine.”

“You still-.”

“I know. I’ll come in, right now if you want.” Stiles said, chuckling when Melissa shook her head.

“Tomorrow, I’ll call and give you a time.” Melissa said, her eyes narrowing when Stiles took a drink of his coffee.

“Don’t even start with me. That study was never done on werewolves. Human pregnancies and Omega pregnancies are very different.”

“I wasn’t going to stop you, if you feel you know better...”

“I do. Omegas have been carrying children for many thousands of years, and my instincts tell me that coffee isn’t going to hurt them.”

John let out a chuckle as he settled on the couch next to Talia, letting Henry crawl between them.

“So, there’s some news, dad, something that I’m really happy about.” Stiles said, taking Derek’s hand.

“You can wait, babe, if you want.” Derek whispered, but Stiles shook his head.

“No, Der, I’m...I’m really excited about this.”

“What could be as big as you being pregnant?” John asked, and in response,



Stiles held up his left hand, showing his father the ring.

John reached out and took his hand. "You're getting married?" He asked.

Stiles nodded. "I know it's not really our style, but-."

"No, son, this is great news." John said, standing up and pulling Stiles and Derek to his chest. "I mean, I won't pretend that I fully understand, but if this...this very obviously makes you happy, and that's all I've ever wanted for you, son. And you," He said, turning his head to Derek, "take care of him, alright? If you're going to get married, I'm going to use a human cliché and tell you to take care of my son."

"I've always tried."

Stiles opened his mouth, but John spoke first. "You always have, son, I've never felt as though you gave anything less than you were able when it came to protecting Stiles, I'm just telling you to make sure that you keep it up. You're more than just a mate, you're a husband...or will be, soon."

"I promise."

Stiles felt it unfair that Derek was still getting punished for what had happened, when he had not blamed Derek, even when it happened. Derek took it all in stride, though, he nodded, and wrapped an arm around Stiles' shoulders.

"Who is this?" Talia asked, her voice slightly strained, breaking the tense moment, by taking their attention towards her.

"Peaches." Stiles said, as the dog jumped onto the couch next to Henry, who began scratching his ears.

Talia's eyebrows rose before she turned her eyes to Derek. "You got a dog?"

Derek nodded. "Yes, mom. I know that you don't like it, but this is our pack, and our son wanted a dog."

Talia looked at Peaches, before cocking her head slightly, something that Peaches mirrored.

“He’s...cute.” She remarked with a small smile.

Derek just rolled his eyes.

## Derek

The next morning, Melissa called, and it was with a grin that Derek agreed to bring Stiles in that day. Part of him was excited that Stiles was finally going to be seen, but there was also amusement for how quickly Melissa had managed to get things together.

Stiles found it funny, as well.

“She’s going to fret over me, I can just tell.”

“Well, she may not be pack, but we’re all going to fret over you, so you better get used to it.” Derek said, as Stiles got dressed.

“I know that, I just don’t want people worrying too much. My body is designed to do this, and...” Stiles’ voice became thick as he lowered it, slightly. “I know I lost one, but that was under different circumstances. I won’t lose your children, Der.” He promised.

“Hey.” Derek said, taking his hand, making Stiles have to stop. “I trust you completely and fully with our unborn children. Just...suffer under our worries for a few months, but never feel as though it’s because we think you’re incapable of doing it yourself.”

Stiles nodded, and Derek smiled.

“Now, let’s go look at Anna and Elsa.”

Stiles’ eyes widened. “Not even, with my love of Disney, are we doing that.”

Stiles had asked Isaac to watch Henry, something the child wasn't too upset about. He was sitting on the couch, curled up with peaches, holding his 3DS, with Ennis watching him play.

"Are you going to be alright, kiddo?" Stiles asked, Henry looked up and nodded.

"Yeah, daddy, Uncle Enny and Isaac said they would play with me."

"Alright, I'll see you later." Stiles said, leaning down to kiss him on the head.

"Bye, daddy." Henry lifted his arms and gave Stiles a hug before they left.

Melissa's smile was warm when they arrived, and it didn't take long to figure out why, when she led them to the back room, Stiles was surprised by the man he saw there.

"Deaton! I didn't know you were going to be my doctor."

"Neither did I, but I thought...this would be a better alternative to someone you didn't know."

"It is, I haven't had a panic attack in a few days, but it never hurts to see a familiar face. I'm sure Derek is thankful as well."

Derek hadn't thought of it until Stiles brought it up, but he was much happier with a man he knew and trusted over a stranger.

"So you've been doing well? No major problem, related to the pregnancy or otherwise?" Deaton asked as he set the equipment."

Stiles shook his head. "Occasional twinges of fear, but nothing serious. The pack...the pack is really good for me. I mean, Derek played no small part, but I don't think I would be doing so well without me pack."

"That's good. I never doubted that you'd get to a comfortable place, again, and I'm really pleased to see you pregnant...I mean...that came out kind of

weird.” He let out a chuckle. “I’m glad to see that you and Derek have reached a point where you’ve decided to get pregnant, again. This will be cold.” He added as he dribbled some gel on Stiles’ stomach, the smell was clean and sterile, another blow to Derek’s psyche. He didn’t like the hospital, too many bad memories from the last time Stiles had been here.

Deaton didn’t bring up Stiles’ last pregnancy, and Derek was rather grateful for that.

“Alrighty, let’s just...work this around.” Deaton manipulated the probe around on Stiles’ stomach, with Derek watching the screen intently, though Stiles still caught sight of them before he did.

“It’s two jellybeans.” He said, with a chuckle.

“Where?” Derek said, squinting at the screen, Deaton looked equally confused, but when Stiles pointed, Derek could see them. They did indeed look like jellybeans, both of them attached to each other and Stiles by the tiny umbilical cords.

Derek felt a well of emotion building within him as he looked at his kids. Tiny, nearly imperceptible, and static black and white, but absolutely and irrevocably there.

“Stiles.” He whispered, forcefully, making Stiles jump minutely.

“Yeah, Der?”

“Look at them. They’re...they’re in there and you...they’re real.”

“Did you think I was faking it?”

Derek shook his head, tears beginning to make their way down his face.

“No, I just...it’s not real until it is.”

Stiles gripped his hand, and placed a kiss on his knuckles.

“I guess I don’t need to congratulate you.”

“Gender?” Stiles asked, quietly, but Deaton shook his head.

“Sex.” Deaton corrected, and then added, “Too early to tell, but when you come back in about six weeks, I’ll probably be able to make a good guess. Everything looks good for the moment, but I want to keep an eye on you.”

“Do you expect problems?” Derek asked, Deaton’s words having dragged him back down from bliss.

“Of course not, but we like to keep an eye on Omega births. Not to dehumanize you, Stiles, but Western medicine is still largely geared towards humans, let’s just be safe. Not to mention multiple births are always something that should be monitored.”

Stiles looked up to Derek and rolled his eyes, but he nodded. “Should I come in tomorrow?” He asked, with a hint of sarcasm.

Deaton was much more serious, though. “No, but let’s schedule you every week for the first two months and then we can ease up a little. Werewolf...” He paused and shifted nervously.

Stiles sighed as though he knew what Deaton was going to say. “Go ahead.” He muttered.

Deaton spoke very quickly as though he just wanted to get the information out there, but not dwell on it, too much. “Werewolf miscarriages in both females and Omegas is very rare after the second month.”

“So, that’s the safe point?” Derek asked.

“Well, I’m not saying you can join MMA at that point, but, yes, that will be the more or less ‘safe point’”

“Hyper protective until the second month, and then you’ll ease a bit?” Stiles asked, looking up at him with a small smirk.

“Deal. Hyper protective until the second month and then just my normal level of possessiveness.” Derek promised.

## Chapter End Notes

Okay, unless I'm very much mistaken in my calculations, this will end up being my longest fic, yet. I'm really glad that everyone likes this so much.

No gender, yet, because I realized my timetable was screwed up. I threw in a Frozen reference, not because it's popular, right now, but because in Japanese class we watched 'Let it Go' in Japanese, and it's been stuck in my head all day.

Please comment, I really enjoy reading them and seeing the mood of my readers.

Thank you:)

# Surly

## Chapter Summary

Stiles' children grow.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

It was the fourth week of his pregnancy that Stiles really got both the blessings and curses.

It started when Stiles began crying at the end of ‘Hunchback of Notre Dame’, a favorite of his. He had never cried during it, before, but as the little girl took Quasimodo’s hand and led him out into the sun, Stiles broke down in tears.

“Are you...alright there, buddy?” Ennis asked, no malice of joke in his voice.

Stiles blushed and hid his head under a blanket on the couch. He was embarrassed by his fit of tears, and had no idea where they had come from.

He felt *emotions* about the movie, he always did. Bittersweet happiness at Quasimodo being accepted, but a little down that Esmeralda didn't choose him. Still, he had seen the movie hundreds of times and had never cried at it, or even felt choked up.

"Hormones?" Derek asked, he too bore no ill feeling in his voice, it was just an honest question.

Stiles shrugged. "I don't know. I wasn't really watching movies when I was pregnant with Henry I wouldn't know if it was hormones or not."

The starving children commercial proved that it was. Stiles ended up curled into Derek's chest, crying and holding Henry as close to him as was possible.

Then came the cravings. Stiles would find himself irritated and huffy if he didn't get exactly what he wanted. Sometimes it would be simple: Ice cream and peanut butter, but other times he found that he wanted more... unorthodox things.

"Are you serious, babe?" Derek asked, sleepily one night, when Stiles' growling stomach had woken them up and Stiles had told him what he wanted.

Stiles nodded. "Yeah, but...I can go and get it." He said, quietly, worried that Derek was starting to get irritated with him.

Derek sighed, but placed a gentle kiss on Stiles' temple. "I don't mind, babe. Anytime, day or night, I just think it's a little odd..."

"Blame your children." Stiles said, poking his stomach.

Derek chuckled and kissed Stiles' stomach. "I'll be right back." He promised.

He return five minutes later, the scent of maple syrup makes Stiles sniff appreciatively.



“I still don’t get it, but here you go, babe.” Derek said, handing him the bowl of a maple syrup coated quesadillas.

The bump arrived near the end of the fourth week. It was a good thing, one that Stiles was overjoyed about, though it was Derek who noticed it.

Stiles awoke to Derek running his fingers over his stomach, and looked down to find his fiancé’s eyes inched from the skin there.

“You can’t watch them grow.” Stiles mumbled sleepily.

“You have a bump.” Derek said. “I’m playing with it.”

Stiles looked down, it was almost imperceptible, but there it was: a slight ridge in his stomach.

“I’m going to get fat.” Stiles warned. “Like...fat.”

“Yeah, but I’d love no matter what you weigh, and when it’s because you’re carrying my children, I’m not going to say a word.”

Stiles smiled and loved Derek all the more in that moment.

“When did Henry start kicking?”

The question brought Stiles’ mind back to darker days.

*Three years earlier.*

*“Still sulking in here?” Aiden asked as he walked into the room, shaking his head as though Stiles was playing a difficult game.*

*Stiles, who was tied to the bed with handcuffs, really didn’t see the joke.*

*“Fuck off.” He growled.*

*“You’re such an impudent little shit, you know that? You’re carrying a*

child- “

*“I’m carrying a fucking monster that you raped into-.” Stiles was silenced by the force of Aiden’s backhand.*

*“Don’t ever speak that way about my child, again! You should be happy that you’re going to have a kid.”*

*“I’ll be happy when Derek gives me a child.” Stiles retorted, bracing himself for another hit, but it didn’t come. Instead, Aiden sat down on the bed and began to stroke Stiles’ head.*

*“If Derek loved you so much, he’d be here, he never would have let you have me. You called yourself an Alpha, he felt threatened, and letting me take you was easier than finding a way to get rid of you himself.”*

*Stiles didn’t respond, but he didn’t believe the words for a moment, either. He knew Derek loved him, and he also knew that he never would have willingly put Stiles in his current situation. Aiden was a liar, Stiles had quickly learned that.*

*Aiden moved his hand to Stiles’ stomach, something Stiles tried to squirm away from, though he failed. He hated the movement within him, the baby’s kicks and twitching. It made him feel even more like it was something horrible, feeding off of him, waiting to rip itself free.*

*“I love feeling him kick.” Aiden whispered, showing his propensity to attaching a gender to what Stiles unfeelingly called ‘it’.*

Stiles shook his head to escape his thoughts. “At...it was about eight weeks in or so.”

“Where did you go?” Derek asked, his eyes worried.

“Dark place.” Stiles whispered. “The past.”

Derek took his hand, gently. “Stay here in the present with me.”

Stiles nodded and smiled weakly. “A few more weeks, and you will feel them, Der.”

Derek nodded, but looked guilty that he had asked a question that had brought Stiles back to worse times.

“I’m-.” He began, but Stiles placed a finger over his lips.

“No, Der. The man who rescued me does not need to apologize for asking a question.”

The days flew by in a flurry of morning sickness and an ever growing stomach. Stiles became more wary of his actions, guarding his stomach with his arms more times than not, and Derek, true to his word was also protective and watchful. The pack, being family was allowed to be near him, but the scant few times that Stiles left the house, Derek insisted on being present and maintained a constant composure of surliness. His eyes glowed red, and he never allowed anyone to get closer than necessary.

Word quickly spread throughout Beacon Hills that ‘the Omega’ as Stiles had come to be known, was to be left alone. In such a small town it wasn’t hard for the desires of Stiles and Derek to be left to their own devices to influence the populous.

## Derek

Derek felt himself groan as he rubbed Stiles’ back as his mate threw up before breakfast. It wasn’t disgust, it was sympathy. He was so very grateful that Stiles was carrying his cubs, but felt terrible that it was causing him the morning sickness.

“Here you go, babe.” Derek said, handing Stiles a glass of water, who took it and rinsed out his mouth.

“I don’t even know where it all comes from when it happens this early in

the morning.”

“Late night peanut butter snacks?” Derek asked, smiling at Stiles.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about.” Stiles responded with feigned innocence, though his smirk gave him away.

“I blame little Mary and Elizabeth, here.” Stiles said, poking at his stomach.

“Another name change?” Derek asked as he cupped the growing bulge.

“For the moment. You know me, Der, one minute it’s two boys, the next it’s two girls. This is why such things are decided by genetic lottery, I would never be able to decide a sex for my child.”

Derek smiled and nodded. “I know how you feel. I think Henry is the only one who is fighting for a girl, and even then, only one. I don’t think he’d mind having brothers.”

“I don’t think I’d mind very much, either. And it’s not as though we have to stop. I mean...I love you, Der, and as many children as you want to have, we can have.”

“I love you, too, babe. We have years, though. Let’s just get through this pregnancy, and then we can worry about others.”

“Daddy!” Henry shouted, running into the room.

“Hey, kiddo. How’d you sleep?”

“Good. Uncle Enny said that you were awake.”

“Well, not because I wanted to be, but yes. Did you need something in particular?”

“No, daddy, I just wanted to see you.”

“Well, you don’t need to ask Ennis if I’m awake for that. Henry, just

because you have your own room doesn't mean that you can't see me, whenever you want."

"But...they said that we had to be careful for the baby."

Stiles narrowed his eyes and Derek felt himself tense as well. "Son, did someone tell you that you couldn't see me because I was pregnant?"

Henry shook his head, and Derek and Stiles both let out sighs of relief.

"No, daddy, they just said that you had to be careful, so I thought that I shouldn't get in the way."

Stiles shook his head. "No, Henry. You are my sunshine and I want to see you all the time. Don't ever think that me needing to be careful means that you have to stay away." Stiles pulled in for a tight hug, which Henry returned.

"Your belly is big now, daddy." Henry said poking it.

"This is nothing, kiddo, it's going to get even bigger..." Stiles paused for a moment, his hands gently reaching down to cup his stomach.

"Stiles?" Derek asked, fear immediately filling his veins. Any time Stiles paused or gasped, flinched or twitched, Derek worried for his children. Worried for his mate.

"Der, give me your hand." Stiles said, reaching out. Derek was shaking as he complied.

Stiles gently placed Derek's hand on the skin, and Derek's worry melted away to joy when he felt it. Movement.

His children were moving.

"Daddy, what is it?" Henry asked, and in response, Stiles took his hand, and placed it next to Derek's.

Henry's eyes widened with surprise and wonder when another kick subtly moved under their hands.

"That's your brothers or sisters, kiddo." Derek whispered.

"Does this mean they're ready to come out?" Henry asked, making Stiles chuckle.

"No, kiddo, they still need a few months."

"Can I be there when they're born?" He asked.

"Of course, you can. You may not like it, though, giving birth is a...messy ordeal for Omegas."

"What does that mean?"

Stiles grimaced. "I'll explain later, kiddo. Why don't we go down and I'll play some games with you?" Stiles said, ever a master at changing the subject.

Henry jumped up and ran for the stairs, shouting "Hurry, daddy!" behind him.

"He can't be there, Stiles. It will be hard...after what has already happened for him to see you getting cut into. I don't...I don't even really want to see that. Seeing you in pain...it's hard." Derek whispered.

"Maybe I agreed too soon. I can try and talk him out of it, I wasn't thinking, I'm sorry." Stiles said, slipping just for a moment into a melancholy tone, but he quickly remedied it. "But you have to be there. We have to go through the tradition of me yelling at you for putting me through the pain." He said with a chuckle.

Derek didn't laugh, though. "Stiles, if there was a way for me to give you children without causing you pain, I would-."

"Don't." Stiles stopped walking and put a hand on his shoulder. "Derek, the

pain comes with the joy. I would suffer a thousand times over to bring only one child into the world, and I'm going to give life to two. I do not mind it, and neither should you."

"I just don't like seeing you hurt, babe."

## Chapter End Notes

My humblest and most sincere apologies at bringing this to you so late. I misread my syllabus and had a paper due earlier than I thought. I hope no one abandoned this, because I did not abandon it, either. I am typing whenever I can, but school must take priority. Unless I am very much mistaken, I will be able to publish one more chapter before Thanksgiving, but if I can't I wish you all the best for the holiday.

Thank you all for your kudos and comments!

# Head.

## Chapter Summary

Scott and Isaac take Henry on a trip to the zoo while Derek realizes that Stiles is the head of their home, and he's quite alright with that.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Derek

The bonds that held a pack together was strengthened in the face of an impending birth, Derek learned. No one overwhelmed Stiles or made him feel like a doll to be played with, but as Derek observed his pack as the days went on he noticed that they, with Isaac in particular, like to scent him. Derek didn't mind, and it was actually sweet to see Stiles taking on a leading role. Whenever one of the pack came up to him, he would lift his arm to allow them to cuddle close to him, and rub their faces on his neck.

Stiles' scent might as well have been protectiveness personified. It emanated out feelings of security, while at the same time, demanding that its originator was kept safe at all times. It took Derek a little while to realize it, but it was the scent of a true father. Someone who needed to be protected, and at the same time, someone who would defend, with fierce



loyalty, the lives of his pack. Derek reveled in it and tried to be as close to him as possible.

“They see you as their pack leader.” He whispered one evening.

“Nah, Derek, we’re both Alphas, but you’re the head of this pack.” Stiles whispered back, curling himself into Derek’s chest while he spoke.

Derek shook his head. “No, babe, it’s you. And I don’t mind at all. I think it’s amazing how much you’ve brought this pack together. You always have. Even when we were younger.”

“I’m just pregnant it’s...hormone based scent leading. I’ll give birth and then they’ll look to you, again.”

Derek just shook his head, not wanting to argue too much, but knowing the deeper truth. The pack idolized Stiles and would all lay down their lives before they let anything happen to him, again. Scott had once made the mistake of calling Stiles ‘pack mom’, but Derek supposed that gendered words aside, that it was true.

“Stiles, Isaac and I were talking about something, and I wondered if you would be alright with it.” Scott said from his spot on the couch next to his mate.

Stiles opened his eyes in surprise and then narrowed them at Derek. *Don’t you say a word.* Was clearly written there. Derek did not speak, but he did chuckle at Scott having inadvertently proven his point.

“Yeah, and what idea was that?”

“Well, we...we were thinking about...” Scott blushed and took Isaac’s hand who nodded encouragingly. “We kind of wanted to adopt.” He said, there was a millisecond of pause before he continued at a rapid pace. “I mean, we’d want everyone’s permission first, and we’d adopt a cub, because bringing a human into a world is complex, and we love Henry, so much, but we kind of wanted-.”

“Scott.” Stiles said with a chuckle. “Slow down. I know that you love Henry, please explain your request at a reasonable speed.”

Scott swallowed and spoke at a normal pace. “We weren’t going to go out and adopt now, but we kind of wanted to try it out.”

“Parenting?” Stiles asked, and Scott nodded, again.

“I mean, I’m not wanting to take him to another state or anything, just... spend the day with Henry.”

“And if you don’t lose him, you’ll think that you’re fit parents?” Stiles asked, Derek heard his joking tone, but Scott apparently didn’t, because his eyes widened in fear and shock and he began to speak quickly, again.

“No, Stiles, I swear, I’d never allow him out of my sight, I won’t-.”

“Scott, you need to calm down. Do you really think that I wouldn’t trust you and Isaac with my child? You are as a brother to me, and I trust you, I was kidding. I’m all for it.”

“Really?” Scott seemed to perk up a little.

“Kiddo, what do you think about spending the day with Uncle Scott and Uncle Isaac?” Stiles asked Henry who jumped up from his game, excitedly.

“Can we go to the zoo and the aquarium?” He asked, showing no hesitation whatsoever, and Derek had an inkling that he had been planning this since he first heard Scott speak.

“Sure, buddy.” Isaac said with a smile. “But, let’s go tomorrow, yeah?”

Henry look crestfallen for only a moment before nodding and handing Isaac the second controller.

“Okay, but you have to play Smash Brothers with me.”

“Deal.” Isaac said, smiling softly.

“And you need to see if you’d be a good parent?” Lydia asked, shaking her head.

“It’s playing a game, it’s not...” Scott began, but his sentence fell when Stiles shook his head, and spoke in a quiet voice:

“No, Scott. *This is parenting. I could find a robot to change diapers and drive someone to school or soccer games. Playing games, listening to the stories, holding them. This is what being a parent means. Look at Derek.*”

Derek jumped at the mention of his name. “Look at me?”

“Derek, you’ve been the best father a child could hope for, and you weren’t there for the early years. Being a parent is more than just the physical work. Whoever you adopt, Scott, just live them, and you’ll be a parent.”

## Isaac

Isaac was very nervous as they left the house that day. Henry was secured in the backseat and Stiles had taken him aside before they left.

*“I trust you, but do please keep an eye on him?”*

*“Of course, Stiles. With my life.”*

Isaac fully intended to hold true to his promise, though he doubted that anything too dramatic could happen. It was the zoo, not exactly known for being dangerous.

Still, Scott was committed to keeping the son of their Alphas safe.

“Thank you for taking me, Uncle Scott and Uncle Isaac.”

“Of course, buddy. Thank you for wanting to spend the day with us.” Scott replied, to which Henry cocked his head.

“I love you both, why wouldn’t I want to spend the day with you?” He asked, seemingly confused by the statement.

“Well...we love you, too, and we’re happy you decided to come along.”

“I want to see the penguins and the lions and the wolves and the eagles.” Henry said.

“Those are all the land animals, what do you want to see at the aquarium?”

“What *don’t* I want to see at the aquarium? The fish are so cool, if I could be an animal, I’d be a fish or a dolphin.”

“Would you really?” Scott asked and Henry nodded.

“What would you be, Uncle Scott?”

“I’ve always liked sharks.”

“What about you Uncle Isaac?”

“I’d be the werewolf uncle of my favorite nephew.” Isaac said. Henry looked confused for a moment before he smiled and laughed.

“You have to pick a *real* animal, Uncle Isaac.”

“Okay, how about a lion? Rawrrr!” He said, growling at the rearview mirror, making Henry giggle.

“But if Scott is in the ocean how would you two be a couple?” Henry asked, showing his propensity for being smarter than an average three year old.

“Even as a lion, I’d find a way to swim and be with him.” Isaac said, the tone of his voice turning serious. He loved Scott more than anything, and really would violate the laws of nature to be with his mate. Scott returned the smile that Isaac gave, and Henry quickly turned the subject back to animals.

It was a chilly day, but thankfully, not too crowded. Isaac and Scott took turns letting Henry ride on their shoulders. A few people stopped to comment on how cute Henry was, though it was nothing like the level of attention that Stiles received when he went out in public.

“Isn’t that Stillinski’s son?” One of the admirers actually stopped next to the polar bear exhibit.

“What is it to you?” Isaac asked in a low growl, taking Henry from his shoulders so he could hold him close. Henry wrapped himself into Isaac, accepting his protection.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean any offense, I was just curious, I’ve never seen him out of sight of his fathers.” The man said, holding his hands up in an innocent gesture.

“We’re his uncles, and pack to the Alphas Stiles and Derek, we’re thinking of adopting and are watching him for the day to give us a taste of fatherhood.”

“You’re adopting, too?” The man asked, a hesitant smile on his face. “That’s what me and my Adrian did. Honey!” The man called. Though he did not seem hostile, Isaac kept a tight hold on Henry, and the child, likewise, stayed close.

“Yeah, babe?” A man with glasses walked up, an infant in his arms.

“This is...I’m sorry, I missed your names.” The man said, holding a friendly hand out, which Isaac took hesitantly.

“I’m Isaac and this is my mate, Scott.”

“Bobby Finstock, and my mate, Adrian Harris, as well as our daughter Anne.” Bobby said, shaking hand with Isaac. “Honey, this is Henry, the son of our Alphas.”

Isaac blanched at those words. “Forgive me... *your* Alphas?” Isaac asked, feeling truly and honestly threatened by Bobby’s words. These men were

not pack.

“Forgive my mate, he’s enthusiastic and isn’t from this side of the country” Adrian said, quickly. “We live in what is technically Derek’s territory, and he therefore considers your Alphas to be his own. It’s the way things work in Chicago.”

Isaac let out a breath and nodded. “Sorry, I’m...”

“Protective of your cub, I understand. I still have trouble letting anyone touch our Anne.” Adrian said, cracking a small smile, and indeed, holding his daughter closer.

“Sorry for the misunderstanding. Back home, there are only so many Alphas to a territory and even those who aren’t direct pack, are extended members. I keep forgetting things are different here.”

“That’s quite alright, Bobby, I-.” Scott began, but Henry whispered in Isaac’s ear making him stop.

“Uncle Isaac, are these bad men?”

“Not at all, buddy. You know that we worry about you, though.” Isaac said, earning a smile from the two men.

They ended up eating lunch together in one of the zoos’ small cafeterias, and as the day wore on, Isaac found his hard resolve softening, as his curiosity grew.

“So, were there any problems with scent?” Isaac asked before biting into a sandwich, his eye on Henry, who was sitting between him and Scott.

Adrian tilted his head back and forth. “A little at first. We had to scent mark her hourly for the first two weeks, but she eventually grew to accept us. Feeding was hard, though.”

“What do you mean?”

“Even Omegas have the ability to breast feed, and that’s because cubs don’t trust food that doesn’t come from their parent’s scent. Anne here didn’t want to eat...” Adrian’s voice took on a melancholy tone, and Isaac understood why. It must have been terrifying to have a child who didn’t eat.

“She ended up eating eventually, though, right?” Scott asked.

Adrian nodded and the smile returned. “Yes...obviously” He added with a chuckle. “I was worried, but she’s come to accept us.”

Isaac gave Adrian his number before they left for the aquarium, with promises to share updates on their children. Isaac was more than excited. Not only had Henry enjoyed their time together, but finding someone who had adopted and seeing the care and devotion that they had for their daughter made him feel elated that he, too, would one day have a child of his own, with his mate.

Isaac took Scott’s hand as they walked through the soft blue light of the aquarium, the glass walls showcasing the shimmering tails of fish and other creatures. Henry’s eyes glowed bright as he watched the animals scurry about, and Isaac took in the moment, thankful for having his pack, his mate, his nephew, and soon, his own daughter.

## Chapter End Notes

I realized that I had not given a Scisaac chapter in a short while, so I thought this would be a welcome treat. This will probably be the last chapter before Thanksgiving, and the day after we have to clean so we can prepare for Saturnalia. I will try to get one more out though so you aren't waiting too long.

Thank you everyone, and hope you enjoyed this. :)

# Theo and Claudia

## Chapter Summary

The second scan.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

“Welcome back, kiddo.” Deaton’s voice was boisterous and excited.

Truth be told, Stiles was equally pleased, and if the scent was any indication, so was Derek.

The second scan.

Stiles dearly loved his twins already, and knew that seeing them and the progression they had made would only enhance that love.

He was rather tired, though, as a result of the constant game of kickball that they seemed to be playing with his kidneys, and he stifled a yawn as he walked through the door.

“Not getting much sleep, then?” Deaton asked with a chuckle.



Stiles shook his head. “Very little. I personally think that it’s done on purpose. We’ll get very little rest once they’re born, it’s best to practice, now.”

He had done this once before, and thus was able to joke about it. Derek had bags under his eyes, though, and though he smelled happy enough, Stiles wondered how harshly the sleep deprivation was affecting him.

“Any problems?” Deaton asked, leading Stiles and Derek towards the back room.

“Nothing out of the ordinary. Derek and the others are still guarding me as though walking may cause me to die, but it’s not as intense as it once was.” Stiles said, entwining his hand with Derek’s as he got on the bed, enjoying these last weeks when he could do such things on his own. His stomach was growing rather fast, and he knew that there would soon be a point when he would waddle and struggle.

“Are they kicking a lot?” Deaton questioned as he squirted the chilly gel onto Stiles’ stomach.

“They are an active pair, but Henry was worse...I think that was because he could sense my stress, though.”

“From what I’ve seen of him, he is a marvelously intelligent child, I wouldn’t doubt that he would be aware, even in the womb. How is young Henry, anyway?”

“He’s good. I can sense some jealousy brewing, but there’s the same excitement that every wolf has at the thought of more pack mates, only in his case, it’s siblings.”

“A brother and a sister, in this case, Stiles.”

Deaton’s words froze the Earth, and the image on the screen stole the breath from Stiles’ lungs. He had been talking, distracted by his thoughts of Henry that he had not even noticed the blurry black and white image on the

ultrasound screen, but now that he looked at it, he had attention for nothing else.

No longer formless, barely discernable blobs, they were...children. Their small fists closed on nothing, their bodies curled in the...fetal position, and one with...

“One male and one female.” Deaton said, quietly.

“Theodore and Claudia.” Stiles whispered, feeling stupid for ever having debated names. It was so obvious, in that moment, what they should be.

“Stiles?” Derek asked, tearing his eyes away to look down at him, though it looked as though it took a lot of effort to do so.

“My mother, your father, Der. Living again, through us.”

Derek’s smile was tinged with tears, as he slowly leaned his head down and placed a kiss on Stiles’ forehead.

“It’s perfect, babe.”

“Does everything else look good, Deaton?”

Deaton watched the screen as he moved the wand around, before nodding.

“If you were a female, you’d have a breech birth, which can be dangerous, but I think you’ll be fine. I’ll want to be close when the last week arrives, their positioning means that they should be removed as quickly as possible when your water breaks. Do you recall what that feels like?”

Stiles nodded, even the memory of the pain of his first birth could not ruin his day. He was getting a son and daughter, and listened to Deaton with a smile on his face.

“Still, there’s nothing to be worried about, and I daresay that you could deliver at you home if you wanted.”

“I trust you to do this, Deaton, and I think I should come here, it’s...there will be a lot of blood.”

Though his eyes never left the monitor, Stiles felt Derek’s hand tighten and his breathing quicken, slightly.

“I’ll heal, Der.”

“You will, and very quickly, I might add. You’re doing so much better than when you first came back.”

“I have big news for you, Henry.” Stiles said, later when they had gotten home.

“What is it, daddy?” Henry asked, looking up, excitedly.

“Well...” Stiles said, kneeling before his son, and taking his hand to place on his own stomach. “Right now, you have a brother *and* a sister growing in here.”

“I get both?” Henry asked, sounding for all the world as though it was the greatest gift a child could ask for.

“You sure do.” Stiles said, a moment before the pack burst forth with compliments and sounds of approval.

“I doubt you could have come back with happier news.” Deucalion said, embracing him.

“Quintuplets?” Stiles offered with a smirk.

“Be thankful you do not share our...cousin’s propensity for large litters.”

“I am, though I daresay that I would love them all, even when I was larger than a blimp.”

“And we would love you, Alpha.” Deucalion said, with a chuckle. “Do you have names decided?”

“Theodore and Claudia, named after the parents that Derek and I lost.”

Deucalion smiled sadly. “That’s very...sweet of you, Alpha.”

But the rest of the pack wouldn’t let Deucalion keep Stiles to himself. Under Derek’s watchful gaze, each of them walked forward to scent Stiles and rub his stomach.

It never really got old to Stiles, as he knew it must to others who were expecting. He rather enjoyed the fact that his pack wanted so much to be a part of his life. After his time with Aiden, when he had craved the contact of his pack, he relished their closeness now.

## Derek

Derek was still in a state of shock. He hardly remembered the ride home.

A son and a daughter. There was thanks to be had to some deity for the fortuitous circumstances that he now found himself in. He knew that the chance of multiple births in Omegas and female werewolves was high, but also knew that a male/female twin pairing was rare.

“You certainly looked pleased.” Ennis said, quietly, standing next to Derek, though his eyes were on Allison, in the same way that Derek’s were ever on Stiles.

“A boy and a girl, Ennis. I cannot think of anything that could possibly bring me more joy.”

“I fear both. I know not what to teach a son, and even less to teach a daughter”

“You do well enough with Henry for me to know that you would make a good father, Ennis.”

“Thank you, Alpha, but that does not stop me from worrying. I’m excited for Scott and Isaac, though, and their adoption might give me cause to change my mind.”

“I won’t pressure you in either direction, but know that I would never stand in the way of you having a child with-.”

A gasp from Stiles interrupted Derek, and he immediately rushed forward to his mate.

“What is it?”

“Kicking, Der. One of them starts and then the other one goes.”

“Fighting already?” Lydia asked, as Derek tried to calm his heartbeat.

“Playing.” Stiles corrected. “With my spleen, but as long as they’re happy...it’s of no consequence.”

“What will they play with once they’re born?” Henry asked, making Derek chuckle.

“Your aunts and uncles bought him a lot of toys for Christmas, but if that doesn’t work, I guess I’ll have to cut out my spleen.”

Henry cocked his head. “You’re being silly, daddy.” He said with a laugh, after a moment.

“Yes, I am.”

“Can I feel them?”

“They’re *your* brother and sister, of course you can.”

Henry put his hand on his father’s belly, giggling, as he always did, when he felt them move.

“How much longer, daddy?” He asked.

“Two more months, maybe a little less. Multiple births are frequently shorter than single ones.”

“Why, daddy?” Henry asked, his curiosity piqued.

“Because my body only has so much to give, and when it has two bodies to care for, the time gets shorted by a little.” Stiles said, Derek knew he was oversimplifying it, but also knew that while bright, Henry probably couldn’t grasp the finer points of anatomy and gestation.

“Will they be alright?” He asked, sounding worried.

“Of course, son. There’s Omegas who give birth to three, four, even five at the same time. Two is nothing to be worried about.”

“Theodore and Claudia. I think those are very pretty names, daddy.”

Stiles curled up with Derek that night, the scent of joy still exuding from him.

“I hope you don’t think me too forward for picking their names, Der. It just...felt right.

“I agree, I think they’re perfect, and I’m glad that you picked what you did. I wish...I wish they were here, you know? I think they’d both be proud of us.”

“At least my father and your mother have found happiness in each other, and I know that they’re proud.”

“I commend them for doing it, but I...I couldn’t do it. If I lost you-.”

“Then you would live for our children.” Stiles said, taking Derek’s hand.

“Henry, Theo, and Claudia need their fathers, but in the absence of one, the other must be enough.”

Derek felt the ache in his heart, even at the mention. Knowing, believing Stiles was alive when he had been missing had been bad enough, but if he

actually lost Stiles...

Derek ran his hand across Stiles' stomach, feeling the life grow within him, and nodded.

"I swear, Stiles, but...only in theory. Please, don't make me test my constitution."

"Is there a place on Earth that I am safer than here in your arms?"

"I could send you away to a Buddhist monastery. You could shorn your hair and live the ascetic life."

"Buddhist monks are not free to love their mates. My desire for you would soon draw me out of isolation." Stiles said, kissing Derek's neck.

Derek practically purred under the touch, and began to lightly thrust his hips upwards.

"I could have letter snuck in to you. We could have a love like Heloise and Abelard, forbidden and secret." Derek growled, pressing his tongue against Stiles', a playful fight for supremacy.

"Or...I could swear to be safe, and let you fuck me here and now." Stiles said, making Derek groan.

"I thought...with the babies, you didn't want-."

"It's been too long, I want to be close with you, Derek."

"Then take me."

## Chapter End Notes

We have names and genders!

I must apologize, the holiday season has left me a little wobbly, and I'm trying to get back into the groove of things, here. Back on a regular schedule starting tomorrow, so hopeful, I'll be back on a more regular posting schedule, and give you the length of chapters you are used to.

Thank you for being patient and kind, and hope you like the names. :)



# Prodigy

## Chapter Summary

Isaac and Scott look through adoption photos and Henry has a surprise

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Isaac

“People actually do this?” Isaac asked, the question a general one, presented to the room at large, but it was Stiles who answered.

“Do what?”

“Just sit here and flip through pictures like we’re picking new curtains. I mean...this is our kid.”

“It’s how it’s done.” Stiles said, putting a comforting hand on his shoulder, with Scott’s warmth next to him, Isaac nodded and stared back at the computer screen.

“I think they do this on purpose, so that you adopt as many as possible. I mean how am I supposed to pass up all these adorable faces.”

“Well...Natasha is already sixteen, two years of parental bliss and then it's off to college, and Adam's parents want an 'open' adoption, so think hard about that.” Lydia said, her tone very business-like, which Isaac was grateful for, considering that his heart went out to each child that they passed.

“Well, Ralph is adorable, and he doesn't-.”

“He's a human. I won't stop you from getting a human, Isaac, but I would caution against it.” Derek said, moving closer to the monitor.

Isaac felt his heart drop. It wasn't as though he wouldn't love a human child, because he would, but he would prefer a cub. He knew so little about humans, that he felt that there might be a cultural barrier.

He wanted someone to run through the forests with, howling to the moon, someone who would understand simply through instinct, pack life and its complexities, and someone who would be safe and be able to defend themselves.

There was also the added matter of passing inspection. A human being adopted into a werewolf pack had more hoops regarding their adoption than a werewolf child going to the same pack. The system was set up to ensure that children received the best for their physiology, even if it was a little biased.

Isaac didn't think that he would be able to feel the 'click' of a match, the way Stiles probably did when he looked at Henry or the way he did when he saw Scott. The instinctual completeness of the wolf when it saw someone that was connected to his own, until he saw Katherine.

The picture showed a girl of five, looking frightened, her eyes blazing yellow and tears running down her face. Her demeanor was explained when Isaac perused her profile:

She had been rescued from an abusive Alpha widow. She was an only child, and had no cousins. Apparently, she loved Princess and the Frog, as was

evidenced by a second picture of her, where she was holding a small frog to her chest as though the photographer had threatened to take it from her.

Isaac recognized that look. He had seen it in the mirror when his father had yelled at him, and though every child he had seen had broken his heart, Katherine ripped it out and demanded that she become a part of it.

She ‘clicked’, she was meant to be his daughter, and he had made his choice before even turned to Scott.

“Moy grusha, look-.”

“Oh gods, you’re smitten, aren’t you, moy drook?” Scott asked, a soft smile on his lips.

“She’s a little older than what I wanted...” Scott began, making Isaac’s heart clench, “*but*, she’s adorable, and perfect.” He finished, smiling at Isaac.

“How old is she?” Henry asked, climbing over the back of the couch to land in Stiles’ lap...with difficulty, he was now getting quite large.

“Six.” Stiles said, kissing the top of his son’s head, and it made Isaac smile to think that he would soon have a child of his own.

His darling Katyusha.

“Can you still be my uncle even if you get her, Uncle Isaac?” Henry asked. Scott opened his arms and gave Henry a hug when he transferred to his own lap.

“Of course, buddy. You’ll always be very important to me, and I’ll always love you. I’m not moving out, and you’ll still get to see me all the time. I love you, Henry, and I don’t want you to ever think that that will change.”

Henry nodded and snuggled closer. “She looks nice.” He said, his placement in Isaac’s heart secure. “Sad, though.”

“She needs a pack and a den.” Scott said, nodding. “That’s why we’re going to try and adopt her.”

Isaac looked up, a grin on his face. “You mean it?”

“Let’s not get our hopes too high, yet, but let’s let them know that we’d like to adopt her, and make sure that she isn’t spoken for.” Scott said.

Isaac listened, but couldn’t heed the words. The thought of being able to adopt Katherine brought him a warmth that he pulled into his chest and warmed him.

Isaac quickly typed out an email to the caretaker who had been reviewing their case. They still had a ways to go until they would actually get to take their child, and it was for that reason that Isaac had wanted to start the process as early as possible.

## Stiles

“Alpha, I wanted to ask you something.” Isaac said after dinner.

Stiles raised an eyebrow at the formal tone that Isaac had, but nodded.

“I...I was wondering if you wanted to come with me and Scott to the adoption agency.”

Stiles was shocked by the request, he had thought that they would have wanted to go alone. He knew that they would always, *always* be pack and family, but also knew that they were starting a new chapter of their lives, just like he and Derek were.

“I kind of want you there, Alpha. I mean, she’ll be pack, if we can get her, and you’re the pack Alpha.”

“No, Isaac. I’m *a* pack Alpha. Derek is *the* pack Alpha. I’m the vice president, he’s president.”

Isaac laughed, making Stiles jump with its suddenness.

“Derek said that you were stubborn...Whatever, will you please go with us, Alpha?”

“If you want me to, I’ll go, if you don’t mind waiting for me to waddle.”

“Thank you.” Isaac said, moving closer to Stiles and pressing his nose against his neck, scenting him.

Stiles still didn’t understand it. The pack seemed to turn to him for advice and counsel more than Derek, and even scented him more. He was an Alpha, but he always saw Derek as superior, and thought all the words to the contrary were just Derek’s way of being nice.

Isaac’s actions spoke to a different reality, though. He seemed to genuinely consider Stiles to be top dog, and some of the other did as well.

“I really hope that you get her, Isaac.”

“Me, too. I’m not sure if...it’s fate or what, but...she feels right, and I know that sounds stupid since I’ve never met her, but...”

“You don’t have to explain yourself, Isaac. We have instincts for a reason, and if you feel as though she’s right for you and Scott, I want you to follow that until she’s here, okay?”

Isaac nodded, and perked his head up, a millisecond later, Stiles heard the footsteps coming to the kitchen, and smiled when Derek entered.

“I’m going with Isaac to the adoption agency, tomorrow.”

Stiles knew Derek wouldn’t be mad, but he expected at least a little bit of jealousy, instead Derek grinned.

“That’s great.” He said. “I’ll stay here and watch Henry while you do that. Just...” His grin faltered a little bit. “For the love of all things, Stiles, please be safe while you’re out.”

“Derek, you know that I’ll-.” Isaac began, but Derek held up a hand.

“Isaac, if I didn’t trust you with my mate, then I wouldn’t have smiled, I would have insisted on going. I know I sound a broken record, but please, just be safe. I cannot lose you, Claudia, or Theo.”

“I’ll be safe, I promise. I’m not even joking, that’s how serious I take this.” Stiles said, smiling, and gently moving Isaac so that Derek could hug him.

“You can go if you want, I won’t stop you.”

“They wanted you, babe-.”

“Alphas!” Lydia screamed from the living, sending Stiles hurtling in that direction, his fangs and claws prepared to defend his son and pack, if necessary.

What he saw made his aggressive demeanor unnecessary, though. Stiles dropped to his knees, a small smile playing on his lips as he took in his son, who was flat on his face, something that would normally bother him, except that, in wolf form it was hard to coordinate.

“He shifted?” Derek asked, coming in behind Stiles.

Henry, like his father, and like Peaches was pure white, and Stiles didn’t think he had seen anything as adorable as his son, shifted.

“It was completely spontaneous, I didn’t even think that it was possible outside of the full moon, but, I guess he was determined.” Lydia said, still staring in shock as Peaches came forth and tried to make sense of the situation.

Peaches cocked his head and sniffed Henry, who sniffed back, his tail, wagging. After a moment, Peaches seemed to realize that it was his companion and began to hop around, his tail flailing in an attempt to get Henry to play with him. Henry batted at him, jovially for a few seconds, before running....or attempting to run to Stiles, leaping up in his arms.

“Hey, kiddo. I told you that you could do it, and I’m so proud of you.” Stiles whispered, feeling the pride of his son’s first transformation wash over him.

Henry, of course, couldn’t say anything, but he licked Stiles’ face, and yipped, making Allison coo with feeling.

“He’s so cute, we have to go running!” She said, clapping her hands in delight, while Ennis looked at her with a fond smile.

“Once you get a little more coordinated, I’ll take you out and we can run around the forest, okay?” Stiles said, expecting maybe a head nod, but receiving a paw to the face as Henry struggled to get to the ground. Once there, he began practicing how to walk, the desire to be with his father evident in his eyes.

Peaches seemed to know what he was trying to do, because he walked alongside Henry, showing him how to step with four legs.

“Are you sure you bought an actual dog and not a shifted cub?” Stiles asked, watching in amazement.

Derek nodded. “There’s a level of communication there, which we can’t understand in these forms. We’re cousins, and we have to get a little closer to their level.” He said, chuckling when Henry managed to take a step and looked around for approval.

“Is running safe when you’re pregnant?” Scott asked.

Stiles shrugged, but Deucalion gave a more concrete answer. “As an Omega, Stiles is probably safer in his wolf form than he is as a human. His *wolf* was made to carry children, you’ll probably feel more comfortable, too.”

Henry barked to get the attention of the assembled pack, and when Stiles looked down, he took three steps in a row, his tail taught as he concentrated, before he stilled and looked up, panting.

“That was very good, kiddo.” Stiles said, smiling. “If you can make it to the door, I’ll take you out.”

When Henry turned, though, Stiles shucked his shirt and his jeans, pulling his boxers down as he shifted to preserve his modesty. He padded along behind Henry, who jumped a little in surprise when he heard him, but wagged his tail.

Derek opened the door for him, before shifting as well and bounded out, sniffing the air for threats.

Stiles did indeed feel more comfortable as a wolf. The twins had not moved very far, but the way they were settled between his legs felt more natural. He took off after Henry, who was learning very quickly, and propped his son with his nose when he fell, reveling in the sunshine and the fact that for the moment, the five of them were running in the wild.

## Chapter End Notes

50 chapters at the same time as I break 100,000 words! Definitely will be the longest I've written, yet.

Katyusha is the Russian diminutive of Katya which is the diminutive of Katherine, which is why Isaac calls her that. Plus! Katherine...of Aragon, because you know me and royal names.

Peaches is not a royal name.

Katyusha is also the name of the song Isaac was singing so many chapters ago.

Thank you for all the support, and a special thanks to those who provide names, and an extra special thanks to the person who honored me on their tumblr for Consort. I can't find the link now, but when I



read it, yesterday, I was very touched.

Next chapter soon.

And yes, Henry is a miracle wolf child, a bloody prodigy, he is.

# Katyusha

## Chapter Summary

Scott, Isaac, and Stiles meet Katherine

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

There was no feeling of destitution when they arrived at the orphanage. The building might not have passed for a palace, but it was nice enough. There was a small playground in the front where several children were swinging from the purple money bars under the watchful eyes of a woman with thick glasses and a string of prayer beads around her neck.

She waved at them as they passed, but Scott's hand was wrapped around Isaac's as they both shook in anticipation.

When they entered, Stiles was immediately struck with the saddening scent of despair. No matter how bright they had made the façade, the fact remained that this was an orphanage, and the children were no doubt prone to bouts of depression.

There was a stout woman at the front desk, her hair done in a high beehive, making a very... unique profile. She was typing away at a keyboard, though looked up when they approached.

“Hello, welcome to Lupa’s Den, you must be Scott and Isaac, and...?” She led, and Stiles answered:

“I’m Stiles, one of the Alphas of our pack.” Stiles said, shaking her hand.

“Ah, well you are most welcome, Alpha Stiles. I’m Barbara, but the kids here call me ‘Barbie’, I think it started out mean, but it’s become endearing.” She said with a chuckle, and Stiles nodded. He found it very odd that she had opened with such personal information.

“I must admit, though me and the sisters hold no prejudices, Alpha Stiles, it *is* odd to see someone with a child coming into an orphanage. Twins, am I right?”

Stiles nodded, slowly. The woman was very forward with herself something Stiles found odd, but amusing at the same time.

“Yeah, since me and my mate are working on our second and third, we thought it would be nice for Scott and Isaac to have one of their own.”

“Of course, of course, nothing like your own child, is there dearies?” She asked Scott and Isaac who shook their heads. “Well, if I recall, you had wanted to begin application and adoption procedure for our darling Katherine, is that correct?”

“You got my email?” Isaac asked.

“I absolutely did. I try to keep on top of things so we can keep the place moving smoothly, though we do try to keep the young ones as happy as possible, nothing quite replaces having a family.” She said, typing a few things on her keyboard, before the printer buzzed, and began spitting out several sheets of paper.

While she waited for all the sheets to print out, she turned back to them.

“So, you already have a child?” She paused and sniffed. “A son, am I correct?”

Stiles nodded. “Yes, Henry. He just turned three on Halloween, though he is very...mature for his age. He’s at home with my mate, and the other Alpha of our pack.”

“Well, he sounds absolutely adorable.” She said, looking as though she wanted to dote more, but the printer had finished, so she turned to them with the stack of papers.

“Alright, I’ll need for you two to fill out these forms so that we can arrange a visit. Normally, we have Betas who are members of a pack bring some papers to their Alpha, but since you brought yours, that saves us some time.”

“Arrange a visit?” Stiles asked, as Scott and Isaac sat down and began filling out their papers.

“We must inspect the domicile where the little one is meant to live. We can’t just give children to anyone!”

“Of course.” Stiles said, mentally shaking himself for being silly. He wasn’t sure why, but he thought it would be an easy process. No child came easily though, he reminded himself as he absentmindedly rubbed his stomach, where his twins were kicking.

The papers were an odd series of questions, asking Stiles a variety of questions regarding his home and pack life.

*How would you rank the general happiness of the members of your pack?*

That question was easy enough, but then others were more difficult:

*Do you believe that Betas are the sole guardians of their children, either adopted or natural?*

*If an event arose in which you had to banish a member of your pack, would their children, either adopted or natural, be forced to go with their parents, or stay with the rest of the pack?*

*How would you rank your ability, as Alpha, to protect your pack? Do you feel that in an emergency, you would be able to adequately defend the children of your pack members?*

And the darkest thought of all:

*If the guardians of pack children were no longer able to perform their duties as parents, would you, the Alpha, be willing to take the children under your legal and moral care?*

They were there to discuss a happy event, not to force Stiles to think about what it do to him if he lost Isaac or Scott.

“Are the chances of Scott and Isaac getting their daughter dependent on me answering these correctly?”

Barbara shook her head. “Not entirely, no. But we do need to ensure that your den isn’t hiding anything sinister and that Alphas of the packs that we send our children to are capable of handling a new addition.”

“Okay...” Stiles hoped that his answers were favorable enough, he didn’t even want to think of the guilt he would feel if his friends...brothers lost out on this chance because of him.

Stiles got to sit back and rest once he was finished. His ankles were killing him, and Scott and Isaac had a lot more papers to sign and fill out. The scrutiny that they were placed under was much greater than his own.

“There’s a section on income?” Isaac asked.

“Well, we can’t send our children out into a home that cannot provide for them.”

Isaac’s face fell, but Stiles quickly intervened.

“No one in our pack works, we’re born into a rather sizable estate.”

“How sizable?” Barbara asked, her voice still pleasantly light.

“Between myself and my mate, we have roughly sixteen...million in property and assets. Trust me, we can care for a child.” Stiles said, feeling a little awkward.

Isaac’s eyes widened, and Stiles shrugged.

“Stock market, plus an old family. Did you think that our den was just given to us?”

Isaac just shook his head, a small grin on his face.

“Well, I suppose that does change things a little. I’ll need records and account statements, but for the time being...” She took the forms from Isaac and signed her name over them. “That will cover you.”

“Thank you.” Isaac said, going back to fill out the rest.

It was another thirty minutes until they had finished, but finally, Scott set down his pen, and let out a sigh.

Barbara quickly looked them over. “I’m sure everything will be alright, but I’m not the one who reviews the applications.” She said. “However, from what I can see, I’m sure there will be no problems, unless you’re all living under a freeway underpass.”

“Nope, as my Alpha said, we’re financially secure.” Scott said, sounding as though he was holding in a scream of excitement.

Stiles was happy for them as well, things were moving along, and Stiles had little doubts that they would be successful.

“Well, now that the boring paperwork is over, would you like to go and see her?”

“Yes, please.” Isaac whispered, sounding on the verge of tears. Stiles put his arm around his shoulders when they stood up and Scott took his hand.

“Thank you for coming, Alpha.” He said, and Stiles nodded.

“You didn’t have to even ask, Isaac. I’m glad I get to be here with you for this.”

As it turned out, the children playing outside were only a small part of the total number. As Barbara led them through the building, Stiles saw different groups of children, praying in a chapel to Lupa, making arts and crafts projects, and one room where some younger children were sleeping.

Beyond the ever present smell of sadness, Stiles could detect the scent of humans and pups mixed together, showing the orphanage’s trait of keeping more than just werewolves.

“We separate the children into groups or ‘packs’.” Barbara said. “The word helps the pups adjust to life here, easier, and the human children feel special at being included in a ‘pack’. Each pack has a different activity that they do, always watched by the sisters, of course. It also makes games such as basketball or tug-of-war easier.”

“Can you tell me more about Katherine?”

“Of course, I’m sorry, I...ramble sometimes. Katherine is a bright child, but understandably, very shy. She’s not entirely withdrawn, but she does prefer to be on her own. She’s quite the budding artist, though.”

“I understand more than you know.” Isaac said, quietly. “So...” He looked to Stiles, who guessed what he was going to say, and nodded. “So does my Alpha.”

“Well, that’s...very sad, but also marvelous. It will help her to have someone who knows what she’s going through.”

Stiles found the certainty of her tone encouraging.

They arrived at a small room where a T.V. was playing a movie. After a moment, Stiles recognized it as *Memoirs of a Geisha*.

“Chinese New Year is in a few weeks, and we thought that we’d give the children a little party. Though it’s Japan, it can’t hurt.” Barbara explained, before stepping into the room. “Excuse me, Sister Martha, may I see Katherine for a moment?”

Katherine’s shyness was much more obvious in person, or perhaps it was three people she had never met before, regardless, she hid behind Martha, and pure fear came from her as she approached them.

“Katherine, this is Isaac, Scott, and their Alpha, Stiles.”

“Hi.” Her voice was barely above a whisper, she hugged her frog plush closer to her, and her eyes glowed.

Slowly, in a move that Stiles well recognized, Isaac slid to his knees, presenting a smaller threat.

“Hi, Katyusha, my name is Isaac, and...I wanted to meet you.”

Katherine’s eyes slid from Isaac to Martha to Barbara very quickly.

“Why?” She asked, her voice terrified.

“Because my mate and I,” Isaac took Scott’s hand, “were thinking of adopting you, if you’d be alright with that.”

There was no denying the sparkle of joy that momentarily lit up her face at those words. “Really?”

Isaac nodded, and Scott joined him on the dirty carpet. “Yes.” Scott said. “We’re attempting to finalize the process, right now, but we wanted to meet you first.”

“To see if I was good enough?” Katherine asked, her voice guarded, as though she took offense.



“Of course not, but to see if you would be agreeable to it. We wouldn’t want to do it if it would make you unhappy.” Scott said.

“Would you hurt me?”

“Never.” Isaac said, his tone soft, but fierce in its vow. “When I was your age, my father...he treated me badly, too, and I would never hurt you, darling Katyusha.”

A small smile played on her lips, though she still looked unsure.

“Can I think about it?” She finally asked. Isaac nodded. “Of course you can, it will take some time, anyway. Thank you for coming out to see us.”

Katherine nodded, before quickly running back into the room to watch the movie. Now that e knew who he was looking for, Stiles could clearly see that she chose to sit in the back, away from the other children, and he felt his heart break a little.

## Chapter End Notes

First, let me apologize for not replying to comments for a few days. I put it off once and now they've built up, I will respond, because I really appreciate them.

Second, thank you.

Third, double thank you.

Hope you guys enjoyed this. Finals next week, so the spacing might be a bit off.

# Pre-Shifters.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Derek

Derek looked up the moment that he heard the car approaching.

“Your daddy’s home, kiddo.” He told the white wolf who had, likewise, perked up at the sound.

Henry had gamed with Derek most of the day while Stiles had been away, but had decided to take a nap, turning into a wolf before curling up on the floor.

The moment Stiles crossed the threshold, Derek took him into his arms, and held him close, scenting his neck.

“I missed you, too, Der.” Stiles said with a chuckle, though he rubbed his cheek against Derek’s in a show of affection.

Henry yipped from the floor and Stiles smiled warmly as he looked down before picking up his son, who refused to turn back into a human.

“How did it go?” Derek asked, waiting for Isaac and Scott to come in.

“Pretty well, she’s shy, but so beautiful. She wanted to think about it, and that discouraged Isaac a little, but Scott talked him out of depression, by

using him and myself as examples.”

Derek cocked his head and Stiles explained.

“We’ve been there, Isaac and me. The feeling of unease around strangers... even those we trust.”

“But Isaac doubted that?”

Stiles shook his head. “I think he just...forgot. He was so excited to see her, and when she didn’t show the same enthusiasm, he felt a little wounded. There’s time for her to warm up, though. Barbara- that’s the woman we spoke with- said that they have to inspect the den, have a trial week, and there’s still a load of paperwork to fill out. With Isaac and Scott, though? She’ll come around.”

Derek sincerely hoped so. He knew how excited his Betas were to have a family of their own.

“She’s adorable, Der, and-.” Stiles paused and winced. Immediately, Derek moved him to the couch.

“Babe, what’s wrong?” Derek asked.

“One of them shifted, it’s...Fuck!” Stiles shouted, grasping his stomach after Henry jumped down to the ground and began whining.

“I’m... alright, kiddo, it’s just...your brother and sister...” Stiles was panting and looked pained, and Derek was completely at the loss for what to do. He was scared for his mate and his children, and had no option but to rub Stiles’ back in as comforting a manner as possible.

“Stiles, I’m going to call Deaton, and-.”

“No.” Stiles interrupted. “Der, please...I’m alright, they just...they’re moving a lot.”

Derek didn’t listen, though. There were times that he trusted Stiles beyond

the shadow of a doubt, but he also *could not* risk losing either his children or his mate, and any complications in the pregnancy risked both.

Derek pulled out his phone and dialed the number.

“Derek-?”

“I need you to get down here, now, there’s something wrong!” Derek said.

Deaton wasted no time and Derek heard the commotion of rapid movement on the other end.

“I’m on my way now, but tell me what happened.”

“I don’t know, we were standing here talking and...he’s in pain, he said they moved. Deaton, it’s too early.”

“Not necessarily.” He said in a soft, comforting voice. “But it might not be labor.”

“It’s not...” Stiles said. “I remember labor, this is...different.” The fact that he offered no reproach to Derek calling Deaton, scared Derek even more, and he began to shake and sob as he spoke.

“Deaton, please.” He whispered.

“I’m flying, Derek, as fast as I can, your stress will make his condition worse, though. Breathe and help him to do the same.”

Derek nodded even though Deaton could not see and tried to calm himself. He found it near impossible, though. Henry was fretting on the ground, looking worried, and whining, but Derek ignored it for a moment and just concentrated on his breathing.

Stiles was strong, his children would be strong. Deaton wasn’t worried, so he wouldn’t be either. Everything would be well.

When he managed to stop his impending panic attack, he turned back to

Stiles and began to rub his back, again.

“It’s alright, babe, you’ll be okay, Deaton’s on his way.”

“So much...for a normal pregnancy.” Stiles said with a chuckle.

“Is there anything normal about us?” Derek asked, trying to get lost in the conversation.

Stiles let out another groan. “I don’t think so. Normal is...Deaton.” Stiles said, looking to the door.

Sure enough, Derek could hear Deaton’s car approaching, before he could even park, though, Scott and Isaac came in.

“Is something wrong? What is Deaton doing here?” Isaac asked, his eyes falling on Stiles, he rushed forward.

“I’m...it’s just some pain, I’ll be alright.” Stiles said, and Derek prayed for those words to be true.

Deaton didn’t even knock, he let himself in and moved for Stiles, he began to feel around Stiles’ stomach area, ignoring the winces that Stiles made.

“When did it happen?” He asked.

“Not even ten minutes ago. I called you right away.”

“Very smart of you. Stiles, what does the pain feel like? Throbbing, shooting, stinging, stabbing-.”

“Stabbing. Like...Like they’re cutting into me.”

Deaton nodded solemnly, and continued to press against Stiles’ stomach.

“I need to run an ultrasound to be sure, but I think your twins are pre-shifters.”

“Pre-shifters?” Derek asked.

Deaton nodded. “A condition in which a fetal pup partially shifts while still in the womb. It’s not life threatening, though it must be agony, the cuts they’re making aren’t very big and your wolf is no doubt healing them.”

“I’ve never heard of it.” Derek said, skeptically.

“That’s because it’s rare. The wolf blooms at different time, Derek. Think of the age Stiles was when he shifted, versus your own.”

“And I’m supposed to watch for a month while Stiles suffers?” Derek asked, angry that he couldn’t do anything.

“Of course, not. There is a prescription for such a thing. It contains a small amount of Blue Hill Wolfsbane. Stiles’ wolf will not be affected, the dose is small enough that-.”

“No.” Stiles grunted. “No Wolfsbane.”

“But-.” Deaton began, but Stiles cut him off.

“No Wolfsbane around my children. You said it wasn’t life threatening.”

“It’s not, but it will hurt.”

“I’ve endured worse pains for my children.” Stiles said, taking Henry into his lap, and scratching his ears.

“Are there risks?” Derek asked, wanting to respect Stiles’ choice, but not willing to take any chances when it came to the life of his mate.

“There risks on both sides. Wolfsbane is not an exact science, and of course complications could arise, and the twins could cut into you too much, Stiles.”

“Is it...Is it safe for him to deliver this early?” Isaac asked.

“It can be.” Deaton said.

# Stiles

Stiles winced through another bout of the pain that was plaguing him. It was as though he had swallowed a piece of metal and it was working its way through his body, tearing him up as it went.

He would handle it, though. He had suffered under Aiden's hand and survived, and he would survive this, too. He would suffer a thousand times if it meant making his children safe.

Which was exactly why Wolfsbane was out of the question. He knew any amount that would affect them wouldn't harm him, but he just...couldn't take the risk that something would go wrong.

"If it's safe for me to deliver, then if their claws get too bad, I'll do that." Stiles said.

Derek began shaking his head, but Stiles stopped him.

"No, Der. I can take any other pain reliever, but I'm not going to risk my children."

"You're brave, babe, but you don't have to do it. We'll be careful."

"I can overload you on ibuprofen, but it's not going to take away all of it. Your physiology is just...really different, Stiles. Every werewolf pain killer has Wolfsbane in it. "

"I'll be alright." Stiles promised. As if in response to his optimism, he felt the pain in his gut receding. The twins were shifting back to human, or so it seemed.

"Can...can they harm each other?" Stiles asked.

Deaton shook his head. "I shouldn't think so, they'll heal based on your blood factors, and since you're healing rather well..." Deaton said.

“Then I’ll be fine.” Stiles said, firmly.

“You’re so stubborn, Alpha.” Isaac said, a little less than an hour later while Stiles cooking dinner.

“What do you mean?”

“You have a knack for suffering for the sake of others, and changing your mind on the matter is like pushing at a steel door.”

“I’m a true Omega in that sense. I don’t fuck around when it comes to my kids.”

“I don’t think...I don’t think that’s the trait of an Omega.” Isaac said. “I think it’s any parent. I know...she’s not mine, but I would suffer for her, too.” Isaac said.

“Not yours, *yet*.” Stiles corrected, glad for the subject change, which he could cling to. “You’ll get her.”

“Thank you for going, by the way.”

“That’s what Alphas do, and I’m glad that I did. We’ll have to make sure and clean the house if they’re coming next week.”

“Stiles, I may not have grown up here with you, but I still know your tricks, if you are going to change the subject, can you at least assure me that you’re alright?”

Stiles nodded. “I’m fine, Isaac. It’s...it’s a small problem, and I’m a little worried, but I’ll be alright, I promise. If it comes down to it, Deaton will just induce labor. I...I’m fine.” Stiles said, believing the words. Deaton had seemed insistent on preventing Stiles’ pain, but there seemed to be no danger beyond that.

“If you feel that anything, and I mean *anything* is wrong, will you please let me know?” Isaac asked, genuine concern in his eyes and in his voice.



“Of course. I’ll deliver your niece and nephew safely, Isaac.”

Isaac nodded, and complied with Stiles’ subject change. “I’m going to be so nervous when they come. We’re a big pack, which is really rare.”

“A big pack means more love and more protection. Though I do worry that little Katherine might be nervous around so many of us.”

“We’ll follow the same rules that we did with you. We’ll take it easy around her and I know that she’ll see this pack as her own. I also...Alpha.” Isaac interrupted himself as Derek walked into the kitchen, smiling softly.

“You don’t have to stop talking just because I enter the room, I just wondered if I could help with dinner.”

“I’m almost done.” Stiles said, pulling the roast from the oven. “Isaac and I were just talking about Katherine.”

“I wish I could have met her, but...I guess that will come soon, anyway, right?”

Stiles nodded. “Next week, we have an inspection, like I mentioned, but Barbara said that we could go and visit her again, if we wanted. I’m sure that Isaac wants to go.”

Isaac nodded eagerly.

“Well, if it’s alright with you, can I go when you go?” Derek asked.

“Yeah, of course, Alpha, I just...” Isaac began, but Derek chuckled.

“You trust my mate, which is understandable. He is an amazing and capable leader.”

## Chapter End Notes

Sorry it's short, finals.

Next chapter will be big, if not long, so keep your eyes peeled for the next chapter, Thank you.

# Not Alone.

## Chapter Summary

Stiles is early.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Derek

Derek fell in love with the Katherine the moment he saw her. It was something about the way she eyed him with fear and yet, at the same time, seemed ready to claw his eyes out. That *strength* that he was all too familiar with, because he was mated Stiles.

“Hello, Katyusha...Katherine, sorry, this is my other Alpha, Derek.” Isaac said, sounding nervous in a way that Derek had never heard before.

Derek held up his hand and waved a little, trying to smile in the least threatening way possible.

She eyed him as though he was a malformed animatronic from a forgotten restaurant, though so he desisted and tried to look as small as possible.

“Does he hurt you?” She asked Isaac, which surprised Derek, because Isaac had made it seem as though their last meeting had ended without anything promising to look forward to.

“Never in a million years. He’s just like Stiles, he’s a big teddy bear.” Isaac said with a smirk towards Derek, who returned it, because...He was a big teddy bear.

Katherine nodded as though Isaac’s word was good enough for her. “I thought about what you told me, and...” She squirmed nervously. “I think maybe...I’d like to try. Alpha Stiles seems nice, and you and Scott are nice.”

Derek could practically *feel* the joy coming from Isaac and Scott at those words. Their scents confirmed it, though, and Isaac’s voice cracked when he spoke.

“You...you would?”

Kathrine nodded, and Isaac held his arms out. Katherine nervously moved toward him, before being enveloped by his arms.

“Thank you. I promise, we’ll be the best parents ever.”

Katherine nodded but didn’t speak, and given what Derek knew about her, he was sure that she had heard those words before. She would need action, and Derek swore to himself that he would help Scott and Isaac show that action.

“I want to bring Sherbet and my clothes.” She said, sounding defiant, but still nervous.

“Of course, anything you want or need, just let me and Isaac know, okay? I know...” Scott shifted a little. “I know you’ve had bad experiences in the past, but we’re going to be different, alright?”

She nodded, again.

“That went better than last time.” Scott said as Derek drove them home. They had set up an inspection of the house in a week, and Derek was a little nervous about it. Not because he felt his den was lacking, but because they were beginning to encroach on Stiles’ due date, and he wanted to make sure that he was there when his Betas were being questioned.

Isaac was still shedding tears in the backseat, his elation having no words, and even though Katherine wasn’t their blood child, Derek understood more than he himself could ever put into words.

“Did it?” He asked, having missed the last trip.

“Barbara was very positive, but I thought that she would oppose to it. She’s just...slow to warm to people, I guess. After what happened, I really can’t blame her.”

“Make sure that she’s clear that, like Stiles, things move at *her* pace. If we need to hide away in our rooms for weeks until she gets comfortable, that’s what we’ll do.”

“Alpha-.” Isaac began, but Derek shook his head, looking at him through the rearview mirror.

“Isaac, think of how much we helped Stiles, and even Aiden made your life comfortable. I know I wasn’t when you first got here, but I really want to be a good Alpha, and if this girl, this... Katyusha is joining the pack, then she needs to feel accepted and comfortable.”

“Derek...thank you.” Isaac whispered, his eyes brimming with tears.

“Goddamn, you’d think I *had* gotten pregnant.” He chuckled and wiped at his eyes.

“You’re starting life, Isaac. I cried myself when I found out that I got to adopt Henry, and then even more when Stiles told me that he was pregnant.”

Isaac smiled at him. “And for the record, I think you’re a pretty awesome

Alpha. You and Stiles together...I never thought that big packs could survive. When I was younger, my father told me that they couldn't, but you two do it so naturally. I know I'm loved when I'm with you two."

Scott put on a look of faux hurt and Isaac chuckled.

"I know you love me, moy grusha."

"I really appreciate that, Isaac." Derek said, quietly. "I'm glad you've made such a perfect fit in the pack, and if there's anything I can do to make you more comfortable, just let me know."

Isaac gave a conspiratorial smile to Scott. "I wouldn't say no to some ice cream on the way home."

Derek nodded. "Alright, but don't tell Stiles, he'll flay me alive."

## Stiles

Henry was curled up on the couch in wolf form, which more and more was becoming a default for him, while Stiles himself played Super Smash Bros with Jackson, Ennis, and Allison.

"So, any thoughts on your wedding?" Lydia asked, sitting away from the main group, reading a bridal magazine. Stiles hadn't paid it much attention until her question.

"Uh...I can plan a wedding when I'm not the size of a boat. I was going to wait until the twins were born, anyway."

"Killjoy." Lydia muttered when Stiles turned his attention back to the game.

"Aw, don't be mad, Lyds, come play with us."

"No." Lydia huffed.

"Come on, you have to do what I say."

“Because you’re the Alpha?” She asked, raising an eyebrow at the very suggestion.

“No, because I’m pregnant, you have to be nice.”

Lydia sighed. “Fine, but I get to be Donkey Kong.”

“See, I don’t think it’s very fair that you two got to team up.” Jackson complained, an hour later after Stiles and Lydia had won four matches in a row.

“Well, it’s not like you didn’t have help, I missed half of that last match for-.” Stiles was forced to pause when he felt his twins shift. For a moment he thought that they were just moving, but then came the pain.

It was familiar, not because it was the recent pain of them cutting into him, but because he had felt it three years earlier when Henry had been ready to come out.

Stiles was going into labor and Derek wasn’t there.

The thought made him whine...or was it the pain? Stiles wasn’t sure who caught him and placed him back on the couch, but he was grateful when the second contraction hit and he screamed out in pain.

“Stiles, what’s wrong?” Jackson was the first to speak, sounding truly terrified.

“Call Derek.” Stiles said, before another contraction hit him. What were the point of contractions, he wasn’t going to even pass the child naturally. For a fleeting moment, he thought of the various ways his body could let him know he was done, before another wave of pain crashed on his body.

Henry let out a whine, before jumping into his lap in vivid mimicry of his actions only days earlier when the twins had first started hurting him. This time, though he shifted back into a human and clung to his neck.

“Daddy, what’s wrong?”

“Your brother and sister...want to come out.” Stiles panted, while Lydia and Ennis gasped, both of them moving forward and fussing over him.

“Why are they hurting you? Are they bad, daddy?” Henry asked, making Stiles chuckled even as another flash of pain coursed through him.

“No, kiddo, it just...it hurts when babies are born.” Stiles said, quickly, leading to the inevitable:

“Did it hurt when I was born?” Henry looked absolutely mortified at the thought of causing his father pain, but Allison, with difficulty, scooped him up.

“Maybe a little, but it’s not your fault when that happens. You didn’t mean to and your brother and sister didn’t mean to, either.”

Her voice was calm, but Stiles could hear her heartbeat fluttering rapidly, and that in turn did nothing to calm Henry down, so he had to try himself.

“I’m alright, kiddo. It hurts a little, but I’m alright.” He promised.

“Derek’s on his way...they...they stopped for ice cream.”

Stiles let out a whine, needing his mate beside him.

“Deaton?”

“He’s on his way.” Deucalion said, making his way carefully down the stairs. “I called him the moment I heard you scream.”

Stiles smiled at his caring pack. Jackson was rubbing his forehead with a wet washcloth, Deucalion had called Deaton, Lydia was rubbing her fist into his back, trying to ease the pain, and Allison was keeping Henry calm. He felt loved and cared for.

Another burst of pain, and Stiles let out a groan.

Stiles heard Derek’s car peeling up the street, minutes before he would have



normally. It was as though every foot that brought him closer, brought more relief with it.

His mate was on his way.

“Where are Danny, Boyd and Erica?” Jackson growled. “They should be here for a pack birth.” He stomped up the stairs, and came down a moment later shaking his head. “Sleeping, both of them!”

Stiles laughed. It wasn’t as though they could have known that he was going to give birth... especially early.

Stiles tried to breathe smoothly and evenly to dispel his worry and his fear, but it was not until Derek burst through the front door that he finally felt secure.

“Babe!” Was all Derek said, before he moved and took a spot on the couch next to Stiles, his scent providing immediate relief.

“Der, it’s...it’s...” Stiles grunted.

“I know, babe, just breathe, alright. Is Deaton-?”

“I already called him, he’s on his way, now.” Deucalion said.

“Call John and my mother, let them know what’s happening, but make sure that they know to meet us at the hospital.” Derek ordered.

Stiles let out a moan. “I don’t know if I can move, Der. I’m not going to be...” Another screech of pain and he was sure that they were clawing at his insides, trying to find a way out. “I don’t think I’ll make it to the hospital.”

“Stiles, is it safe to deliver here?”

“Der, we already went through this, this was the plan anyway. Your couch-.”

“I don’t give a flying frak about the couch, babe, it’s you I’m worried about.”

Stiles chuckled at Derek’s nerd cursing, but grimaced again, soon after.

“Der, whatever happens, I’ll heal. I’m not a human and this isn’t the Fifteenth Century, I can delivery safely at home.”

Derek nodded, but before he could speak, again, Isaac spoke up.

“Stiles, I’m so sorry.”

“For the ice cream? It’s alright, Isaac.” Stiles said, trying his best to smile.

Isaac shook his head. “No, the baby. I was...I pushed for the adoption, and you’re...it’s...” He let out a sigh, and actually looked on the verge of tears, so Stiles held his arms open.

“Don’t apologize for wanting a family, Isaac. I’m glad that this is happening, for both of us. We’re growing our pack...and that...that’s the most beautiful thing I ever could have asked for.”

“Stiles?” A voice from the door called. Stiles had been concentrating on Derek and fighting the pain, he hadn’t even heard Deaton pull up.

“Long time, no see.” Stiles said, laughing through gritted teeth. “I guess, they were shifting to tell me they were ready.”

Deaton nodded, not laughing at Stiles’ joke, and looking grim.

“Is something wrong?” Derek asked, sounding truly horrified at the very thought of there being complications.

Deaton shook his head. “As much as it may seem like I do, I don’t really like cutting into people’s mates, Derek. This is going to hurt, both of you.”

“Like we’re not going to be affected by you cutting into my brother?” Isaac snapped, but Deaton shook his head.

“First, Henry shouldn’t be in here, and neither should any of you.”

Immediately, the room broke into protests and anger. No one wanted to leave Stiles’ side, for which he was grateful, but Deaton simply shook his head, again.

“Derek and Stiles aren’t going to take too kindly to you being here, and know that you all will look after Henry for me.”

Henry turned to Stiles, his eyes wide, and brimming with tears. Despite the pain, and his desire to give birth, he held his arms out, and accept henry as the child jumped into his arms.

“You said I could be here, daddy.”

“I know, kiddo, but Deaton thinks it’s a bad idea, and he’s a doctor, he only wants what’s best for me, you know that, right?”

Henry nodded, though a little stubbornly.

“Go out there and watch my pack for me, and the next time you see me, you’ll have a brother *and* a sister. How does that sound?”

Henry nodded but didn’t let go of Stiles for a moment.

They sat there, the pain not feeling as intense with his mate and his son by his side, before Henry turned his head to Deaton.

“If you hurt my daddy, I’ll...I’ll...” But Henry never got his threat out, his little voice shook as he clutched Stiles, who held him tight.

“It will be alright, kiddo, I promise, okay?” He placed a kiss on the top of Henry’s head, before handing him back to Allison.

“Watch him, please?” He begged her. She gave him a look of quiet disbelief, before rubbing the back of his neck, and scenting him a little.

“Stay strong, Alpha.”

One by one, though with a little expediency, the rest of the pack did the same.

“We’ll be right out there.”

“We’ll see you soon.”

“Be safe.”

“Alright.” Stiles panted. “Let’s get this show on the road.”

## Chapter End Notes

Made it a little longer than normal.

Sorry, it's finals week, so I know things aren't on a regular schedule, but they'll be back to normal, soon.

I really hope, everyone is still enjoying this!

Thank you. :)

# Birth

## Chapter Summary

Stiles gives birth to the twins.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Derek

Derek knew. He had prepared himself mentally for the inevitable sight of his mate getting cut into for the birth of their children, and still...it *hurt*.

Emotionally, mentally, hell, even physically. His wolf rebelled and fought within him, wanting to tear Deaton limb from limb for make the incisions and the cries Stiles made when it happened.

It was a pretty terrible evolutionary trait. Yes, he should always want to protect Stiles from any and all harm, especially after what had happened, but when it came right down to it, *someone* had to remove children from Omegas, and in Derek's mind, the part that wasn't snarling, he didn't understand why his protective instincts went so far.

"You're so strong, babe." He whispered, holding Stiles' hand, though it was

being crushed in the grip.

“I’m glad I seem so, because this fucking hurts.” Stiles snarled, before letting out a low moan of pain.

Derek knelt beside him, and began to rub his forehead.

“Not too much longer.” He promised, though with his eyes on Deaton, who shook his head.

“Theo is wrapped around his sister’s cord, I’m trying to do this as quickly as possible, Stiles, I swear.”

“Are they alright?” Stiles asked immediately, his voice worried, and Derek likewise, felt the rush of fear and worry.

“They’re fine, I promise, they just...don’t want to come out, and I keep having to reopen the wound, I am so sorry, Stiles.”

“Just...please, hurry.” Stiles begged.

Derek couldn’t bring himself to look at the wound, but he could smell the cut, the blood, and the sweat as Stiles struggled to cope with the pain, making Derek let out a whine.

*It will be alright, this is all for the good.* He told himself over and over, again. Stiles’ labor had started easily enough, and Derek thought it would go quickly, but it was an hour later and Stiles was still writhing as much as he could without cause Deaton to fail in his duties.

“Derek.” Deaton said, and though he was called, he froze when he heard it.

The first cries of a child, *his* child.

“Derek, please, I need to remove your daughter.” Deaton urged.

Shaking, Derek moved forward and held his hands out as Deaton placed a bloody and screaming Theodore into his arms.

“My son.” Derek whispered. “*Our* son.” He corrected, looking at Stiles, who was crying, though from happiness or pain, Derek couldn’t tell.

“Beautiful.” Stiles said, quietly, his voice strained, but a smile on his lips, nonetheless.

“And your daughter.” Deaton said, his hands emerging from the gaping wound in Stiles’ side, carrying a second crying baby. Derek did not care about the blood, he held his free arm out and took his daughter into his hands. Feeling, finally at peace for the first time since he had gotten the call from Jackson.

They were *there*. It was...different than it had been with Henry. Derek had loved Henry before too long, but he still got to know him, first. It was the oddest sensation to completely and totally love the two strangers sitting in his arms. It was as if his heart had ripped itself open to make more room.

He loved Henry, he loved Stiles, he loved his pack, and he loved his new twins. Theodore was shaking his fists, crying, but Claudia looked up at him, her breath coming in quick pants as she calmed herself.

“Der.” Stiles’ weak voice reached him, and his happiness was momentarily shattered by fear.

Stiles didn’t look as though he was dying, just tired, but the smile on his face warmed the entire room.

“Is he healing?” He asked Deaton who nodded.

“A little too well.” Deaton said with a chuckle.

“Can I...Please?” Stiles asked, holding out his arms.

“Of course, sorry.” Derek said, moving forward with the twins, and handing them carefully to Stiles who looked down at them, letting out a sigh of relief.

“They’re beautiful.” Stiles whispered, smiling even wider when Theodore

stopped crying for him, the way Claudia had for Derek.

“They’re perfect, just like their daddy.” Derek said, moving next to Stiles, but being very careful.

“Der...I think...I think we did good.” Stiles said, and Derek nodded. “We really did, and I need you to take very good care of them.”

Derek’s heart dropped like a stone. “What?” He asked, quickly...and loudly, making Claudia and Theo begin to fuss, again. “Deaton?”

“I’m fine, Der, just tired...sorry.” Stiles gave a weak chuckle, and Derek felt his heart actually began to beat again.

“Babe, you can’t do that to me.” Derek said, breathlessly. “I...I really can’t lose you.”

“I’m going to be right here for a long time, Der, I’m...” He yawned, “I’m just going to be asleep for a bit of it. Don’t let them out of your sight.”

Derek wouldn’t have, even if Stiles didn’t ask, but he nodded, and carefully picked his children back up, before giving Stiles a kiss.

“Thank you, Stiles. Thank you, so much.”

Stiles nodded and smiled, before closing his eyes.

“Will you-?” He began, but Deaton cut him off.

“I’ll stay here into he’s fully healed.” He said with a small smile.

“Thank you. I know the pack has to be worried, but can you keep it a secret if I just sit here for a minute and...have them?”

Deaton nodded with a smile and continued his examination of Stiles’ wound.

Derek did. Next to his mate where he could get as much of his scent as



possible, he sat on the couch and simply held his children, looking down with fascination at their scrunched little faces and listening with wonder at the sounds of their gurgling and whining.

Claudia seemed to bond on him immediately, but Theo seemed to want Stiles. He had started fussing when Derek picked him back up, and seemed to calm when Derek took one of the pillows that Stiles had been resting on, and brought it closer. It had no blood on it, but Stiles had sweated enough that it was saturated with his scent.

Derek didn't mind, though. He simply smiled down at his son and tickled him with a finger.

"You're both beautiful, and I promise to love and cherish you both forever."

Theo seemed to react to his father's voice, and still squirmed, but stilled enough that Derek could truly see the resemblance between him and his sister. They were identical, and only the fact that Theo was wrapped in a violet blanket and Claudia in one in a sea foam green told them apart.

"Derek, I can practically hear your pack hyperventilating with worry."

Derek looked up, still grinning, wildly.

"Right, of course...Would you...Would you mind?" He asked, motioning with his head.

Deaton rose from the other side of Stiles and opened the door.

"Is my daddy okay" Henry's voice demanded.

"He is, and you may all come in, now. *But*, I ask you all to be very gentle, Stiles is asleep and still healing."

The pack still burst in, not making too much noise, but rushing into the room.

Derek knew that he truly loved his pack when they crowded around his children and his injured mate without him growling...or even ripping anyone's head off. He gave a warning glare to everyone except Henry, who immediately curled up between Derek and Stiles, and began giving looks to the sleeping twins.

"Why are they all mushy, Otets?"

Derek huffed out a quiet laugh.

"They're not mushy, they're just very, very..." Derek paused.

"Mushy." Henry said, nodding. "Was I mushy, too?"

"Yeah, but all babies look like that when they're born." Isaac whispered, ruffling his hair.

"They're very tiny, I don't think I was ever that tiny." Henry said, and Derek could actually see Lydia squirming with excitement to hold them, but she and the rest of the pack waited for Henry to get his curiosity out.

"You were though, buddy, I held you after you were born."

"Can I hold my sister?" Henry asked, and Derek felt a rush of protective adrenaline run through him. Henry was his son, and he loved the boy in equal measure to the two precious beings in his arms, but he also worried for their safety.

"If you're very, very careful." He said. "Isaac." He said, waiting for Isaac to come and pick Theo up, feeling a piece of his heart go to his second son, before turning to Henry and placing Claudia in his outstretched arms.

"Watch her head." Derek warned, though not in a stern voice, smiling as Henry did exactly that. Claudia fit in his arms rather awkwardly, but Henry held on tight.

"I don't care if she's mushy, she's my sister, and I love her." He announced, making Derek chuckle.

“Henry, honey, I love you, I really do, and you are the exact definition of adorable, but can I hold your sister for a moment?” Lydia asked. Derek rolled his eyes, but Henry nodded, and carefully gave her to his aunt.

Henry took it all in stride, though, and simply curled into the chest of his father.

Derek kept a close eye on his children as they were passed around the pack. Sometimes they fussed, but other times they were quiet. Each member scented them and held on for a moment before letting them go to the next one. Deucalion had a few tears in his eyes.

## Stiles

Stiles could smell them in his sleep. His pack, Henry, his mate, and Theo and Claudia. He thought he was smiling, but he wasn't too sure.

He was still sore, but he wasn't in direct pain anymore, and he longed to hold his son and daughter.

Though he was still tired, the exertion of giving birth having worn him out, as soon as he was consciously able to, he forced his eyes open to find himself surrounded by the pack.

“Hey, Alpha.” Deucalion said, smiling at him.

Stiles coughed, his throat feeling dry. “How long?” He asked, looking around for Theodore and Claudia. The former was in Derek's arms and the latter being in Scott's.

“Eight hours give or take.”

Stiles whined and sat up, needing his twins, but also wanting water. The kids won out as he held his arms out, and Derek moved forward, placing Theodore in his arms.

Stiles looked down, all thoughts of water banished from his head as he

drank in his son.

“He beautiful and mushy, just like Henry when he was born.” Stiles said, with a watery chuckle. The gravity, the sheer reality that he was holding the culmination of the love he shared with Derek

Henry was looking down at his 3DS, but at those words he looked up at Derek.

“Told you, Otets.”

“You are absolutely your daddy’s son.” Derek said, laughing.

“He’s so...precious.” Stiles said, his attention back on Theo. “I mean...did we really do this?”

“That’s not all we did, babe.” Derek said, waving Scott over, who handed Claudia to Stiles, though looking reluctant to do so.

“You’ve had eight hours, man, chill out.”

“But she’s a pack pup.” Scott pouted, looking adorable, though not as much as Claudia, and Claudia and Theo together won, hands down.

“To you, she’s a pack pup and a niece, but to Stiles and me, she’s a daughter, so let her father have some time.”

Scott conceded, but compensated by picking up Henry and zooming him around the house as quietly as possible. Stiles really couldn’t blame him. They had their own daughter on the way, and Scott really was an amazing uncle, who probably had a lot of paternal feelings building up.

“Theo’s already bonded on you. I would get your scent and he would calm down, but if someone else was holding him, he got fussy.”

“Henry was the same for a few days. He let me and Isaac hold him, but...he got upset whenever Aiden did.” Stiles chuckled. “It made him furious.”

“He didn’t...?” Derek began, but Stiles shook his head.

“Furious is a bit of an overstatement. He felt like I did. We were just...so elated to have a child at all, even if it wasn’t under good circumstances. It’s how I feel now, Der. We made them, and I have you...Life is pretty fuc... bloody perfect.”

## Chapter End Notes

We have babies!

I didn't go into too much gore, because it's not really my style, but Stiles healed well, and everything is dandy in the Stillinski-Hale pack....for the moment.

No kidnapping, but there's still that simmering conflict.

I hope you all enjoy it.

P.S. This is now officially my longest fic here, I have a Twilight one on another site, but we shan't speak of that..

# **I Don't Know How To Do This**

## Chapter Summary

Derek feels inadequate in raising his children.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

Stiles ran into his first problems with the twins when it came time to feed them. Breastfeeding Henry had been easy, but trying to balance two was too complicated, so instead, Derek would hold one, while Stiles fed the other.

Derek was completely out of his element and brought all of his question to Stiles, or if he was asleep, Isaac.

“How long do you have to burp them?”

“...Until they burp.” Stiles said, chuckling.

“Yeah, but do they do it more than once...or?”

“Derek, they won’t explode if you don’t do it right, they’ll just get fussy.” Stiles explained, transferring Theodore from one nipple to the other, while

Derek patted Claudia's back until she let out a tiny burp...though that wasn't all that came out.

"Oh." Derek said, laughing, though.

"Can you hold her while I...?" Derek began, but Stiles shook his head a small smirk.

"Wipe her mouth first and then get a clean shirt."

Derek nodded and let out a sigh. "What would I do without you, babe?"

"Absolutely fine, Der. Do you think Omegas are born imbued with magical know how to take care of children?"

"Instinct?" Derek asked, placing Claudia on the bed and wiping her mouth, before unbuttoning his shirt to change it.

Stiles chuckled. "Der, instinct tells you to keep them safe, keep them close. Instinct never taught me how to change a diaper or heat a bottle."

"You're still great at this." Derek said, lifting his arms to put on his new shirt, giving Stiles a moment to drink in some eye candy.

"Already having one has that advantage. I'm sure we'll still make mistakes, though."

"We should probably work on a rotation for the pack, I hear Lydia leaning against the door, again." Derek sighed.

"Just a minute, Lyds, I need to finish this." Stiles called, it was quiet for a moment, before he heard her call back.

"Okay, but hurry!"

"Was it like this...you know...before?"

Stiles nodded. "With everyone except Kali. Isaac, Ennis, and Deucalion

absolutely adored Henry....Still do as a matter of fact. Our pack is bigger, though, so, there's more people who want to see them."

"I guess we never have to worry about babysitters." Derek said as Stiles began to burp Theo. When he was done, he stood up, and wrapped his second son in his baby blanket.

When he opened the door, he barely got a word out before Lydia had taken him and began bouncing him in her arms.

"Who's my little Teddy? Were you hungry? Yes, you were." She said in a baby voice, making Stiles groan.

"Lydia, don't speak to him like a baby." Derek said with a sigh.

"But he is a baby." Lydia cooed.

"You know what I mean, it's bad for language development, just speak to him like a person."

"Can I still call him Teddy?" She asked, pouting a little, so Stiles nodded.

"Or Sasha." Isaac said, coming up and taking Claudia from Derek, though this time, with Derek's permission.

"Sasha?" Lydia asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Oh, We gave him the middle name Alexander earlier...while you were sleeping." Stiles explained, blushing a little. "Sasha is a Russian short form of the name."

Lydia's jaw dropped, and though she kept her voice quiet, there was a trace of anger there when she spoke:

"You gave them their middle names without me?"

"Most of the pack was asleep, I also just fed them for the first time, and you missed that."



“Stiles, you have to let us be there for these things. I know they’re not our, but we really, *really* want to be a part of their lives, please.”

And that’s when the guilt began to bubble in Stiles’ gut. He knew how important pack was, and in turn, what his children meant to the pack. He had used that strength himself when he had been in his dark place...he still did.

“You’re right, Lyds...And...I’m sorry.”

“I didn’t mean to make you sad, I just-.”

“Want to be part of your pack’s life, and that’s more than understandable.” Stiles said.

Derek nodded. “We still haven’t picked a middle name for Claudia, so let’s go downstairs and ruminate on one, okay?”

Lydia nodded and smiled, leading the way down the stairs, being as gentle with Theo as if she was his own mother.

“Oh, hey, guys...Alphas.” Scott corrected with a grin. He was dusting the living room, no doubt preparing for the inspectors arrival in three days. It seemed that the rest of the pack was either asleep or helping Scott with his quest. Stiles caught sight of Deucalion in the kitchen with Henry sitting on the counter, drying the dishes that Ennis handed him, and Allison was sweeping.

It was the knock on the door that most surprised him, though.

“Dad!” He shouted, running into the man’s arms, Talia stood behind him, smiling wide.

John let out a huff. “My son goes into labor, and I don’t even find out until twenty four hours later? Come on, kiddo.”

Stiles pulled back, his face falling. “I’m sorry, dad. I thought that...I thought someone would... I’m sorry.” He said, quietly. Feeling guilt and

little of his old fears coming back at having disappointed his father.

John seemed to realize right away that he had said something wrong, though.

“Stiles, I’m not mad, I’m...I’m sorry, I just wanted to meet my newest grandkids.”

Stiles nodded, and Derek came behind him and wrapped an arm around his shoulder, sending a warning growl in John’s direction.

“I’m sorry, Stiles.”

“Well, here’s Teddy.” Lydia said, moving forward, and placing Theo in John’s arms, breaking the tension.

“Teddy?” Talia asked, making Stiles’ heart drop.

“I’m sorry, it was...I just-.” Stiles was stopped, when Talia rushed forward and pulled Stiles into a deep hug.

“Oh, honey, thank you so much.”

“You’re not mad?” He asked.

“Not at all, I...I’m glad he gets to live, again, son.” She said, making Stiles smile.

“And this, is Claudia.” Isaac said, passing said child to Talia, who smiled warmly at Stiles.

“I knew, and yet...You did good, son.” John said, kissing the top of Stiles’ head, making him feel better about earlier.

“Grandpa!” Henry cried, running up to John, but seeing Theo in his arms, stopped short, and climbed up into Stiles’ arms.

“Hi, grandpa.”

“Hi, kiddo, you smell like dish soap.” John said, quietly, rubbing the top of his head.

“I was helping Uncle Ennis clean the dishes for Uncle Scott and Uncle Isaac’s baby.”

“That’s right...it’s...Katherine, right?”

“Actually, Henry misunderstands, it’s just the inspector. We have to have a suitable den before they’ll let us have a child. And then, Katherine is going to want to spend a week with us, before everything is finalized.”

“I can’t imagine anyone not wanting to be raised by you.” John said, sincerely, looking up from Theo for a moment.

“That’s what we keep telling them.” Deucalion shouted from the kitchen.

Having indulged Henry, who laid his head on Stiles’ chest, John turned his full attention to his second grandson for the first time.

“Oh, Stiles, he’s just perfect.” He said, softly, trying not wake Theo, who was asleep, his tiny fist curled around his baby blanket, a pacifier slowly twitching in his mouth.

“And little Claudia is just as spectacular.” Talia said.

“I really am sorry, dad, about not letting you know that I was going-.”

“Hush, son. This moment, this right here,” he tilted Teddy’s head up a little, “this is all I’ve ever wanted. You were in labor and getting cut open, and your first thought wasn’t on me. I snapped, and I apologize.”

Stiles smiled.

## Derek

Derek wasn’t sure that he liked John’s initial attitude, but he warmed up

when the man apologized. He wouldn't have started an argument, with him holding his son, but he had certainly not been opposed to glaring and growling a little.

Derek felt a little guilty that he himself had not called, but he had been so preoccupied. Just because Stiles seemed to immediately fall back into the groove of things, didn't mean that Derek had stopped worrying about his mate. The man had been cut open, and less than twenty four hours later was chatting with his father as though nothing had happened.

And even without his mate's injury, Derek was so...lost when it came to his children. Only Stiles' reassurances kept him from falling into a pit of depression at not knowing how to burp and change his children.

They never taught such things at school, and during Stiles' pregnancy, he had been preoccupied with other things and now he felt like a complete idiot for not having taught himself the basics.

Still, nothing could bring him down when he sat there and just...held his children. They were so small, and Derek couldn't felt like some cliché movie character in that when he looked down at them, he felt a profound sense of confusion and awe at the universe and the gifts it sometimes brought forth.

John and Talia moved to the couch, each holding one of the twins, and sat down, carefully.

"You used to be this small, Der." Talia said, smiling.

"I refuse to believe Derek was ever that small." Stiles said, chuckled, sitting next to his father. "Look at him, he's a brick wall."

"He was though, he was even a little early. Cutest thing I ever saw...until I met Henry." She said, looking at the child with her eyes twinkling.

"Did he have the facial hair back then?" Isaac asked, shaking with silent laughter.

It was Stiles who answered, though. “No, but when did draw himself a beard with a pencil for a week when we were four.”

“Did you really?”

Derek sighed and nodded. “I wanted a beard, and my mother told me that I had to wait until I was older.”

“Weren’t you the one who told Henry to wait patiently for the shift?”

“Yes, and he proved that sometimes perseverance comes with results when you want to shift, just like I learned that pencils will bring results when you want a beard.”

Isaac laughed a little louder, but still low enough not to disturb the sleeping twins and Derek smirked.

“So, there were no complications, I’m not going to...lose you?”

“No, dad, you’re not going to lose me. I healed perfectly well, though I might have a scar for a few months.” Stiles said, lifting up his shirt, making Derek wince at the sight of the puckered, pink skin.

“Der, please, look at it as a trophy of our accomplishment...And it will disappear.”

“I know, it just means...”

“That you were hurt, son.” Talia said. “Please allow us to cherish the result, but dislike the way they had to be delivered.”

Claudia began to squirm and a moment later she was crying, bringing back the feeling of inadequacy. Derek felt the weight of the cry in his soul, it rattled his wolf, it wanted to help, but he didn’t know what his daughter wanted. Was she uncomfortable, hungry, had a full diaper?

Stiles held his arms out and Talia handed Claudia to him.

“I think she’s hungry.” He said, opening his shirt, and bringing her up to his nipple.

“How did you tell that?” Derek asked, and Stiles shrugged with a laugh.

“A guess, Der. Mom, would you please tell your son that raising kids is about trial and error, and that there’s nothing wrong with not perfectly knowing how to care for a child when they’re born.”

Talia smiled at Stiles use of the word ‘mom’, and nodded. “He’s right, honey. Raising you was the most confusing time of my life, but I wouldn’t have it any other way. That’s what being a parent is about, trying to find out what they need.”

“And even the second time around, it doesn’t always go right.” Stiles said, handing the still crying Claudia back to Talia, and shrugging his shoulders. “She wasn’t hungry.” Talia bounced her up and down and made shushing noises.

## Chapter End Notes

So, originally I was going to have that whole Marlene thing happen right away, but I really love writing pack fluff.

John wasn't being mean on purpose, he was just a little hurt, and Stiles can still be affected.

Derek will feel more confident, soon. I imagine this is how I'd be with kids.

# Inspection.

## Chapter Summary

Inspection day for the house.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

*“Rastsvetali iabloni i grushi, Poplyli tumany nad rekoj. Vykhodila na bereg Katyusha, Na vysokij bereg na krutoj.”*

Stiles awoke hearing Henry singing the song very softly. Looking down to the foot of his bed, where the twins still slept, he smiled when he saw his son sitting between the two bassinets.

“Hi, daddy, be very quiet, they’re sleeping.” Henry whispered, in all honesty, breaking Stiles’ heart.

Stiles really hoped they were sleeping, consider they had woken him up four times in the middle of the night to be fed, something Derek smirked at considering he lacked any means of doing it himself. Stiles always returned the favor, though. Whenever they woke up needing a diaper change, Stiles

would unceremoniously, push Derek from the bed to deal with it. In a manner of speaking, he Stiles cooked, Derek was going to clean.

“I wanted to hold Teddy, but I didn’t want to do it while you were asleep in case I messed up.”

“Oh, kiddo, I know you wouldn’t mess up, you’re absolutely amazing with them.”

Henry beamed at him, showing his teeth, before turning back to his brother and sister, as though deciding which one to pick up, Henry was bright, and probably knew that he couldn’t hold both of them at the same time. He eventually settle on Teddy (that nickname was going to stick forever), and very carefully picked him up, his position on the bed ensuring that nothing bad could happen.

“He’s so little, daddy. How will he ever be as big as me?”

“He’ll grow up really fast, just like you did. It feels just like yesterday that I was holding you when you were that young.”

“Can I be their protector, daddy? I’ll look out for them and make sure that no one hurts them, like you did for me.”

Stiles smiled, a warm glow spreading in his chest. “Of course, kiddo. I bet you’ll be a great big brother.”

Stiles slid out of bed to go to the bathroom, and when he returned, Derek had woken up and was watching Henry with a smile on his face.

“Enjoy this while you can, the pack will be awake soon, and they’ll...”  
Stiles began and Derek finished, his smile growing wider.

“Smother us with affection? Probably. I swear, our parents were holding out for us to invite them to live with us.”

“There’s no room, and there’s only-.”



Stiles was interrupted by the sound of someone knocking downstairs. Before he could even move, though, he e heard thundering steps coming from Scott and Isaac's room.

"Is this....frak, is it Wednesday?" Stiles asked, managing to avoid actual swear words for the sake of his son's ears.

Derek nodded and then after a moment his eyes went wide. "I lost track, I thought...Wednesday is the say that-."

"That Barbara is coming to inspect the den." Stiles said, nodding. "Henry, kiddo, I need you to stay here with Derek while I take a shower, okay?"

"I can't meet Barbara?" Henry asked.

"Of course you can, but we should meet her together, besides, don't you want to stay here with your brother and sister?"

Henry nodded and Stiles smiled.

Stiles showered in record time and when he came out of the steamy bathroom, Derek was in a robe, waiting for his turn. Derek was quick as well, and in no time at all, they were heading down the stairs, Teddy was in Stiles' arms, Henry was holding his hand, and Claudia was in Derek's embrace.

Stiles felt guilty as every eye in the room turned to them when they entered the living room. The pack was settled in various positions around the room with Barbara scratching something on a clipboard she held in her lap.

"I'm sorry, guys, we..."

"Lost track of time because you're new parents, it's perfectly acceptable, Alpha Stiles." Barbara said, smiling at him. "They look absolutely adorable." She added, looking to the twins. Stiles noticed that Derek tightened his grip on Claudia, and didn't blame him, instinctually, he did the same.

“Thank you.”

“After the inspection, I would love to hear all about them, but let’s keep this formal for the moment.”

Stiles nodded and settled himself on a spot when Danny and Lydia moved for him. Wanting to make the best impression and aware of Barbara’s eyes on his, he chuckled nervously.

“I normally would...you know, I’m not a controlling Alpha, but...the baby.”

Barbara chuckled. “Stiles, I’ve already met you, I know what type of Alpha you are, please don’t fret.”

“I just...this is my joy, right here.” Stiles said, pointing to his mate and children, all of whom had joined him on the couch. “And I want Scott and Isaac to be able to have that.”

The mentioned pair beamed at him, and Barbara nodded. “Very understandable. Now, I can see from the assembled group that this pack is large, which is a positive thing in my books. However, when considering Katherine’s past, I would like to ensure that she wouldn’t be...crowded.”

“We’re good with that. The...not crowding thing, we’ve had...practice.” Allison said, looking at Stiles.

“Yes, I’m aware of this pack’s history, but you are all comfortable adopting those tactics, again?”

There was an influx of answers, all of them in the affirmative.

“That’s very encouraging.” Barbara said, sounding pleased. “How many bedrooms is this den?”

“Fourteen.”

“Oh, good, so there’s no shortage of bedrooms, then?” When Derek shook

his head, she continued. "I need to walk the premises with either Scott or Isaac and one of the Alphas."

"Stiles." Isaac said, immediately, standing up. "I mean...if you're alright with that, Derek." He added, looking a little guilty, but Derek just laughed.

"Of course. I'll watch the twins." He said, extending his arm. Stiles placed a kiss on top of Teddy's head before giving him to Derek.

Barbara didn't speak too much, confusing Stiles as to why she needed anyone with her, let alone one of the perspective parents and an Alpha, but didn't say that.

"So this room...?"

"Would be Katyusha's." Isaac said, nodding when they had entered the room Stiles knew Scott and Isaac had been prepping. He hadn't seen it, yet and was taken aback when he did. Purple seemed to be the theme. The walls were painted a lilac color, while the trim was deep violet. There were stuffed animals, all of them various shades of the royal color, and the bed sheets featured Tiana from The Princess and the Frog on the purple background.

"Isaac, this is amazing." Stiles said, looking around. "When did you do this?"

Isaac shrugged. "Just in my free time, Scott helped, of course."

"Well, I agree with your Alpha's assessment, this shows serious commitment, Mr. Lahey."

"I know it's jumping the gun a little-."

"Not at all, you're excited and I think it shows. If I felt there wasn't much of chance, I wouldn't have had you meet her, why get her hopes up, you know? She's grown a little attached to you, though, she said that she missed you and Scott the other day, and asked when you were going to pick her up."

And all of a sudden, it didn't matter if Stiles' presence wasn't necessary, because the grin that Isaac gave at those words made everything worth it.

## Derek

"Otets, will you play Smash Bros. with me?" Henry asked, only a short amount of time after Barbara had gone with Stiles and Isaac upstairs. He was obviously bored.

Derek didn't have any objections in and of themselves, but he was also carrying two children, though the problem was, of course, solved moments after when Lydia popped up.

"I'll watch the twins while you play with him." She said, eagerly.

Derek was on the verge of arguing with her, while pack, he still wasn't entirely comfortable when he wasn't directly holding his kids, but the excited look on Henry's face stopped his objections.

He felt the need to balance his time so Henry didn't get jealous or feel left out. Knowing what had happened when Aiden had hurt Stiles, the loneliness that Henry had been forced to go through made Derek think twice before he stuck with instinct.

Still, the whole thing was confusing to Derek. Lydia had stated that she and Jackson weren't ready for kids, and yet, she fell into the roll so easily and with such enthusiasm that if Derek had been a stranger, he would have thought that she was practically begging for one.

Derek tried to keep his ears perked for the voices coming from upstairs, but Barbara was smart, she shut the doors behind her whenever they entered a room. Derek was burning to know what was so secret, but had been glad to offer any chance for Stiles to feel empowered as an Alpha.

The incident the day before with John had reminded Derek that Stiles still had some healing to do.

“Otets, what does ‘inspect’ mean?” Henry asked as he tapped away on his controller.

“Uh...to examine something.”

“If she’s inspecting’ us, should we not be playing video games?”

“It’s better if we all behave as we normally do.” Ethan said, shrugging. “No one seriously wants to be adopted into the Van Pelt Family, all we have to show is that we’re not crazy.”

Henry actually put down his controller.

“What’s a Van Pelt, Uncle Ethan?”

Ethan put on a look of exaggerated pain. “You haven’t shown him *Two Betas and a Human?*”

Derek laughed as he remembered the show he was referencing. “It was a television show that aired when we were kids. There were two Betas who shared a house with a human, and...it was just a good show. Anyway, the Van Pelts were the neighbors and they were the perfect family... creepily perfect, they never had any problems.”

“And children don’t want that?”

“No. Families are supposed to make mistakes and all that.” Derek said, bumping his shoulder with his own, picking up his remote and putting it back into his hand.

Ennis burped as though that proved Derek’s point and Allison just shook her head.

When Barbara came back down she was beaming. “Well, Scott, I am pleased to tell you and your mate that we can move forward to the next stage of the application process.”

Scott looked up. “You mean it?”

“Your house is big and very full of love, darling, of course, I do. All we need to do is set-.” She stopped in mid-sentence when Scoot jumped up from the couch and pulled her into a hug, his voice thick with tears as he quietly repeated “thank you” over and over again.

“When would you like her to come over?”

“Today?” Isaac tried, his own voice sounding on the verge of tears.

Barbara shook her head. “How does Friday sound, though? That gives her some time to pack and everything.”

“Friday’s great.” Derek answered for Scott and Isaac, who were both hugging each other and crying.

“Great, I’ll bring her over at three, and then stay for a little bit until she gets settled, and then you’ll have a week.”

A week would be easy, Derek didn’t know what the future held for them all. He didn’t know if Katherine would stay forever, if anyone else would adopt or birth their own or...if Stiles would want more children.

The not knowing scared him, it terrified him...but, at the same time it was so amazing. The potential that their future held...it was all going to be worth it.

## Chapter End Notes

Next chapter will have some violence so...be warned.

Sorry this took so long, I got a really discouraging comment on an earlier chapter and it threw me off for a bit, until I realized...bugger it, it's my work and I like it, so whatever.

For those who are here still, thank you, and I hope you like the rest of

our journey. I lost the directions, but I promise, we have a destination.

# Mistake

## Chapter Summary

Stiles realizes that he's healed more than he thought.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

Stiles didn't know if it was jealousy or simple affection and a desire to be closer to his siblings, but the night after Barbara came to inspect the house, Henry came and snuggled himself between Derek and Stiles. Peaches joined him, and as a result, getting up to feed the twins was a complicated affair.

"Henry, kiddo, I need you get up." Stiles mumbled into his son's ear, the child laying across his chest.

Henry groaned and shook his head, his tiny hand reaching out for Peaches' collar to anchor himself when Stiles moved to get up and feed Teddy who was beginning to fuss.

"Comfy, daddy."



“I know, son, but...why don't you lay on Otets' chest? He doesn't have to get up, but I do.”

Henry made a quiet, but put upon sigh as he slid off of Stiles and threw himself on Derek, who started awake, and then quickly shut his eyes again, finding no danger.

Stiles held Teddy close while his son fed, pacing back and forth to keep himself awake, his half-closed eyes finding the clock. He let out a groan when he realized it was only two in the morning. Stiles burped Teddy as quickly as possible before moving on to Claudia.

She was much less cooperative, shaking her tiny fists at him in her fury, one or two cries managing to escape before she latched on and realized that she was being fed.

“You don't have to be cranky, I *could* be giving you formula.” He said, smiling down at her. Claudia said nothing but continued suckling until she too was sated and burped. Stiles kissed his twins on the head, before running to the bathroom to relieve himself.

Stiles didn't realize the mistake in waking Henry until he got back to bed and found his son's eyes staring at him.

“Go to sleep, Henry.” Stiles whispered.

Henry didn't comply, instead, he cupped his hand to his mouth, and whispered back:

“Is Uncle Peter really coming, tomorrow?”

Stiles nodded. “Yes...but only if you go to sleep.” He added, thinking the fib might get his son to sleep, which was the exact thing that he needed to be doing.

“Otets chest isn't as comfy as yours, daddy. It's very scratchy.”

A silent huffing laughter told Stiles that Derek had woken up as well.

“There’s only one solution, then.” Stiles muttered, when Derek moved to lift Henry up, Stiles spoke very quickly:

“Derek has to shave his chest.”

The dim light of the alarm clock illuminated the slits that Derek’s eyes had become. Henry didn’t comment on Stiles’ joke, though. He crawled back to the other side of the bed and plopped himself down between them, a silent compromise.

“Messy diapers?” Derek’s voice rumbled, and Stiles shook his head.

“Just hungry, and only Teddy, I think. Claudia seemed piss...mad that I had woken her up.”

“They’re bound to develop their own schedules, babe.”

“Yeah, but until they can sleep the night with just a bottle, they’re going to have to share times.”

“How...how long until they should be on bottles?” Derek asked between a yawn, though it did nothing to hide the insecure tone that Stiles didn’t like to hear. Derek seemed so unsure of himself and Stiles wanted to rectify that. He was an excellent father to both Henry and the twins.

“I began giving Henry pumped milk at around three weeks, but that was because...his father wanted to feed him, too. If they’re anything like Henry, though, we’ll have to stick with breastfeeding and pumping until they move to solids. Henry despised formula.”

“It’s yucky, daddy.” Henry said, tiredly.

Stiles chuckled. “You don’t remember.”

“I remember yucky milk and good milk, daddy.” Henry insisted, sounding more awake than Stiles would have preferred.

“Alright, alright, I believe you, kiddo. Go to sleep.” He said, softly, but

sternly. He knew that once Henry was fully awake, it would be impossible to get him to go back to sleep.

Stiles managed to doze off not long after that, and was surprised the next time he opened his eyes. The sun was up, meaning the twins had given him at least six hours.

Thanking Lupa for his luck, Stiles got up and stretched, not realizing that he was alone until he turned and found the bed and bassinets empty.

There was a momentary rush of terror until he realized that if Derek was gone he was probably watching over his three children.

Sure enough, when Stiles descended the stairs, he found Ethan playing peek-a-boo with Claudia, Deucalion changing Teddy, Isaac playing a video game with Henry, and Derek keeping an eye on everyone.

“How are you awake?” Stiles whined.

“Henry woke up about an hour ago, and it was just easier to come down with everyone, I thought I’d let you catch up on some sleep.”

“That’s sweet of you, but I would have woken up, anyway. The kids have to eat.” He said, sitting on the other side of the couch from Ethan, and picking up Claudia to feed her.

“What time is your uncle getting here, Alpha?” Ethan asked, now that the subject of his game was in Stiles’ arms.

Derek shrugged. “He’s not the type to have a solid schedule. To him, showing up at any time today will be enough. It comes with being wild.”

“He certainly is...interesting.”

Stiles was looking forward to the visit as well, having been too scared to even be around most of his friends the last time. He was also aware of the necessity of the visit as well. Katherine was due to arrive the next day, and having Peter come over was chance for her to meet the entire family. They

would keep their distance, but the sooner she learned how big their pack was, the better. Scott also believed that if they were successful in adopting her, that a sudden change in living arrangements, such as Peter showing up after she was settled would be too jarring.

“We don’t have to do anything for him, do we?” Lydia asked. “I mean... should we cook or buy him something?”

Derek let out a bark of laughter. “He lives in woods and hunts animals, I don’t think we really could do anything...except maybe tear up the floorboards so he can walk on the earth.”

Lydia shook her head. “I don’t buy that. No one, *no one* can turn down a home cooked meal, I don’t care how wild he is. Come on, babe,” she said, patting Jackson on the thigh, “let’s go to the store.”

Jackson sighed and Derek shrugged. “It’s a nice gesture, but don’t be hurt if he’s less than enthusiastic about it.” He said.

Stiles handed Claudia to Ethan, who was making grabby hands, keeping his eye on his daughter for a moment, until he was confident the man knew how to burp her properly, before holding his hands out to Deucalion.

“So...you’re going to make us go alone?” Lydia asked in a pout from by the door.

“A chance to be alone with Jackson, shouldn’t you be happy?” Stiles asked.

Lydia rolled her eyes. “I don’t know what he likes. Come on, Derek, your uncle is visiting you for the first time in a long time, and this time around, it’s not because your mate is missing.”

Derek let out a groan and stood up. “Fine, guilt tripper, but we need to hurry, I kind of wanted to just...rest.”

“Derek,” Lydia said, patting his back as they headed out the door, “you don’t work...none of us work, all we do is rest.”

Derek didn't respond, but ran back in and pressed a kiss to Stiles' lips.  
"Sorry, I love you, babe."

"Love you, too. Hurry back."

Once Derek and the others were gone, Stiles moved to take Claudia from his nipple, but froze when she began to squirm and cry, moving her back, she stilled.

"Yeah? Your older brother was really hungry growing up, too." He said with a chuckle.

"Did he-?" Deucalion began, but froze, his head tilting toward the door, a moment later, Stiles heard it as well. A car was pulling up. It didn't sound at all like Lydia's or Derek's, and in any case, they shouldn't be home, yet.

"Uncle Peter!" Henry shouted running for the door, and Stiles nodded because it made sense, Peter was supposed to be coming, anyway.

The moment the thought formed though, he felt like an idiot.

Peter wouldn't drive.

"Henry! Get back in the house, now!" He roared, startling Claudia and Teddy both awake, but not focusing on that for the moment. He placed Claudia in Deucalion's arms and followed out the door.

What he saw made him pause. Henry was struggling in the arms of a man who was hanging out of the side of a van. The world shattered in that moment as Stiles faced a fear that had lingered in the recesses of his mind:

Losing his son.

It took only seconds for Stiles to regain his composure, though. He was an Alpha, he wasn't some scared little Omega, anymore. The damage that Aiden had done was gone, and he refused to let Henry suffer.

"Let him go!" He howled, causing a scramble of sounds behind him, no

doubt the pack coming to investigate.

“Come and get him, and tell your pack to stay behind.” The man taunted, slamming the van door shut, before the tires squealed.

Stiles didn’t stop to think, he didn’t stop to let fear get the best of him. He shifted in an instant and launched himself towards the van.

Stiles knew that he was being rash and running out without any sort of plan which was probably whatever the people wanted, but he didn’t care. He had no time to sit down and come up with a way to attack, he had to get his son.

The van was speeding in order to avoid Stiles, who was close behind. His son’s fear drenched the air he followed and fueled his rage. Even if the van hadn’t been mere feet in front of him, he would know that scent anywhere. The memories it brought with it pressed themselves into his brain, irritating scared, but he shook his head and snarled to rid himself of them.

He would not be afraid.

He would not break down.

He would save his son and kill anyone who tried to fuck with his family.

## Derek

“What is it, Deuc-?” Derek began, but silenced himself when he heard his children crying on the other end of the line.

“Stiles and Henry are gone.” Deucalion said, quickly, and Derek swore his heart stopped beating for a moment.

“Stop the car.” He said, hoarsely.

Not willing to argue with his tone, Lydia pulled over to the side of the road while Derek tried to *breathe*, because at the moment it was feeling damn near impossible.

“Wrong choice of words.” Scott snapped. “Der, hey, sorry about that. Someone came and took Henry and Stiles chased after them, Duke and I are here with the twins and the rest-.”

“Where!” Derek shouted.

“Up Cherry, Stiles shifted so his scent-.” Derek didn’t hear anymore because he too had shifted and launched himself from the window, heading the direction he knew Cherry Street was. He wouldn’t let this happen, again.

He had lost his mate not once, but twice. If something happened to Stiles or his son, he would end his life.

He caught his mate’s scent easily, enough. He expected fear, maybe a little anger, but nothing prepared him for the rage and fury that was present in the scent. Derek followed it, his own blood boiling.

## Stiles

One well timed jump landed Stiles on the roof of the van, his claws gouging the metal like it was nothing but tissue paper. He could hear his son, fighting and calling out for help. He was here, and though he couldn’t use words to convey his presence, he let out another howl.

“Daddy!” Henry’s voice came from inside the van, and it broke what little bit of humanity remained in him. He could hear the voices of the other occupants, but couldn’t discern their words. They had taken his son, *touched* him, and they would not live to see the next day.

## Chapter End Notes

Um so...no violence in this one, it will be the next one, sorry.

Not the best chapter, but leading to some awesomeness for Stiles. Let  
m know what you think. Thank you everyone for your words of  
encouragement. :)



# I Will Win

## Chapter Summary

Stiles fights to get his son back.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

Stiles had shifted to a half form, it was easier to do what needed to be done, to remove from his path those who had threatened the safety of his son.

It was the barest hint of humanity and logic left in him that made him choose to shatter the passenger side window, first. He would heal, his son would heal, but if the van crashed and caused Henry pain...

His claws reached through the frame of the window, closing around the first neck he found and he ripped. He didn't even look back to see the body fly from the van, he simply took a calculated leap, and slid himself into the van, greeted by the scent of terror and relief. Terror from the two men, and relief from his son, who, Stiles was pleased to see, was putting up one hell of a fight with the man who wasn't driving.

“Fuck.” The man who had his hands on his son, whispered, sounding for all the world surprised and scared. The harsh scent of urine joined the stale air in the van and the driver kept his rapt attention on Stiles.

While scared, the driver did not seem to be as out of control as the other man, who was frozen in place. He stared Stiles down, his eyes blazing red.

Another Alpha.

“Daddy!” Henry cried, tears and anxiety dripping from his face and voice.

Stiles turned his head and the man immediately held his hands up, trying to show he meant no harm. His repentance had come too late, though. He had made his mistake the moment the thought even crossed his mind that he could touch Stiles’ family.

Paying no mind to the driver, Stiles pressed himself between the seats and launched himself towards the man who had touched his son. A scream was followed by a gurgle as Stiles’ teeth found the soft, weak flesh of the man’s throat.

“Daddy!” Henry cried, again, and Stiles slowly turned to his son, who was huddled against the wall, fear in his eyes. It was *that* that brought back Stiles’ humanity. He felt himself shift back, even though there was still one threat, because he was scaring his *son*, and that was... unacceptable.

“Kiddo, it’s...it’s alright.” Stiles said, softly, holding his arms out.

Henry hesitated, actually hesitated, and Stiles felt his heart break. When Henry did move forward, the scent of relief was gone, and he was shaking.

“I’m not going to hurt you, son, it’s...I would never hurt you.”

“You were scary, daddy.”

“Yeah, daddy, you were scary.” The other Alpha’s voice came from the front. Stiles hadn’t even felt the van stop, but he quickly pulled Henry behind himself when the man approached.

“Get away.” Stiles warned in a growl, not wanting to terrify Henry anymore, but unable to stop his wolf’s anger at the clear and very present threat to his son.

The man chuckled, but could not hide the waver in his voice when he spoke. “But this is all I wanted, Stiles. You...me...”

Stiles scoffed. He would never bow his head in submission to another Alpha.

“If you think that I’m going to just salute and follow you, you have another-.”

Stiles was silenced by the sound of howling, and though his anger knew no bounds, and he was sure of himself, *knew* that he could take this sick fucker on his own, the howls of his pack mates reassured him.

Loudest and clearest amongst them was Derek, his call of worry and anger becoming Stiles’ anchor in that moment.

The driver turned to look out his window, his face paling at what was no doubt, Stiles’ pack.

“You didn’t expect them to leave me, did you?” Stiles asked while Henry huddled around his legs in fear.

“You...they...They left you last time. You went with Aiden.”

“And did you really think that they’d allow that to happen, again? I’m their Alpha-.”

“You’re an Omega!” The man snarled. “You should be bred for pups, not leading a pack. I deserve nothing less after what your father did to me.”

That actually shocked Stiles. “What did my father ever do to you?”

The man’s claws gouged at the cloth seat as he tightened his hand in anger. “Your father killed half my pack, simply because we tried to evict him from

my territory.” He snarled.

“That doesn’t sound like my father, if he attack you, I’m sure he had good reason.”

“Defending a speck of life like you.” The driver spat. “You’re nothing, Stiles. You’re an Omega, put on this earth to serve Alphas like myself. Your father’s delusions and lies led to him attacking my pack, and I can think of no better vengeance than keeping you as my own.”

Stiles didn’t let the man’s words hurt him. He would speak with his father later, but for the moment, all he cared about was defending his pack and his son, as the Alpha he knew he was.

“A few months ago, you would have been right. I probably would have gone with you to spare my son and my pack any pain. I would have shut down...” Stiles knew he probably still would. The darkness of his deeds that day would forever haunt him. “Not today, though. Today, you fucked with the wrong Alpha, the wrong pack. I’m not yours, and I never will be. I belong to my mate, my pack, and my son, just as they belong to me.”

The man didn’t answer, he launched himself forward, Stiles had the barest moment to move his son from harm’s way, before he was tackled into the back doors of the van, the force of the impact causing them to fly open, and they fell onto the pavement.

Stiles was dimly aware of his pack approaching, Derek fully shifted, his eyes blazing in his anger, but Stiles wasn’t going to be saved.

Because this time, he didn’t need to be.

“Stay away.” He warned, causing Derek to stop running. He let out a low whine, but Stiles ignored him for the moment. There would be time for apologies, worry, and tears later. Stiles kicked out at the man, whose name he still did not know, sending him hurtling into the field that stretched out by the side of the road.

The man snarled and, ignoring the pack, ran towards Stiles, who rolled out of the way, and grabbed the back of his neck with his claws, throwing him once more the van, drawing Stiles' attention to the fact that his son was still in the vehicle.

"Henry, get to Derek, now!" Stiles ordered, knowing that Derek would protect the child.

Stiles' words, drew the man's attention, though, and after the barest moment of hesitation, he lunged for the running Henry, making Stiles see red. His teeth came down on the man's outstretched hand, eliciting a cry from him, as Stiles felt tiny bones shatter and fragile tendons tear.

The man, used his good hand to gives Stiles a right hook to the jaw, sending him sprawling to the ground, though he got up a second later.

The man cradled his hand, still snarling at Stiles, who moved forward for another attack, barely dodging a slow swipe from the bleeding limb, but unable to miss the second on. Pain flared through his gut, where only days before his twins had been. The man's claws dug deep into his flesh, refusing to let go, even when Stiles tried to jerk away.

"You can hold your own, I'll give you that, but at the end of the day, you'll always lose, because you're weak in the face of a true Alpha." The man hissed in his ear, overcoming the sounds of fury and anxiety coming from his pack. Henry was bawling, and Derek was snarling, moving forward a fraction of an inch, but Stiles shook his head.

"Protect my son, Der." He warned.

Stiles reached down and grasped the offending appendage, using his own strength to rip it from his body, agony tearing at him as the claws decimated his flesh upon their leaving.

The man looked on in astonishment as Stiles took his free hand and wrapped it around his throat.

*“You’re the scum. You are the weak one, and you can die knowing that it was in the hands of a true Alpha.”* He growled, clenching his claws and pulling backwards.

The man’s gurgles and tremors began before he even hit the ground, but Stiles paid them no attention as he turned and ran to his son and his mate. He wasn’t aware of precisely when Derek had shifted back, but knew that the arms around him were safe and loving as he collapsed into them.

“Henry.” Stiles said, weakly. Henry’s sudden weight was hell on his wound, which had not fully healed, yet, but Stiles only pulled him closer.

“Did they hurt you, baby?” He asked, too ashamed to look into his son’s eyes for fear of the terror he would find there.

“No, daddy. You saved me.” Henry whispered.

“I’ll always save you, son. Always.” Stiles promised.

## Derek

Derek was awash in emotions. He was furious. Anger coursed through him, anger that would never find proper resolution, because the main target of it was dead, his lifeless body bleeding out onto the asphalt, the remains of his throat a few feet away, where his mate had dropped it.

He knew not why the kidnapping had happened, why yet another Alpha had tried to break up his family, but it didn’t matter. As soon as he was sure that Stiles and Henry were alright, he was going to send a warning through all the pack in North America. If any Alpha so much as looked at his mate or his son, again, they would meet a swift death at his claws.

He was also angry at Stiles. He would never speak to it, and he knew that, in time, it would fade, because the love he bore for the man was so much greater, but the danger that Stiles had put himself in was causing a small bit of his fury to be directed at the man he loved.

After the last two times that Derek had almost lost his mate, he shuddered, actually shuddered with enough intensity that Stiles looked up, to think of what could have happened to him. Seeing his mate fight the man had been the most nerve-wracking experience of his life.

He was relieved. Whatever the threat was, it was gone, which led to the pride he had shining like a beacon in his heart. Stiles had taken care of three wolves on his own, and though he was mad at the potential outcome such a situation could have brought, he was also so proud at having seen his mate fight singlehandedly.

When Derek opened his mouth to say so, though, Stiles interrupted him, his voice weak and tainted with blood.

“Yell later, home, please, babe?”

Derek moved Stiles’ shirt to ensure that the wound was not fatal, and that Stiles was healing, before he nodded.

“Of course.” He whispered, hoarsely. He reached down to pick up Henry, who squirmed out the embrace, clinging to his father for dear life. It would be more complicated to carry them, but Derek allowed it. Hell, he would allow anything from his mate and son at the moment. Right then would have been the time for Henry to ask for a car, a cat, or another puppy.

Derek picked Stiles bridal style, with Henry clinging to his father’s chest in such a way that he would not fall.

Derek had managed to get closer to the fight than the other pack members, and when he approached, they rushed forward, eager to ensure that their Alpha and Henry were alright. Derek shook his head, though.

“Wait until we get him home.” He warned. “And someone needs to stay here and call the police, let them know what happened, and tell them to come to our den if they have questions. Then call John, and have him meet us at the house.”

The pack may have preferred Stiles, and in all honesty, when it came to leading them, so did Derek, but in the moment of Stiles' incapacitation and exhaustion, Ethan and Lydia nodded without hesitation and pulled out their cell phones, while Derek began the long trek home with his mate.

## Chapter End Notes

I hate writing fighting scenes, but I actually kind of like this one, please, PLEASE let me know what you thought, even if you don't normally comment, because this type of thing will show up in my next fic, and I Want to make sure that I do it well.

This fic is not over! NOT OVER! However, due to it being the holidays and having family engagements to attend, I will not post again until after the 25th. I will try to be typing, though, so hopefully we won't have another pause in writing. I just, need a break to focus on familial matter.

With that being said, Thank you to everyone, as always, and I look forward to posting again in a few days, and to see what you thought of this.

Happy Saturnalia (17th-23rd, remember, I'm Roman Pagan, Merry Christmas, Happy Solstice, Happy Hanukkah, Happy Kwanzaa, Happy Secular Holiday Season, Happy...everything else. I hope everyone stays safe and is happy!



# Rest

## Chapter Summary

After the kidnapping.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

Stiles was exhausted. It had been a long time since he had been in a proper fight...as in, ever, and the exertion had made him want to curl up and sleep for a few days.

A few days to forget. Derek's anger, his son's fear, and...the little detail of him having killed three people.

The problem looming on his horizon, the one that was going to fuck with him was that last one. Stiles wasn't a killer. He was, but not...not in his heart. He had done what he needed to do to protect the ones he loved, but he hadn't enjoyed it, reveled in the blood and gore, or even wanted to take it as far as he did.

He had more important things to deal focus on first, though. The scent of

fear was still heavily surrounding his son, he needed to make sure that he was okay. The fact that Henry clung to him was a good sign, though, and Stiles took great comfort in that face.

“We’re almost there, babe.” Derek whispered, his voice sounding far away, and all Stiles could do was nod.

Stiles drifted in and out of consciousness as they headed home. It seemed like he had only closed his eyes for a moment, but when he opened them, again, he was in his bed, Henry curled into one side, Derek into the other, and the pack sitting in chairs around him. Talia and John were close by, as well, each holding one of the twins.

Stiles was aware that every eye in the room was on him, but he turned to Henry, first.

“Hey, kiddo. How are you feeling?”

“Sleepy, daddy. I...I’m sorry, daddy.”

Stiles reached his hand out and rubbed Henry’s head.

“What on Earth do you have to be sorry about, son?”

“I was scared of you, but...you were only trying to protect me, right?”

Stiles nodded. “I was, but still, I’m so sorry that I scared you, Henry. I never ever wanted to scare you, but...” Stiles let his sentence drop, as his lip trembled with the force of tears that threatened to spill out.

“It’s okay, daddy. I was more scared of the bad people.”

“They didn’t hurt you, did they?”

Henry shook his head. “No, daddy, but I know who they were. Marlene and her husband...”

“David.” Derek finished for him. “Henry, are you sure?”

Henry nodded, looking confused. “I don’t know why Marlene wanted me to go with her so bad, daddy.”

Stiles didn’t understand, either, until Derek began to speak in a soft but furious voice.

“That...bitch. She said...she said that she wanted a child, because she was unable to have one.”

“When did she say that?” Stiles asked.

“A few weeks ago, when Henry and I went to the mall without you. She was there...she found him so fascinating.” Derek said, a growl beginning in his chest. “I should have known something was wrong.”

Stiles was livid as well, but he tried to calm Derek down for the sake of Henry.

“How could you have known that she’d try something like that? And you definitely can’t be blamed for that...Alpha’s actions. Apparently, I’m the hot new commodity this year.”

“Don’t joke.” Derek pleaded, Stiles had expected anger, but Derek’s voice was entreating Stiles to understand his pain. His eyes sparkled with tears as he stared at him. “Please, Stiles, this is the third time I’ve almost lost you, don’t joke about it. I *need* you.”

“And I need you, Der, you know that, but I also need Henry. I wasn’t going to let someone take him.”

“I wouldn’t have, either, babe.”

“And if you had been there, what would you have done?”

Derek’s eyes lowered. “Probably chased after him.”

“I was following instinct and my heart, Der. You, the twins, Henry, the pack, you’re my family. Anyone who fucks with us is going to pay...frak,

Henry, don't repeat that word." Stiles said.

"Why do people want us so bad, daddy? Are we famous?" Henry asked.

Stiles smiled at him. "We're not famous, kiddo, but you are, without a doubt, the sweetest and most awesome three year old in the world. And because I made you and your adorable brother and sister, other people want that, too." Stiles explained, feeling that the truth would be a little too much.

"Derek, I'm sorry that I left you, but I...I couldn't let him go."

## Derek

Derek held Stiles and Henry close to him. He didn't even look up when someone knocked at the door. Allison got up to go and get it with Ennis following her. Derek didn't blame him. Despite Stiles proving that he could hold his own, Derek didn't think he'd be leaving his mate's side for the next few weeks.

"Uh...Alpha Stiles?" Ennis said, coming back into the room. "Peter's here with his pack, were you...I mean..."

"I'm fine, Ennis, I'm not about to have a breakdown or anything, I'm just tired. You guys go down and meet and everything, I just need to take a nap."

"I'm staying with daddy." Henry said, defiantly, and Stiles let out a chuckle.

"Why don't you go down, kiddo? You were so excited, earlier."

"I'm scared, daddy." Henry whispered, and Derek tightened his grip. Stiles had save their son, but the damage had been done, and the child now seemed reluctant to be out of Stiles' company.

"Henry, if you want to stay, you can, but you know that no one here will let anything bad happen to you, right? Your uncle Peter would protect you,

too.”

“Course I would. What am I protecting you from?” Peter’s voice preceded the man himself.

Derek was actually a little shocked by his appearance. He was still in his torn jeans, shirtless, and barefoot, but he didn’t seem as wild.

“We stopped off by a river on the way here.” He explained at Derek’s raised eyebrow.

“Uncle Peter!” Henry shouted, perfectly happy to jump up into his arms while he was under the watchful gaze of Stiles and Derek.

“I hope you don’t mind me coming up, but I wanted to make sure everyone was alright. Anxiety hangs around your house heavily, and your Betas didn’t explain what happened.”

“Someone took Henry.” Stiles said, a trace of a growl still in his voice.

Derek was surprised when Peter growled as well. “Are you alright?” He asked Henry who nodded.

“Daddy saved me. He was scary, but he stopped the bad people.” Henry explained.

“And last time that I was here, you were so unsure of your strength.” Peter said, turning to Stiles with a small smile on his face, it widened after a moment, and Derek turned to his mate, as well. Stiles still had his mouth open, but his eyes were closed and his breathing was deep.

“Wore himself out.” John grunted.

“As violence always does to those of us who aren’t comfortable with it.”

Derek turned to him with a glare, but Peter held his free hand up. “I meant no offense. Your mate is an Alpha if I’ve ever seen one, and a great one at that, but he does not seem predisposed to violence.”

“Uncle Peter, what does ‘predisposed’ mean?”

“It means that your daddy doesn’t like to hurt people, unless he has to.”

Stiles let out a sleepy grunt, and Peter lowered his voice.

“Though I think he might make an exception if we woke him up when he’s so tired. What do you say we go downstairs?” He asked Henry.

Henry looked hesitant, and though it pained him to do so, Derek sighed and said:

“I’ll go with you, son, if you like.”

Henry seemed to think deeply for a moment, before shaking his head. “No, Otets, you stay here and look after daddy.”

“Henry, your daddy wouldn’t want you to go without one of us.” Derek said, quietly, before lifting his eyes to his pack. “No offense.”

“None taken. Truth be told, I’m half surprised Stiles didn’t take Henry and the twins and cloister himself in a fortress somewhere.” Ethan said.

“Stiles will be safe up here, nephew.” Peter said, and while Derek was sure it was the truth, he still had to force himself to get up and follow his pack downstairs.

“A bath, Peter? That’s...unusual of you.” Talia said as they descended.

“Well, Stiles did invite us to stay for a while, and I’d hate to offend you all with my stench.” Peter said with a chuckle.

“You didn’t stink last time, Uncle Peter.” Henry said, making Peter laugh louder.

“You’re a sweet boy. I only hope my own child is as well behaved.” Peter said, making Derek cock his head.

“Your own?” He asked.

Peter nodded and motioned with his head towards Crystal, who was sitting on a couch in the living room. She was not too far along, but there was a noticeable baby bump in her midsection. Matt was leaning against her, rubbing it and cooing a song to her stomach, just as Derek had done when Stiles was pregnant.

“Congratulations, brother.” Talia said with a smile.

“Well, you may also have to congratulate Matt. We’re not sure who the father is.”

Derek felt an uncomfortable squirm in his gut at the thought of sharing Stiles in the way that Peter’s pack shared each other.

“That doesn’t bother you?”

“You know, back in the days of our ancestors, actual pack mates were a thing. Did you think that word was born out of friendship?”

“What does that mean?” Ennis asked.

“Packs used to share mates as a way to build pack ties. Monogamy is a human invention.” Peter explained, calmly, sitting himself next to Matt, and balancing Henry on his knee. “The idea of one mate to one mate didn’t really come about until later. Only a hundred years ago, Stiles might have-.”

“Peter, enough.” Talia said in a stern voice, her eyes on Henry, who seemed happy enough rubbing Crystal’s belly. Derek agreed with ending the conversation, though. Stiles wasn’t *his* the way that some wolves looked at their mates, but they were bound and meant for each other only, human invention or not.

“I’ll try not to corrupt him with my...unorthodox ways while we’re here.” Peter said with a smirk. “So, new twins, and I’m told there’s to be another new addition?”

“Katyusha, she’s supposed to come, tomorrow, but now...I’m not too sure.” Isaac said, quietly.

“Is it us?” Peter asked, his eyes narrowing a little in confusion.

“No, not at all. We insisted that you come, it’s just...after what happened today, I don’t know if Stiles will be up for another stranger in the home.”

Derek shook his head. “No, Isaac. I’m sure that he’ll be perfectly happy to welcome her into our home. We can’t...we must go on, and continue building our pack. When he wakes up, I’ll be very surprised if he doesn’t want her to come. And I’m sure that he’ll agree with me when I say that we *all* need to keep what happened today a secret...at least from the agency.”

“Why, Otets?”

“Well, while it will be good to send the word out to America that our pack is not to be messed with, if the agency finds out that you got kidnapped on our front lawn...they might be more reluctant to let us have Katherine.”

“Is it Katherine or...Katasha?” Matt asked.

## Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry, guys. I was going to give you a chapter, yesterday as a sort of Christmas gift, but I have ADD and have to do two things at once or I lose concentration. So, usually, I'm watching T.V. or movies while I type, but Lizard Squad shut down Xbox Live, so I couldn't watch anything, and only type like a hundred words in six hours. Blame them, not me.

In any case, here we are, back on track.

Thank you for all the kudos and everything, it's really awesome that



I'm still getting Kudos for older works.

# **I'm the One Who Will Yell.**

## Chapter Summary

Stiles' dad has some words about what happened.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

Stiles woke up in a panic. He was alone in the room, and even though he could hear the soft rumble of voice downstairs, and knew that Derek was probably looking after his son with vigilance, but he still bolted down the stairs, startling the assembled pack, and Henry, when he picked his son up.

“I’m okay, daddy.” Henry said, hugging him. “Uncle Peter, Otets, and everyone watched over me.”

“I know, I just...let your father be overbearing for a few days?”

“Otets was being a bear, too, daddy, and he smelled sad when we came downstairs.”

“That’s because he wanted to keep an eye on me, but your daddy is very

grateful that he came down with you, instead.” Stiles said, smiling warmly at his mate.

Stiles scented Henry’s neck while Derek moved closer and did the same to him.

“I just thought about who needed me more, you or your protective instincts.”

“The latter is more fearsome. Without my instincts, I’m just a fluffy little bunny.”

“Speaking of which, here’s your hungriest bunny.” Lydia said, moving forward with Teddy.

Stiles placed Henry in Derek’s arms and picked up Teddy, pulling him close, with his other arm he began to open his shirt. He felt like such a fool, he had slept for five hours without feeding his kids.

“Son.” John’s voice was stern as Stiles turned to him.

“You can’t yell, I’m feeding, and your anger will get in the breast milk.”

“I’m not going to yell, son. Give you a lecture, though? Absolutely. What were you thinking?”

“I have absolutely no idea what you’re talking about.” Stiles said, settling Teddy onto his nipple.

“You are my only son, Stiles. My last living blood, and after two kidnappings, you recklessly-.”

“I followed my son. If I was three and had been taken into a van, are you seriously going to tell me that you wouldn’t have done the same?”

“That doesn’t make it right. You have two babies to look after!” John said, raising his voice a little.

“John, I already talked to him about this.” Derek said, picking up Claudia, preparing to switch out when Teddy was done feeding.

“Yes, and as his mate, I’m sure you tiptoed around the issue. Son, I thought I lost you, once. I honestly feared that you were dead for three years, and then you came back, only to be taken, again. And now-.”

“Henry, we’re going to go play ‘dinosaurs’ want to join us?” Ethan said, picking him up before he could say anything and hurrying out the door, the pack following, except for Isaac and Scott.

Once they were out of earshot, Stiles glared at his father. “What happened with Aiden is completely different from the three fuck...fracking degenerates who just tried to take Henry.”

“How, son? You put yourself at risk, again.”

“Because I rejected the idea of killing Aiden until it was absolutely necessary. I had no defense against him, he was the father of my son, and so when he wanted to take Henry, I had to go along with it. These three...I held no obligations to them, which I think I proved when I did what was necessary to save Henry.”

“An Alpha and two Betas, son. You’re strong, but it was reckless to just chase after them.”

“I didn’t even know how many there were. My son was gone, I reacted. You’re the one who raised me as an Alpha, not an Omega. Sometimes, Alphas have to take risks to protect those they care about.”

“Like entering another’s territory to find their son.” Derek said, and for a moment, Stiles was confused, until he looked back and saw Derek’s eye’s boring into his father’s.

“What are you talking about, Derek?” John snapped, no warmth in his tone.

“The people who took Henry were the last remnants of a pack that *you decimated when you were looking for me.*” Stiles said, remembering the

*words the Alpha had spoken. Stiles had yet to tell Derek what had happened, but he had been close to the van, and the Alpha had been shouting.*

*“What?” Talia asked, paling. Her mouth fell open in horror.*

*Stiles nodded, slowly. “The Alpha said that he was going to take me as retribution for what had happened.”*

*“What did you do that it threatened my son and mate?” Derek asked. Stiles knew Derek well enough to know that Derek would have taken his anger to the grave, but that John’s anger had brought out his own.*

*“I...” John’s face fell, and Talia took his hand. “I was distraught, son.” His voice cracked when he spoke and Stiles felt his anger beginning to ebb away. The sound of his father’s remorse and sadness had always disarmed him. “We had been looking for so long, and there was nothing, and then in Georgia, this Alpha was...”*

*“He threatened your father. We shouldn’t have been on their property, but he belittled your father’s cause, and...I’m not saying it’s an excuse, but...”*

*“But you thought that he was getting in between you and your son and you...reacted?” Stiles asked.*

*“Son, yes, but there’s still a difference. You have more children to think about.”*

*“You had Derek.” Stiles whispered.*

*John shook his head. “It’s not the same, son. Derek is a grown man, Claudia and little Teddy and newborns. Derek losing me or his mother just... wouldn’t be the same as those two little cubs losing you.”*

*Stiles let out a heavy sigh as he switched Claudia for Teddy, handing the latter to his grandfather.*

*“Dad, mom, I know you would have looked after them with Derek if*

anything had happened to me. I'm sorry that I scared you, but I'm never going to apologize for doing what I had to keep Henry safe."

"Derek said that the word would get around. Packs all over California are already talking about the Omega that's an Alpha." Talia said.

"Of course, *I'm* not surprised that you beat them, Stiles. Please don't think that because I'm mad that you went alone doesn't mean that I'm not proud, because I am."

Stiles let out a dry chuckle. "I can't even be mad that I didn't discover my own strength sooner, you know? If I had fought back when Aiden first took me, we wouldn't have Henry, Ennis, Isaac, or Deucalion. I can't imagine life without them." Stiles said, turning to smile at Isaac who smiled back.

"Me neither." Scott said, pressing his face into the side of Isaac's neck.

"So, we're looking at a few busy months, aren't we?" Talia asked. "An adoption and two weddings."

"Maybe three. I have no idea why Ennis is dragging his feet, but he and Allison love each other."

"She's always been a little sweetheart. I remember when you all were in fourth grade and that little awkward kid...Greenberg, I think his name was, tried to ask her out for a date, and she turned him down in the kindest way possible."

"You knew Allison when she was that young?" Isaac asked.

"Well, except for those of you who helped save Stiles from Aiden, I've known Stiles and Derek's entire packs since they were kids. They didn't inherit a pack like some people do, but rather chose them based on their friends growing up."

"So, you always knew who their Betas were going to be?"

Talia nodded. "People who are more traditionalist absolutely despised the

idea, but they also hated the thought of an Omega being an Alpha, and would you say that Stiles is bad at his job?"

"Stiles is the best." Isaac said, making Stiles blush.

"Are you two excited for tomorrow?"

"I think terrified explains my feelings more." Scott said with a chuckle. "Do you know what it's like to have a kid?"

Stiles let out a snort of laughter. Every other adult in the room was a parent.

"Kids...what are those like?" Stiles said as he began to burp Claudia.

"Wouldn't know, I've been abstinent my whole life." Talia said.

"Then what do you call the other night?" John asked, making Stiles groan in horror.

"Really, you guys?" Derek asked while John let out an evil chuckle.

"I just meant." Scott said, rolling his eyes. "That it's...scary, you know?"

"Of course it is. My son is old enough to be having his own kids, and I'm still scared for him." Talia said. "That will never go away."

"You guys will help, right? I don't want to mess her up."

"Of course we will, we're pack, we're family, and that's what families do." Talia said, leading them out the front door to follow the pack. Stiles motioned with his head for Derek to do the same and stayed behind with his father.

"So on a scale of one to slaughter how mad are you?"

"I'm not really mad, anymore, son. I just...need you to understand. I love Derek, I love Talia, and I love my grandchildren, but...I can't do it if I lose it you."

“I’m not going anywhere, dad... You didn’t piss off any other packs while you were looking for me, did you?”

John shook his head. “I...I shouldn’t have attacked the one in Georgia. It was a mistake, and I don’t...I don’t know what I was thinking.”

“Probably the same thing that I was thinking when I...did it.” Stiles whispered. He hadn’t had much time to dwell on it, but sitting here with his father, the memories came back, and the barest hints of guilt began to seep into his mind.

What if he had made a mistake? The Alpha had to be dealt with, but Marlene might have been open to a discussion, and the third man, Marlene’s husband...he’d simply been in the wrong place at the wrong time. Stiles was sure that he would have surrendered.

“Stiles, I can smell what you’re feeling, and I want you to stop that thought process, right now.” John said, wrapping an arm around Stiles. “I’m not happy that you went off on your own but those who touch the cubs of an Alpha, pay.”

“What if they were only going along with it because of *their* Alpha?”

John shook his head. “Stiles, if you told your Betas to kidnap a kid, and they very truly felt as though it was the wrong decision, they could ignore the command. Betas are prone to follow their Alpha’s will, but not when it violates the laws of nature. Some part of them must have been complicit in order to do what they did.”

“Derek said that Marlene had wanted a kid. Scott and Isaac wanted a kid, too, and they went about it in a way that didn’t shatter werewolf law. Why...why can’t people just...”

“People are fucked up, kiddo. Humans and werewolves, we do things we shouldn’t all the time. I’ve made my share of mistakes.”

“Yeah, was I kidnapped from another family?”



John shook his head. “No, but when I was your age me and my pack would break onto other wolves’ territory and steal food...and once a pig.”

Stiles let out a snort of laughter, and John mock glared at him.

“You can laugh all you want, but it was bad back in those days to even cross territory lines without permission.”

“Daddy! We’re playing dinosaurs!” Henry cried, bursting through the door.

“Oh, the horror!” Stiles shouted back, before lowering his voice when Claudia and Teddy both squirm uncomfortably.

“Come on, daddy, you have to play with us, and grandpa, too!”

“Someone has to hold your little brother and sister.”

“That’s my job, take your daddy and chase him, around, kiddo.” John said, pulling Claudia into his arms.

“I love you, dad. And...I’ll make sure that I stay around for a long time.” Stiles whispered, giving his father a kiss on the head, before getting up and following Henry.

## Chapter End Notes

I hope John didn't seem too mean.

I think we're moving into the sunset of this fic, and I'm really excited for the Steter one.

Let me know how you're all liking it, and thank you for all the support.  
:)

# Sergio

## Chapter Summary

Kathryn arrives.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

Katherine seemed just as nervous as ever, and Stiles felt guilty because he himself no doubt was adding an air of anxiety to the whole event. It wasn't Katherine that presented the threat, but Barbara.

She was just as kindly and sweet as she had always been, but Stiles had a wariness of the world and what threats could befall his son. He didn't yell or growl, but it was a close thing, and he didn't let his children out of his arms reach the entire time that Barbara helped Katherine settle. Derek held Henry, and he himself, held the twins.

"Hi, Kathryn. How are you doing, today?" Scott asked.

"I'm okay...dad?" She said, making it more of a question, sounding unsure of what word she should use.

“You...you can call me whatever you want, Kathryn, you don’t have to call me dad if it makes you uncomfortable.”

“Maybe a little later? Your pack is really big.” She said, and Stiles felt himself smile when she used Scott as her shield.

“If you’re not comfortable with all of them down here, just let us know, and they can go upstairs. We just wanted you to meet everyone, Katyusha.” Isaac said.

“They can stay, but...will you hold my hand?” Kathryn asked, reaching towards Isaac. Allison, Ethan and Lydia both let out sniffles, and though Stiles wasn’t crying, he was also touched by the moment.

“Kathryn, I’m going to head back to the agency, now. Are you going to stay?” Barbara asked, kneeling beside her.

Kathryn nodded. “I don’t think anyone here would hurt me. I’ll stay.”

“Thank you.” Isaac whispered.

“Here’s the number for the agency, if anything happens. Obviously, as a werewolf, there’s no allergies or anything that you need to worry about.”

“Thank you for driving me, Miss Barbara.”

Barbara nodded. “May you be ever watched by Lupa, my darling. If this week goes well, this will be your pack, and I don’t think there’s a better one in the whole world.”

“They seem nice, and I like Alpha Stiles and Alpha Derek.”

“Well, they’re pretty awesome.” Scott said, nodding in agreement.

“I like you and Isaac, too.” Kathryn said, nervously.

“I know, you wouldn’t be here if you didn’t think we’re were pretty cool.”

The room became less awkward when Barbara left and Stiles felt comfortable enough to let Henry squirm out of Derek's arms. He ran up to Kathryn, holding out the gift that he had picked out at the store.

Kathryn's eyes grew wide when she saw what it was.

"I know you like Princess and the Frog, but Tangled is one of my favorite movies, and Pascal isn't a frog, but he's nice, anyway, right?" He asked as Kathryn looked over the chameleon.

"He's cute. What's your name?" Kathryn asked.

"I'm Henry, my daddy is the Alpha, my Otets is the other Alpha, and your daddies are my uncles."

"I'm Kathryn."

"I know, I wanted to meet you, before, but my daddy said I couldn't."

"I also told you why, kiddo."

"Daddy said that you're like him, so sometimes you don't like to be around other people. If I scare you, I can go away."

"You're okay, Henry. Want to watch a movie?" Henry nodded, and just like that, Henry gained a friend, and Kathryn didn't seem so anxious.

"What about meeting the pack?" Isaac whispered to Stiles.

Stiles shrugged. "Let her move at her own pace. If she's comfortable with Henry, then let her be."

Isaac nodded and took Scott's hand, before sitting on the couch, watching his soon to be daughter.

The rest of the pack took Stiles' words to heart and moved out of the room, except for Peter who moved closer to Stiles.

“That was rather anticlimactic. She’s sweet, and-.” Peter looked down, his eyes widening when it turned out to be Katherine. “Yes...sweetie?” He asked, sounding a little lost.

“You smell wild.” She said.

“I...uh...I’m sorry? I took a shower.”

“No, I don’t mind, it’s just...are you like Sergio?”

It was a name Stiles had not heard in a long time and he laughed.

“Who’s Sergio?”

“Are you serious?” Stiles asked, elbowing him in the chest. “Sergio Whipmaster, he’s the wolf that courageously fights evil to help save humans and wolf cubs.”

Peter still looked nonplussed, so Katherine explained:

“He’s on a T.V. show, I know he’s not real, but in the show, he lives in the wild, because he needs to keep his wolf close to his heart. Do...Do you save people, too?”

Stiles seized the opportunity, getting down on his haunches to face her.

“He absolutely has saved people. Remember how we said that I kind of know what you’ve been through?”

Kathryn nodded. “Well, it was Peter here who helped to save me. If it wasn’t for him, I wouldn’t be here, neither would Isaac, Ennis, or Deucalion.” Stiles said, motion upstairs with his head.

“Honestly, little one, it’s not as big as your uncle here is making it.”

“It’s huge, Peter.” Stiles said, before blushing in embarrassment, when he looked up, only to find himself eye level with Peter’s crotch. Stiles quickly stood up.

“What you did for us, makes you more of a hero than Sergio.”

“Can...Can I go running with you sometime? Help save people?” Stiles himself melted under the look, but figured that Peter might have a stronger will.

“Of course, sweetheart. I don’t know that we’ll save too many people, but we can go out running whenever you want.”

Kathryn’s face lit up and she stammered a thanks before running back to sit next to Henry.

“Oh gods, they’re...how do they get that cute?” Peter asked.

“You don’t feel the same about Henry?”

“I do...but I thought it was because he’s blood. Damn, I have no idea who Sergio is, but if it makes her smile, I’ll be him.”

“That’s how they get you. The smile.” Stiles said, handing Teddy to Peter, who took him, making a face.

“He’ll smile, soon, in the meantime, hold him while I feed Claudia.”

“Yes, Alpha.” Peter said, softly, cradling Teddy.

“Oh...Peter, I didn’t mean...I’m-.”

“Stiles, I’m not going to jump off a bridge at your command, but you and my nephew have done a good job. I’m a feral...wild wolf, when I’m in civilized company, I’ll let you lead.”

Stiles was shocked. He was still unsure why everyone gravitated to him.

“They respect you, babe.” Derek said, quietly, following Stiles into the kitchen.

“It still makes no sense, and I’m halfway to formulating a conspiracy theory

that you put them up to it.”

“I don’t have to trick people into seeing how amazing you are.”

Stiles opened his mouth to respond, when he felt a sharp pain his chest.

“Frak!” He cried, pulling Teddy back.

“What happened?” As always, Derek’s voice fell straight to concern.

“He...he bit me.” Stiles whispered in shock.

“How is that...he’s teething, already?”

Stiles shook his head, the incident sparking his memory.

“No...there was...when I was pregnant with Henry, Ennis read me baby books. It’s called post-natal teething. Claudia will get one, too, and they’ll fall out in time.”

“How do you know that Claudia will get one?” Derek asked.

“Twins, Der.” Derek rolled his eyes, and kissed him on the head.

“What are we going to do in the meantime?”

“What do you mean? I’ll feed them, we don’t really have a choice, Der. I’ll heal.”

## Isaac

Isaac almost cried in relief. He was shaking and still more nervous than anyone in the house, but Kathryn was there, sitting down with Henry as though it was already her house.

“Kathryn, honey, we...we set up a room for you, would you like to see it?” Scott ventured, sounding a frightened as Isaac felt that they were going to scare her off.

“It’s really pretty, but you didn’t get a racecar bed.” Henry said, smiling at her as though they were the best of friends.

“Okay. Can I bring my clothes?” She asked.

“Of course, Katyusha.”

“Uh...Mr. Isaac, why do you call me that?” Kathryn asked, cocking her head a little.

“It’s...Russian, my mother spoke it, it’s just a short version of your name. Does...does it bother you?”

Kathryn shook her head, and when she did, Henry’s eyes lit up. “You have a song for your name, too. Sing the song, Uncle Isaac!”

Isaac sighed as he picked up the tiny brown suitcase his...daughter had brought with her and began to sing, quietly.

*“Rastsvetali iabloni i grushi, Poplyli tumany nad rekoj. Vykhodila na bereg Katyusha, Na vysokij bereg na krutoj.”*

“It’s very pretty Mr. Isaac, will I have to learn Russian?”

“Not if you don’t want to. Everything that you do here, except for school, will be your choice, Kathryn. If you want to come down and join the pack for dinner, then you’re free to do so, if you want to eat in your room, you can-.”

Scott was interrupted by a gasp from Kathryn. Immediately, the scent of tears came from her, but before Isaac could even worry, the scent of joy joined it.

“It’s so pretty, Mr. Isaac and Mr. Scott, oh, thank you, thank you, thank you!” Kathryn cried, and before Isaac could even think about, long before he expected her to ever be ready for it, she turned around and pulled them both into a hug.



“So...am I to take it that you like the room?”

“I do. I’ve never had my own room before. Even at the bad house I had to share, and at the orphanage, the sisters all made us share rooms...I didn’t even know there were purple rooms.”

“Purple...and yellow are rooms for special kids. You’re very special and important to us, Kathryn.” Isaac said, adding the second color so that Henry wouldn’t feel left out.

## Derek

“You made a pretty amazing son, babe.” Derek said, trying not to wince at the small bruises on his mate’s chest. Stiles rolled his eyes.

“Derek, I’ve gotten bigger bruises from bug bites. They’re tiny, and they’ll heal...What makes Teddy so amazing, besides him being amazing?”

“That.” Derek said, pointing to Theodore, who turned his head, ever so slightly, anytime that Stiles grimaced in pain.

“He’s trying to avoid the bruises so that I can heal.” Stiles whispered in awe.

“I think you Omegas get special genes, but I don’t know any others to run a comparison.”

“It might just be instinct.”

Derek snorted. “Stiles, Henry is so fucking bright. He’s far beyond what anyone would expect of a three year old. If I didn’t dread him being gone for four hours a day, I would suggest trying to get him into school a little early.”

“No.” Stiles said, firmly, his eyes blazing bright red for a moment. “Der, he’s smart, and I know that one day I’ll have to give him up to the world, but let that day be far away.”

“Hey.” Derek said, reaching out and cupping Stiles face. “I said, *if*. You think that you’re the only one that worries for him? Hell, Stiles, I worry about *you* and you’re more than capable of taking care of yourself.”

Stiles nodded. “I think we need to talk to Deaton.”

Derek narrowed his eyes in confusion. “For what, babe?”

“Der, I love you, I really do, but...ouch.” Stiles whispered, pulling Teddy from his nipple, and starting to pat his back. “But, I think three is my limit for the moment.”

“You want to go into heat control?”

“Yeah. It’ll happen again, soon, since my body seems to think that I should just have unlimited kids, and I don’t think that right now is the best time for more children.”

Derek nodded his agreement, looking down at Claudia, who was asleep in his arms.

“I know what you mean, and I’m not even the one who has to get cut open and bitten.”

“Besides...even though it’s awkward to talk about it while I’m burping our son...I kind of...” Stiles paused and blushed.

“Der, I need you. The moment that Teddy and Claudia are off breast milk, I’m going to....remind you what mates do for each other.”

Derek smiled at Stiles’ lascivious grin and kissed him on the cheek. “I look forward to it. I also look forward to a honeymoon.”

“Frak, the wedding. I look forward to the marriage, Der, but not the wedding. Aren’t we like... wealthy? Can’t we pay someone to do it?”

“Stiles, we can do whatever makes you happy as long as at the end of the day you’re wearing a ring on your finger that says that you’re my husband.

Is that really what you want, though?”

Stiles shrugged. “I mean...maybe like...” his eyes lit up, “like check boxes or something. We can *pick* everything, and then sleep, and when we wake up, everything will be done for us. We just have to walk down the aisle.”

“Lydia-.” Derek began, but Stiles cut him off.

“Lydia can do Scott and Isaac’s or Allison and Ennis’ when they get around to it. Frankly, I have the feeling that we’ll be all wedded out by the time this is all said and done.”

## Chapter End Notes

I'm wrapping this up soon. I'm going to try something new in my next fic, which is just a mention of mpreg, without anyone actually getting pregnant, so there's that warning now. :)

I hope you all like this still, it's very, very long, I know, but not the longest on here.

Look forward for the next chapter!

P.S. I think Peter and Kathryn might be the cutest damn thing since Catbug.

# Fear

## Chapter Summary

Stiles worries for Henry.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

“Derek...” Stiles whined, walking into the room naked, dripping wet from his shower. “You were supposed to do the laundry.”

Derek eyed him hungrily. “I did the laundry, babe.” He whispered, huskily, getting up from the bed and stalking towards him, his cock swaying with his steps.

“But you left the towels downstairs, because...?”

“I wanted to test my precognition.”

“Precognition, huh?”

“Yeah, I predicted that if I didn’t put any towels in the bathroom that you would walk your sexy ass out here naked.”

Stiles blushed furiously. “What about Henry and the Twins?”

“Big Hero Six is still in theatres, I had the pack take the older kids to see it, and the twins are downstairs with your dad.”

“So...we’re as alone as it’s possible to be?”

“Until we send the kids off to college.”

Stiles jumped up onto Derek who yelped in protest.

“You’re all wet!”

“Yeah, I am.” Stiles said, taking Derek’s hand and bringing it to his hole, where he was already producing slick.

“Fuck yeah, babe. Gonna pound you, gonna make you moan.”

“Are you going to talk about it, or are you going to do it?” Stiles asked in a haughty tone.

Derek growled, playfully, and flipped Stiles onto his back, nipping at his neck.

Stiles had missed it. His mate pressed against him, wet mouth meeting wet mouth, Derek thrusting slowly, dragging pre and sweat across his stomach.

“It’s been too long, Stiles.” Derek said into his ear.

“Well, I was a little busy carrying your children.”

“For which I am eternally grateful.”

“Words are cheap, be grateful with an orgasm.” Stiles said with a moan, reaching down to help guide Derek cock towards where he so desperately needed it to be.

“You’re so...perfect, Stiles.” Derek panted as he slid inside, Stiles thanking the gods for his Omega status. “So beautiful, so kind. How many people did

I save in my past life to deserve you?”

“Just me. You saved me in Sumer and I agreed to be with you for all time.” Stiles whispered, though he shut up when Derek finally slid into place and tapped his prostate. Stiles let out a growl, his claws extending as he felt himself beginning to melt under the heat and pleasure of Derek.

“Such a nerd...like I said, beautiful and perfect.” Derek said, grunting as he rutted into Stiles, who could only ever want more him.

Derek lowered his mouth to Stiles’ neck, biting harder than usual, but Stiles didn’t feel fear or pain, on the contrary, he whimpered because Derek wasn’t biting hard enough. He felt the itch beginning to fade, but still drove his hips into Derek’s, trying to get more.

“Eager.”

“Well, I could lay...fuck...I could lay here like a fish, if you want?”

Derek shook his head, biting his lip. “I love enthusiasm.”

Stiles growled and dug his fingers into Derek’s back, flipping him over so that he could be on top, bouncing himself up and down on the man’s dick, while rubbing his own.

“Fuck yeah, babe. Stroke yourself while you fuck yourself on my cock. I want to see you come undone on me.”

Stiles reached out and grabbed Derek’s hair, pulling him up to his dick, letting out a gasp when Derek swallowed it all in one gulp, his throat tight and massaging.

“Fuck, Der...keep going...” Stiles panted.

A slight scrape of teeth of his cock was all the warning he received before Derek began convulsing and groaning as he shot, the warm cum painting his insides was all he needed to orgasm himself, Derek’s throat, spasming from the force of his orgasm, made Stiles shudder and whine as the extra

sensitive head of his cock was caught in the tight, wet tunnel.

“I’m sorry, so sorry, babe.” Derek panted, when he pulled away with a slurp.

“What are you sorry for? That was hot.” Stiles said, kissing Derek, moaning at the taste of his own come.

“I shot too soon. It’s just been so long...and I-.”

Stiles pulled Derek’s mouth to his own and kissed him deeply.

“Derek, the only thing you have to apologize for is making me have to take another shower.”

Derek chuckled, darkly. “You could wear my scent and I could wear yours.”

“Derek, I already smell like you, I’m wearing your ring on my finger, I’m never out of your presence, and I bore your children. I think people know that I’m yours. Besides, Henry might... the kid’s just so smart and curious. He knows that we’re his fathers, but he’s not...I don’t want him to know what sex is, yet.”

“He’ll learn one day.”

“Yes, one day, Derek, but not now.”

“We knew at around his age. Our parents never hid anything from us.”

“*We* were mated, Der. He’s...Fuck, Derek, I love you with all my heart, and the fact that we had each other growing up is great, but I worry about him. I...I know it makes me sound like a hypocrite, but I’m glad he doesn’t have a mate, yet. At least let him get to school, first.”

“You don’t want him to have someone to love, someone to look out for him?” Derek asked, and Stiles rolled off of Derek, squirming when the man’s cock fell from him.

“That’s not what I meant at all, but...Der. Of course, I’d love him for him to have that other person, just...not right now.” Stiles said, rocking himself a little in his nervousness.

“Why?”

“Because...just drop it, Der.” Stiles whispered, standing up, and heading back into the bathroom.

“Come on, babe, we were having sex...fun time...then I just said that Henry might want a mate, too.”

“Der...”

“Just tell me why you don’t want him to have one.”

“Because of Aiden, Derek!” Stiles hissed. “Aiden and that...Marlene.”

Derek narrowed his eyes in concern and worry, moving forward to hold Stiles, who folded into the embrace.

Stiles didn’t even know where the fear or tears had come from, but when Derek pulled him close, and kissed the top of his head, he broke down.

“He’s...he’s ours, Derek. I’m just not ready.” He sobbed. “When...when...we were kids, I was under your watch all the time. You looked out for me.”

“And...that’s bad?”

“I’m not ready for it, Der. To...let him go out and...be owned by...someone else. He’s...he’s my little guy.”

“Of course he is, babe, and that will never change.”

“What...if...what if they...want him all the time? I...I refused to be parted from you...and so did you...I don’t want to lose him.” Stiles whispered.

Derek held him close and wiped his eyes, carefully. “Stiles, I understand...



maybe not as much, because it didn't happen to me, but I get it. I'm not going to lie, it's...something that might happen. You love him, I know that, and I know that he definitely knows that. No one's going to take him away, when he finds someone he loves...which will probably be years down the line, anyway, they won't take him away."

"You don't know that."

"Yes, I do, Stiles. When I sent him downstairs, he asked why you couldn't go with him. When we went outside the other day to play, he insisted on coming back in for you to join us. When you were in the hospital, he practically fought to be by your side, again. He's attached to you, Stiles, as much as you are to him. You think these things don't affect him? They do, and I'm sure that he doesn't want to trot around after some guy or girl and leave you, any more than you want him to."

"Just...Just a few years, Der. I just want...to have him around for a few more years."

"I know, and you will. It's not like every person meets their mate, right away. Look at Scott and Isaac. You're working off the assumption that he's going to go to kindergarten, meet someone, and run away to elope."

"I know, I *know*, Der. I'm just..."

"You're scared. It comes with being a parent, and after what happened to you two, it's absolutely forgivable."

## Derek

Derek washed Stiles' back for him, and then held him until Henry came home, and then brought the pup upstairs to cuddle with his father.

Henry proved Derek's words by throwing himself into bed with Stiles, who hugged him and held him close, and if a tear or two escaped Stiles' eyes, Derek wasn't going to tell.

He saw Stiles as the most perfect being, and the hardships that his mate had endured, only strengthened that belief. Still, something made Stiles doubt himself.

Derek worried about Henry going to school, too, but never once because he thought that he would leave Stiles behind, or forget about him.

“And then the robot exploded out of his suit, daddy!” Henry said, giggling with laughter.

“Yeah? That sounds funny.”

“It was. Next time can you go with us?”

“Of course, kiddo. I’m really sorry that I stayed home, but...your Otets and I had a...date.”

“What’s a date, daddy?” Henry asked and Stiles bit his lip as he thought about it for a moment.

“Well, when two people love each other like Derek and I do, sometimes they like to go out and eat dinner or watch movies or just lay in bed together.”

“That sounds boring, daddy. Things with family together are more fun.”

“They are, which is why Derek and I don’t do it that often.”

“And I’m always your favorite person to hang out with, right?”

Stiles smiled and nodded. “Always, son...except your brother and sister.”

Henry gave Stiles a stern look. “Daddy, Teddy and Claudia can’t play video games with you.”

Stiles laughed and picked Henry up, putting him on his back.

“Well, why don’t you start a game while I feed your brother and sister, and

then I'll play some games with you?"

"Yay!" Henry shouted, clapping his hands.

"I told you." Derek said, nudging him later that evening. Henry was asleep on the floor in between Teddy and Claudia, their toys scattered on the carpet.

"Told him what?" John asked.

"Nothing, dad. I'm just...I don't flinch when people move towards me, I'm not afraid to go out, Derek and I are fu...intimate, again, but I still have some scars."

"Scars take time to heal, son. And you'll have time, that boy's not leaving your side for a while." Stiles lightly elbowed Derek in the ribs, and turned to him, a look of indignation on his face.

"You told him?"

"Of course he didn't, but I'm not chopped liver, son. I can recognize the woes of a parent."

"Well, you survived me, so all of your advice is taken straight to heart." Stiles said.

"Surviving you was easy, making sure that *you* survived was the hard part." John said with a small smile.

"Tell me about it. He went through an invincible phase when we were still living with Aiden. 'But I'm a werewolf, daddy'."

John snorted. "You can throw a fit about it now, but when you were his age, you were the same way. And don't even get me started on you smoking."

"Right?" Derek threw in.

## Chapter End Notes

So, I realized that if my son had been kidnapped, I would fear him leaving me.

Maybe Stiles has some abandonment issues, he's not perfect.

Thank you, everyone, much virtual cupcakes.

# Grave

## Chapter Summary

Henry asks to see his father.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

It came out of nowhere, Stiles was feeding Claudia on the couch, while Henry was trotting a My Little Pony figure around Teddy, when he looked up and asked in an excited voice.

“Daddy, can I go and visit papa’s grave?”

The question actually made Stiles lose his breath for a moment. Derek’s hand was there in a flash, rubbing his back, his face scrunched up in grief.

“Kiddo, I don’t think that’s a good idea.” Derek said, and the moment the words left his lips, Henry’s face fell, make Stiles’ heart twitch.

“But, I never got to say goodbye.”

“Henry...” Stiles began, trying to find the words to tell Henry ‘no’, but

unable to, when he looked into his son's eyes. "Where is this coming from?"

"I just...want to say goodbye to papa."

Isaac got up from in front of the T.V. and walked behind Stiles, leaning forward to whisper into his ear.

"He saw it on a movie we watched. Al, the main character, went and talked to his father's grave."

"That...that doesn't mean that he doesn't really want to do it, though." Stiles hissed. "Could you...take him outside for a moment?"

Isaac nodded. "Come on, Henry. Your fathers need to talk about this."

Henry's lips began to tremble, and he sniffled. "I'm sorry, daddy. I won't see him if you're going to be mad, I just wanted to say bye." He said, and Stiles could feel his heart break a little.

"We're not going to be mad for you wanting to go, son, I promise." Stiles said, picking his son up to hug him. "We just have to discuss it, okay?"

"I'll miss you, daddy."

"You'll only be outside for five minutes, but I'll miss you, too, son." Stiles gave Henry a kiss on the forehead, before setting him down to go outside with Isaac.

"I don't know why you need to pretend to talk about it, it's obviously not going to happen." Derek said the moment the door was closed.

"Is it obvious to you? Because it's not to me."

"Stiles, you're not really going to take him to the grave of the man who... Stiles, he-."

"I know what he did to me, Der." Stiles snapped, before he let out a sigh.

“I’m sorry, I just...I know, Derek. And I know that if he was alive, you’d be hunting for him, but...You weren’t there. What Aiden is to you and me is nothing like what he was to Henry. As much as I despised him, he was a good father, and I would find it extremely unusual if Henry didn’t miss him.”

“Stiles, he’s...he’s...”

“Dead and in the ground. He can’t hurt me, Derek, and it’s not like I’d be able to go alone, anyway. I...I want to take him, Der, and for my own sake as well as yours, I’d like for you to go.”

Derek let out a sigh. “Fuck, Stiles. If you really want to take him, I won’t stop you, I just...I don’t want you to...What if it’s bad for you?”

“Bad...because you think I’ll break down, again?”

Derek shrugged. “Stiles, I know the memories still haunt you a little, and going where you were at-.”

“At the moment that you freed me from it, Der. If it was...going to his house or something...it’d be different. His grave stands as a mark to the day that I started getting better, but it also marks the day that Henry lost one of his father’s.”

“But he still has two.” Derek said, shifting his feet.

“Of course he does, Der, and I know that he loves you, but he also loved Aiden...probably still does. And if I tell him that he *can’t* go to his father’s grave, he’ll get a complex, and think his father was completely horrible.”

“Except that he *was*, Stiles.”

“Not to Henry, Derek. I don’t want him to think that what Aiden felt for him was fake, or that he’s wrong for feeling the way he does.”

“I’m not saying that he is, I’m just saying...fuck, Stiles, I just want that chapter to be closed.”

“I would like that, too, but it won’t ever be. Aiden will always be a part of our lives. You’re his father, too, Der, but...he has three.”

“It’s not just that, I’m scared, though.”

“What...?”

“What if hates us one day, babe? I mean...all of this happened, and he knows most of it, but he’s so young. What if he grows up and resents me for killing his father?”

It was a new fear that momentarily took a hold of Stiles before he shook his head. “That won’t happen, Der. We love him, and he’ll always know that, and I think some part of him will always remember what happened, and why Aiden had to be put away. Aiden can be there for him, though, without risk to you, me, the twins, or our pack.”

“Alright, but I want to go with you.”

“Derek, I want there, too, but it’s not like he’s going to pop up through the ground, and drag me down to Hades with him.”

“I know...I just...I’ll feel better being there.”

Stiles walked up and pressed a kiss to Derek’s lips, moaning when his mate kissed him back.

“Thank you for understanding, Derek.

Henry had been excited when Stiles told him that they could go, but in the car on the way there, he had sobered considerably. He sat in his car seat, picking at his tie.

“Are you mad at me, Otets?” Henry asked in a quiet voice.

Derek jumped a little at the question. “Of course not.”



“But you smell mad, and I know that you didn’t like my papa, and you’re quiet.”

Derek let out a sigh. “Henry, what happened to your daddy made me mad, and it still does when I think about. It’s not your fault, and I want you to always remember that. I’m only quiet because I’m still worried about you and your daddy, and this is the first time that we’ve left the house since then.”

Stiles couldn’t detect a lie, meaning that Derek was still terrified over Henry’s kidnapping.

Aiden hadn’t been buried in a graveyard, just in the middle of a clearing near the forest. There was no tombstone, no markings, the only thing that gave the spot away was memory and a slight bit of raised earth.

Henry hadn’t asked Stiles to buy flowers, but he picked a small clump of flowering weeds near the grave and placed them on the mound. Stiles smiled a little at the show of care that Henry had displayed.

“Hi, papa.” Henry whispered. “I’m...I’m sorry I didn’t come by before, but I was still mad at you. I am mad, but I wanted to say bye, because I didn’t get to. I don’t think I’m going to ask daddy to bring me back, though. He’s still mad because you hurt him, and I think I would be mad if you hurt me, too. We had fun, papa. You chased bunnies for me and played with me and took me to the mountains, but you were a bad papa to daddy. We should be a happy family, but you’re in a box because you were a bad daddy, which means you didn’t get to meet my brother or sister, and it was your fault. I don’t know why you didn’t try harder, daddy. One day you told me that you cared for daddy and loved me, but if you really did, you wouldn’t have hurt him.”

Tears rolled down Stiles’ face as he watched his son confront his dead father. It was hard to see Henry have to deal with such complicated issues.

Henry stood up from his spot. “I love you, papa, but I don’t know if I ever want to see you, again.” He said, before running into Stiles’ arms, his own

eyes shining with tears.

Stiles kissed Henry on the head, before handing him to Derek.

“Give me a moment. I think I want to say something.” He whispered before walking to the mound. Derek took Henry and walked him to the car.

“Hey.” Stiles began, letting out a snort of laughter. “You know...when we first put you here, I swore to never come back. I wanted to let you rot like you deserved, but Henry wanted to say goodbye, and I couldn’t say no. That’s love, Aiden. I love him more than anything, so I faced my fears and brought him. That never should have happened, and it’s your fucking fault. And the worst part, Aiden? The absolute soul crushing truth? I can’t even be properly angry at you!” Stiles shouted, kicking some dirt from the mound. “If you hadn’t done what you did, I wouldn’t have him.”

“I kept true to the promise I made you, though. I’m protecting him and looking out for him. You know...things a father does.” Stiles said, his throat tightening. “Things that...you should have been doing.”

Stiles fell to his knees, more tears falling as he sobbed. “Do you know what it’s like...to...to try and balance these things, you selfish little shit? He...he should have had you, Aiden, and why... why couldn’t you just let me go? But you were selfish,” he punched the grave, “and abusive,” he punched it, again, and after a moment, he just let go, crying and punching the ground: “and I fucking hate you! What you’ve done to our son might never be fixed, and I should have killed you the moment I conceived!”

A hand on his shoulder made him jump, before he turned and folded himself into Derek’s arms.

“I should have done this sooner, so much sooner.” He sobbed.

“Stiles, it’s okay to be angry.”

“I could’ve found you, he could’ve been gone free from Aiden before he even got to know him. Henry loved Aiden, and it’s...”

“Not your fault, Stiles.”

“Yes it is. It’s my fault that my son came out here, conflicted in his feelings, unsure of how to feel about his own father. I mean-.”

“No, Stiles. You’re doing it, again, blaming yourself for what he did.”

“I’m not, Derek, I’m blaming myself for not killing him sooner. I don’t want to see Henry like that. He’s my little boy, and he’s too young to be dealing with this.”

“Stiles, you can’t hide the world from him. He won’t always be happy.”

“He will if I kill everyone who thinks of making him sad.” Stiles growled, only kidding a little. “He’s my son, so is Teddy, and Claudia is my daughter, Derek, if I have to, I’ll tear this world apart to make them happy.”

“You don’t have to, Stiles, because we’ll do what every parent does: Fight when we have to, be scared when we have to, cry when it’s necessary, and laugh the rest of the time.”

Stiles let out a chuckle. “Come on, let’s take Henry for some ice cream and head home.”

## Chapter End Notes

Forgive the shortness, I just thought this chapter was really emotionally heavy and didn't want to bog it down with some innocuous things at the end.

I hope you all like it.

# Italy

## Chapter Summary

Stiles receives a surprise visitor.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

“I bet you guys would look dapper in cute, little top hats.” Lydia said, looking over Stiles’ shoulder.

Stiles scoffed. “Dapper...what is this the Twenties? I guess so since, top hats would fit in that period, too.”

“Indulge my love of greater time periods?”

Stiles let out a sigh, and circled the top hats with the marker he using to select ideas for the wedding.

“Okay, but only because Henry would look cute...and I’m not wearing a white one.”

Lydia’s face fell.

“It’s not like I’m a virgin, and-.”

“I look better in black.” Derek said.

“There has to be some white, it’s a wedding.” Allison said.

“It’s not *a* wedding, it’s *my* wedding. What if I want to go full black, and have it in the basement?” Stiles asked.

“Then I won’t be going.”

Stiles had only been joking, and so had Allison, but he still felt a little hurt at those words. He wanted his entire pack there for the day that he finally became heart and soul, fully committed to Derek.

“Allison, you have to go...it wouldn’t-.”

“I’m just joking, Stiles. Of course I’m going to be there, and of course it should any way you want. You’re...you’re not going to do it in the basement, though, are you?”

“Of course not...I just don’t want to wear white. That’s a human thing, anyway, you know that wolves used to marry naked, under the full moon?”

“Yeah, let’s do that.” Derek aid, waggling his eyebrows.

“Like there will be a wedding if that happens.” Jackson said with a snort.

“Please, Jackson, if I want to have sex with Derek, I could just do it, I don’t need an excuse.”

“Minors in the room.” Lydia reminded, bouncing Claudia on her lap.

“Yeah, but-.” Sties was interrupted when someone knocked at the door.

Stiles let out a groan as he stood up to answer it. “The next time anyone forgets their keys, I’m not getting up.” He grumbled.

It wasn’t any of the pack, though. It was a woman in a tight, red dress and a

huge smile on her face.

“Hiya, Stiles! My name is Shelly Conner, and I-.”

A snarl echoed through the house, and in a moment, Stiles was joined by Derek, Allison, and Jackson.

“Leave, now!” Derek growled, his eyes blazing a molten red.

Shelly’s eyes changed to red, too, but she bared her neck in submission.  
“I’m...I’m not here to make waves, I promise.”

“Speak, ten seconds.” Derek said, wrapping his arms around Stiles.

“I’ve been sent as an emissary from the different Alphas of California to present you with a gift on behalf of the packs of North America.” Shelly said, quickly.

Stiles couldn’t think of a man more deserving of recognition than Derek. He beamed up at his mate, and kissed him on the cheek.

“Aw, isn’t that sweet, Der? You got recognized for...saving me, I’m guessing?”

“Uh...there seems to be a miscommunication, somewhere.” Shelly let out a nervous chuckle. “While we are aware what Alpha Derek did to save you, I’m here for you, Alpha Stiles.”

Stiles let out a chuckle. “That’s a good one.” When Shelly didn’t laugh, he scoffed. “Come on, I’m just...an Omega. My family treats me like an Alpha, but...the world-.”

“Needs to grow up, and why not start here? We gave the world the Silicon Revolution.”

“Digital.” Jackson corrected, sounding absentminded.

“I...uh...I...What?” Stiles asked, a little shocked. His pack was one thing,

but being recognized by the packs of America was a totally different thing.

“The Omega who killed three wolves defending his son and his virtue... sounds like an Alpha to me. Do you know why I have red eyes? Because my mother did, you worked for your recognition, though, and that’s pretty admirable.”

“Uh...thanks. So...I’m confused. Are all Omegas...?”

“No, unfortunately. I’m all for pro-Omega rights, but not everyone feels the same. You’ve proven yourself, though, and that has to count for something.”

“I suppose...I mean...sorry, I’m just a little in shock here.”

“Daddy, who is it?” Henry asked, running forward. On instinct, Stiles grabbed him and held him close to his chest.

“My, aren’t you just the cutest thing?” Derek let out a growl, and Shelly bared her neck, again. “I think I should go, as we can set up a later time to meet where I’m not posing a threat.”

“That sounds like a good idea.” Jackson said, a trace of a growl in his voice, as well.

“What do you say to just the Alphas, coffee, tomorrow?”

“You’re a strange Alpha on our territory, after what just happened, do you really think that we’d feel comfortable letting Stiles go to get coffee with you?”

Stiles opened his mouth to tell his Beta to be more respectful, but Shelly beat him to speaking. “Alright, then. By ‘just the Alphas’ we’ll mean me, and for your end, you can bring as many people as you need to feel comfortable. Is my nose lying, or is there a third Alpha here.”

“Technically five at any given time. Our parents are Alphas, as well.” Stiles said, quietly, trying to process this new information.

“Perfect, I’d hate to leave your kids without the protection of an Alpha, as your Beta said, after everything that happened, you need to feel comfortable.”

“Tomorrow, noon, Satellite Coffee.” Derek said, waiting for Shelly to nod and smile, before he shut the door in her face.

“I don’t know what part of ‘Alphas staying the fuck off of our territory’ they didn’t understand.” He snarled. “I told them to keep away, if any problems came up, email.”

“Told them when?” Stiles asked, still in shock.

“The other day, I sent a message through the packs that the Northern Beacon Hills pack was to be left alone for a few years or so, let us just be... settled and acclimated. And now, not even a week later, *another* Alpha on our property!”

Teddy began to fuss and it took only a moment before he was bawling, which woke up his sister.

“You’re putting her back to sleep.” Stiles said, moving numbly to Teddy, and picking him up.

“Stiles, are you alright?” Jackson asked, looking at him worriedly.

“I...I’m an Omega. I mean, I try to be strong and lead all of you, but there’s a difference between that and the Alphas of North America recognizing me. I...I never thought it would happen in my lifetime, this is...this is an old prejudice.”

“The world changes, Alpha. There used to be days when we wouldn’t even be having this conversation, Betas used to be banned from talking on equal terms with their Alphas. You’re a pioneer.”

Stiles snorted. “I’m more of a poster boy. It’s not like I went out seeking change, I saved my son-.”



“And us-.” Isaac threw in.

“And by consequence of those actions, people are ready to accept *me* as an Alpha...*Me*...as an Alpha.” He laughed, again.

“Why is it such a surprise? I mean...we’ve always treated you that way.” Derek said, placing a kiss on his temple.

“Yeah, but...it’s different, like I said.”

“Ignoring the fact that she violated our territory without our permission, I couldn’t be prouder, nor can I think of anyone more deserving.”

“You.” Stiles whispered. “You saved *me*, Der, I still think of you as my rock, and I get to marry you.”

“I must be pretty, if you’re willing to marry a rock.”

“Nah...just rich.” Stiles said, smiling a little. He still wasn’t sure if he was ready to face a world that wanted to accept him as an Alpha. He just wanted himself and his mate to raise their children and live a quiet life with his pack.

“Let’s deal with tomorrow, tomorrow. We were in the middle of something, weren’t we? Top hats, dapper children?”

“Do you want me not to go?”

“The world seeing you for what you are? Stiles, I’m so excited...as long as you are. She’s an Alpha, though, will you be comfortable with that?”

“No, but we’ll have Jackson, Lydia, Scott, and Isaac with us...if they agree.”

All four of them nodded, quickly.

“But, I want Peter and our parents here in case this is yet another trap to take me our Henry.” Stiles said, hesitating for a moment, before sighing.

“Isn’t it odd that I have to say ‘another’?”

“Odd is part of the job.” Jackson said with a smirk.

## Derek

“What do you mean?” Derek asked, watching Shelly warily.

“What I said. The packs sent two gifts. The first is a generous contribution to your wedding, and the second...We’d like to offer Alpha Stiles a place on the Council of Alphas.”

“Well...I heard you, it’s just...hard to believe. I mean, not that Stiles doesn’t deserve it.” Derek said, quickly, placing a hand on Stiles’ thigh.

“But...A sudden reversal like this after centuries of treating Omegas as second class citizens?”

“Which is exactly why we need someone who can speak for them. Stiles, do you know what you are?”

“Lucky?” Stiles asked with a grin, his eyes on Derek.

“Luna’s grace, you people don’t watch the news, do you? Stiles, you’re kind of famous.”

“I want a jaguar in my trailer.” Stiles said without missing a beat. Derek kept in constant contact with Stiles in case he got scared, but he didn’t seem to be too anxious.

Shelly chuckled. “Well, you may not be a movie star, but people have taken notice. You have six hashtags on Twitter, five of them are positive.”

“What’s the bad one?” Derek asked, preparing to find the originator and rip their throat out.

“Hashtag, remember your place.”

Derek growled, but Stiles just patted him on the shoulder.

“I mean, you didn’t start a revolution, but word has certainly gotten around, and you’ve inspired people.”

“Well, that’s good...my people have been getting a bad deal for a while. But...can I get married, first?”

“That’s why the first gift is a contribution to your wedding. We’d be so grateful, if you would accept this on behalf of us.” Shelly said, sliding an envelope across the table.

Stiles reached out and opened it, letting out a small gasp when he did.

“This...covers our entire pack.” He whispered, sounding shocked.

“First class, and three days set up for your pack and then two weeks for a honeymoon.”

“For what, now?” Derek asked, leaning over to look.

“They’re flying us to Italy, Der. We could get married in Italy.” There was excitement in his eyes, but Derek glared at Shelly.

“I could have afforded all of this.” He said, his pride wounded a little.

“Of course, we’re not trying to provide for your pack out of charity, but rather as congratulations and thanks. Like I said, they aren’t rioting in the streets, and many Omegas are happy with their lives, but you’ve shaken things up, given hope to those who are being oppressed, and shed some light on our...inadequacies as a species.”

“Just call me Che.” Stiles said, smiling. It fell when he turned to Derek, though.

“If you want, we can have the wedding here, though. I don’t care, Derek. Italy, Greece, Spain, the attic...I just want to be your husband.” There was a hidden desire in his voice that Derek had come to know all too well.

Derek smiled, and kissed Stiles deeply.

“We’re appreciative, and we might discuss this...Council business when we get back, but for the time being, we only wish to accept your first gift. My mate and I are getting married in Tuscany.”

Stiles squeed in happiness and jumped into Derek’s lap, kissing him frantically.

“Thank you, Der. Thank you, thank you, thank you.”

## Chapter End Notes

I'm going somewhere with this Council thing, I promise. I didn't want to just drop it off into nothingness, and I do want to be a statesmen, so I'm adding some politics.

I don't have a Twitter, so if I used any of those terms wrong...meh.

Let me know what you guys thought.

# We Think Alike

## Chapter Summary

Henry worries for Stiles while Derek and Stiles both come to a decision about the Council's gift.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

“No!” Henry said, throwing Rolph into a wall, his eyes blazing in the anger of his tantrum.

“Henry, I’m not going to ask you again to calm down.” Stiles warned in as stern as he could manage. It was rare that Henry threw a fit, but Stiles could see a big one brewing, and wanted to nip it in the bud.

“I don’t want to go!”

“Why not? Italy is beautiful and you’ll get meet all sorts of new people.”

Henry slumped himself on the ground, tears welling up in his eyes.

“I don’t want to go, daddy, and I don’t want you to go.”

“Well, you’re a big boy, so can you come here and tell me why?” Stiles asked, moving Henry’s suitcase to sit on his bed.

Henry got up, but dragged his feet as he moved to the bed, and threw himself down, his face in the pillows.

“It’s a bad place, daddy.” Henry’s voice was muffled

“And why would you think that it’s a bad place?”

“It’s not the den, it’s dangerous, there could be bad people who want to hurt us, and I don’t want you hurt again, daddy.” Henry wailed into the pillows, making all of Stiles’ anger vanish instantly. It was the unfortunate consequence of their lives that Henry had reason to fear ‘bad people’.

Stiles sat there for a moment, guilt tearing at him, as he tried to comprehend the terror that Henry was trying to process.

“Henry...” He finally whispered, his own voice thickening with tears. “I’m so sorry for not keeping a closer eye on you, and I’m sorry that those bad people took you.”

Henry crawled into Stiles’ lap, his eyes trailing tears onto Stiles’ shirt, and wrapped his tiny arms around Stiles’ neck.

“No, daddy, please don’t be sad. It’s not your fault, I promise, daddy.”

They held each like that for a moment, before Stiles let out a sigh, and kissed the top of his son’s head.

“Henry, I will never let something like that happen again. The pack will be there to protect you.”

“But what about you, daddy?”

“I saved you, didn’t I? I can fight off any bad people that try to hurt us or our pack, and if I can’t the pack will help. We’re family, and a very big one, I doubt that we’ll be safer with anyone else, okay?”

Henry nodded and wiped his nose with the back of his hand, prompting Stiles to pick him up to wash them.

“Do you promise we’ll be safe, daddy?” Henry asked, looking at Stiles through the medium of the mirror.

“I promise, kiddo. We’ll go out for trips, and see the countryside, buy whatever you want, and you’ll be my ring bearer.”

“What’s a ring bear, daddy? I’m a wolf.”

“It means that when Derek and I get married, you’ll bring our wedding rings down the aisle.”

Henry’s eyes lit up as he smiled at Stiles.

“Really?”

“Yes, before you got mad at me, that’s what I was going to tell you. The reason the Council is paying for us to go to Italy is so that Derek and I can get married.”

“Finally!” Henry said, putting on an expression that made him look five years older, and putting his hands on his hips. “It’s about time you settled down.” Stiles was sure that Henry was mocking a movie, but couldn’t think which one that might be.

“Yeah? Would that be nice?” He asked, tickling his son’s ribs, making Henry laugh and squirm in glee.

“Stiles?” Stiles turned to see Isaac standing in the doorway, holding Teddy. “I think he’s ready for lunch.”

Stiles picked up Henry and playful flipped him onto the bed before, pulling off his shirt, and taking Teddy from Isaac.

“Everything alright in here?” Isaac asked.

Stiles nodded. "He was worried about me, but I told him that we'd be safe because we have a big family. How's your daughter doing?"

"She's a little nervous about going, but she's excited. She wants to go to the library to check out some books on Italy."

Stiles smiled, glad that Kathryn was fitting in better than he had predicted. She preferred to spend time in her room or with Henry, who looked after her in a role akin to an older brother, even though he was two years her junior, but she came out to have meals with them, and would join them if they watched movies together as a pack.

"It will be a long flight, is she ready for that?"

Isaac shrugged. "I don't know, but she hasn't said anything bad about it. I'll get her some books to read, coloring books, maybe a portable DVD player, just to keep her occupied. What about the twins?"

Stiles grimaced. "It's going to be a hardship, but it's not like we can sedate them. I would have preferred like a cruise ship, but, I'm not going to look a gift horse in the mouth."

"I was talking about after the wedding, the honeymoon...do you really want them there while you two...you know?"

"Isaac, if you're doing it, I think that you're allowed to say it."

"I was thinking of Henry." Isaac argued, back.

"Oh...right. Well, I mean...it's not like we need a honeymoon, but still...I'm not sure."

"Are they ready for real food, yet?"

Stiles detached Teddy from his nipple, and looked down at him with a big grin.

"Are you ready to eat people food?" He asked, wagging his finger. Teddy



gave a gurgling laugh and kicked his feet out. His post-natal tooth was still there, but he still hadn't begun to sit up on his own, making Stiles question whether he was ready for solid food or not.

"If you think they are, Scott and I could watch them."

Stiles was grateful, and willing to leave his son and daughter with the pack provided all of them were in the house together to watch them, but wouldn't be willing if Teddy and Claudia relied on him for milk.

"That's nice of you, but...I'm not sure. I mean...that's a long time without us, Henry might be alright," Stiles said, lowering his voice, not wanting Henry to worry until he had to, "but with no offense meant, I won't feel comfortable leaving them if they aren't. "

## Derek

"I've included an entire month in the prescription, in case you guys are out there longer." Deaton said, handing the small white bag to Derek.

"Thanks, but I doubt we'll stay too long, the pack will come back after the wedding, and Stiles wouldn't want to be away for too long...I wouldn't, either, come to think of it."

"You're both amazing Alphas, but the pack can survive a few weeks without you. If anyone deserves a vacation, you two do"

"And we'll have one for two weeks, and then come back, and get Scott married to his mate."

"Like I said, amazing Alphas." Deaton said with a smile.

"I was wondering if you could do me a favor."

"Of course, anything."

"Well, not everyone is happy with Stiles elevating the status of Omegas,

even slightly, so I was wondering if you could keep an eye on the house, just in case? We'll have to leave Peaches here, anyway, and I need someone to look after him."

"That's no problem at all, on one condition?"

Derek nodded.

"The next time he goes through what he did, will you please bring him in to see me? I had to hear about what he did the bodies were brought in to be declared dead, and I wasn't even sure it was him, right away."

Derek nodded, again. "I'm sorry. It was all very...stressful and confusing. I still don't think he's even fully handled it, yet."

"I can speak to him, if you'd like?"

Derek shook his head. "He did what he had to do, and I think that's how he's dealing with it for now. He...he broke down a few days ago, but when he realized that if he hadn't killed them, the situation would be worse, he calmed down. I'm keeping an eye on him."

"That's good. He's...he's lacking in a bloodlust, I knew he could defend himself, but I never really thought that he'd have it in him to do what he did."

"Never fuck with a father." Derek said, simply, shrugging his shoulders. "I would have done the same, but...you're right, there's something...innocent about Stiles, they tested that and paid the price. Stiles told me that they were so...surprised that he had attacked."

"Well, think about it. Aiden took him the first time, and then the second time, and he really didn't fight that much. The third time that someone tried to mess with him, he fought back, and it *was* a little out of character for him."

"If he hadn't, I would have. The only reason that Aiden got away with it was because he had a gun. The three that tried to take Henry, had nothing

but a half thought out plan.” Derek growled.

“I wasn’t saying anything bad about him, Derek. It was merely an observation that he still seems to have that. You once told me that Aiden had taken a light from Stiles, he got it back, and this time...he didn’t lose himself. I think you’ll both be able to handle whatever the world throws at you.”

## Stiles

“Alright, is everyone packed?” Stiles asked over dinner the evening after Henry had cried for them not to leave.

The pack gave various nods or grunts of assent.

“Italy, people, why is there a lack of enthusiasm?”

“Yay, Italy!” Allison squealed, just a touch of sarcasm in her voice.

“So, the wedding doesn’t have to happen right away, right?” Lydia asked.

“I mean, if I could just have a day to go shopping for a dress, I’d love you both, forever.”

“We’re getting married on the second day, and if you want more time there, we can pay for you guys to stay longer.” Derek said, sounding as though he had decided something, which Stiles had guessed he would do, and smiled. He had reached a similar decision on his own.

“What about your honeymoon?”

“What about it? We’ll have to keep the twins with us, and it’s not like I’m going to let Henry out of my sight, not really. If my children are with me, it’s a family vacation, not a honeymoon, and if it’s a family vacation...I want all of my family there.”

John smiled at him. “Son, you don’t have to, you guys should have some alone time.”

“If we wanted alone time, we wouldn’t have kids. We love you guys, this is what we decided... independently, apparently.”

“Extended vacation in Italy!” Isaac shouted, with genuine enthusiasm. Teddy and Claudia both gave excited kicks as well, and the pack *did* seem to be more pleased with the idea of staying for longer than just the three days.

## Chapter End Notes

We're going to Italy next chapter. Seeing as I've never been to Italy, I would like you all to be kind and bear with any flaws. Also, I tried to look up how expensive it would be for the whole pack to fly first class, but did you know that you can't search airline prices for more than six people at a time?

In any case, let me know what you think, and I'll see you all next time.

# Je Suis Charlie

## Chapter Summary

Stiles and the pack arrive in Italy and meet another admirer.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

“I love them, but I swear by the gods, I’m never doing this again.” Stiles whispered as he bounced a screaming Teddy in his lap. Claudia was with Lydia and no less fussy, but Stiles was at a loss for what to do, and that really bothered him. He wasn’t annoyed when his children cried so much as *hurt*. His wolf was anxious and fretted for them.

The only grace that fate had given them was that they were practically alone in first class. Bringing the pack with them, and the lack of too many people flying from Shelter Cove to Italy nonstop meant that only one stranger was in the cabin with them.

Stiles shot her apologetic looks from time to time, but she just smiled hollowly at him, and drowned herself in the free champagne.

“It’s the altitude, it makes their ears hurt.” Kathryn said, quietly, taking Stiles by surprise.

“Where’d you learn that?” He asked her.

“I was reading about it online, if you feed them, it will make them swallow, and their ears will pop.”

“Well, thank you. You’re a bright girl.” Stiles said, smiling at her, making her blush. He wasn’t sure if it would work, but was willing to try anything.

“Der, could you hold his blanket up so I don’t offend that human over there?” Stiles whispered to the bleary-eyed Derek. Derek complied, and the moment that Stiles put Teddy to his chest, the pup began sucking greedily. It took no more than a few swallows, before Teddy seemed to calm down. When Stiles pulled him back, he looked up at Stiles and gurgled, happily.

Stiles almost cried out in relief. His wolf settled within him as he gave Teddy to Ethan to burp, took Claudia from Lydia, and started the whole process over, again.

He burped Claudia himself, once she her ears had popped, and gave Derek a sleepy smile.

“That Kathryn is pretty smart.” He whispered, and Derek nodded, his eyes slipping closed.

“Alpha, I’m not that tired, why don’t you let me take her?” Allison asked, and Stiles complied, because he really *was* tired. Claudia was only out of his arms for a few moments, before his eyes closed and he fell into his dreams.

When Stiles awoke, again, it was because he could no longer sense the engines. Derek was looking at him with a grin on his face.

“What?”

“You’re adorable. I was about to wake you up, but you were murmuring in

your sleep.”

Stiles stretched and yawned, looking out the window to confirm that they had landed. It was dark out, but pink was beginning to tinge the sky. The early dawn made it hard to get a good look at the landscape, but Stiles still felt excited. The next time he was on a plane, it would be as Derek’s husband.

“Son, we should disembark, you can get more sleep when we get to the hotel.” John said, approaching his seat.

Stiles nodded and stood up, taking his carry on from the overhead compartment, while Derek picked up the twins’ diaper bag.

“Henry, stay close to us.” Stiles warned, keeping an eye on his children. Sometime during his rest, Claudia and Teddy had changed hands so that Talia was holding them both. Stiles knew that his pack would die to defend his pups, but did feel better about another Alpha holding them until they got settled.

“Did they fuss when we landed?”

Talia nodded. “A little, but we gave them their pacifiers, and that seemed to calm them.”

“Which, I should thank you for, Kathryn. That was a very smart and helpful bit of information.”

Kathryn smiled, shyly and nodded. “You’re welcome, Alpha Stiles.”

“Are you excited to be in Italy?” He asked as they moved to door, Isaac’s protective hand holding hers.

“Yeah. Thank you for bringing me.” She said, quietly.

“Of course, you’re pack, now. Wherever we go, you get to go, too.”

“I’m not pack, yet...I was only supposed to stay a week.”

Isaac's face fell into a frown, and Stiles felt his heart drop. He had completely forgotten that Kathryn was only supposed to be testing the waters with them for a week.

"Oh...frak." He whispered.

Before he could apologize, or even pull out his phone to make new plans, though, Kathryn shook her head. "I *want* to stay, though." She turned to Isaac and Scott, both of whom, looked a little hesitant. "I want you to be my daddies."

The words made Stiles grin, but Isaac had tears in his eyes as he knelt to her level.

"Do you really mean that?"

Kathryn nodded, and Isaac pulled her into a tight hug, with Scott joining it a moment later. Both of them were crying as they scented their daughter.

"We'll give you a proper adoption ceremony when we get back home." Derek promised, quietly, and Scott nodded, but none of them spoke.

Stiles felt his heart well with emotion at seeing Scott and Isaac getting everything they had wished for and deserved.

The only thing that ruined it was when a stewardess passed them.

"I'm sorry, but I have to ask you to disembark, we have prep the plane for the next flight."

"My Betas' daughter just agreed to be adopted, they're new parents, and can we have just a moment?" Stiles asked.

"Five minutes." The stewardess said, smiling at Kathryn, and moving towards the back of the plane.

Scott and Isaac used every second, not moving, again, until the stewardess came back, giving them a hard look, and Stiles ushered his pack from the



plane.

Everyone left looking a little tired and stiff, but Isaac and Scott strutted off the plane as though they had just won the lottery, and Stiles had to admit, they really had. Kathryn would be a great daughter, and a perfect addition to their pack.

The terminal was a little busy, but there was enough of a gap in the people that Stiles could see a man in a suit and tie holding a sign that read clearly:

Alpha Stiles and Party.

Stiles was more than a little surprised. He thought the trip was paid for and that would be the end of it, but apparently, the Council had more in store for him.

The man smiled when Stiles approached, his eyes flashing red in his apparent excitement, and when Stiles caught his scent, he was surprised.

The man was an Omega. Stiles hadn't met one in a long time, and felt a warm sort of familiarity at one of his kin.

"Alpha Stiles." He said, tilting his neck a little. Derek was right behind Stiles, as protective as ever, but the Omega paid no mind. "May I say what an honest and sincere honor it is to meet you."

"Uh...thanks." Stiles said, smiling.

"I'm James, the Council sent me to pick you and your pack up and take you to your hotel."

"Thank you. Obviously, you know me, this is Derek, the other Alpha of our pack, and my son Henry." Stiles said, pointing to Henry. "My mother Talia, holding our twins, Claudia and Teddy, my father, John, Deucalion, Ennis, Allison, Lydia, Jackson, Ethan, Scott, Isaac, their daughter, Kathryn, Danny, Boyd, Erica, and Peter, with his mates, Matt, and Crystal."

James let out a chuckle. "Nice to meet you all...your pack is huge, Alpha."

“Well...Peter is just visiting, he’s Derek’s uncle, he’s the Alpha of his own pack, which is him and his mates, and our parents technically aren’t part of our pack, but...yeah.”

“Well, welcome to our fair country, I do truly hope that all of you enjoy your stay, and that your wedding is all the more memorable for you being here.” James said, smiling warmly. “Shall I show you to the cars?”

Stiles nodded and gave a grateful smile when James took his bags.

“I...requested this job, I wanted to have the chance to say thank you.” James continued in a lower tone as he led them out of the airport.

“For what?” Stiles asked, though he could guess.

“For what? *I miei dei*, you’re a hero to us, Alpha.”

Stiles blushed. “I keep hearing that, but all I was trying to do is save my children.”

“When the great Davide Carniello saved twenty thousand werewolves from the Dictator Emile’s prison camps, all he was trying to do was save his wife. To an Omega like myself, what you did was no small thing.”

“Well...I...” Stiles stuttered, unable to stop himself from blushing.

“Stiles has problems seeing his own awesomeness...unless it’s at video games.” Derek said, using his free hand to pull Stiles closer.

“Well, you should get used to it, because I’m not the only grateful one.” James said, opening the door for Stiles who walked out into the fresh morning air, and breathed deeply.

It was beautiful. The short time inside had been enough that the sun had begun to rise. Living in a town on the edge of a forest, Stiles wasn’t stranger to nature, but it seemed so much more...real here. The light illumination of the sky brought to life the hills and trees, each one seeming to exude the scent of the wild.

“This is amazing.”

“Thank you. We’re in Arezzo, the hotel that the Council set you up in is only a few miles away.” James said, pointing to the driveway outside the airport where there waited no less than five limousines.

“I was told you had a big pack, but around here, that means seven people. You’ll have to share.” James said, frowning a little.

No one seemed to mind that they would have to share, though, indeed, everyone, Stiles included, grinned at being able to ride in limos.

It was all professionally done, in tandem, five men in crisp, clean suits exited from the driver’s side and opened the doors for them. Once they were all loaded in, with all the Alphas and their children taking one car, they drove off.

“Uh...what about our luggage?” Derek asked.

“It will be delivered by the hotel, it should not be more than an hour after we arrive. We can go there, you can get some rest if you like, and shower, change, and then, I can show you around.”

“Of course, we’d be very appreciative. There is one slight change to the plans that I should mention.” Stiles said. “We’re very grateful to the Council for paying everything, but we’d like to dip into our own money a little, and pay for our pack to remain with us the entire time.”

James cocked his head in confusion. “Was the time after the wedding not for the honeymoon?”

“It was, but...I can’t just leave my kids for two weeks. Teddy and Claudia aren’t on solid food, yet, and if I keep them with us, I’m not going to leave Henry behind.” Stiles looked over at his son who was sleeping in his seat. “If Henry stays, then I should have my whole family with me.”

“You’re very kind, Alpha Stiles. I’m sure it will be no problem.”

Stiles smiled at him, but didn't speak anymore, he was too captivated watching the countryside pass. The modern world had not touched too much of it. Endless rows of vineyards and flowers, quaint villas and houses dotted the hillside, and Stiles honestly felt the strong desire to move from Beacon Hills.

After they had been driving for thirty minutes or so, James spoke again.

“Welcome, Alphas, to Villa Sassolini, your accommodations for your stay.”

At the end of the road, nestled in the hills was a brown villa. Its red bricks shining in the early morning sun like a beacon calling them.

## Chapter End Notes

A moment before we get to the notes: Even though I am, myself a very political person (aspirations to be a statesman), I try not to let politics or world events come into my fics too often. The attacks in Paris are something that cannot be overlooked, however. My heart and prayers go out to those who died, their families, and all who suffer for freely expressing themselves.

So, obviously, the next few chapters will be set in Italy, the only Italian I know comes from Assassain's creed, so if I gt anything wrong, blame Google Translate or Ubisoft.

I look forward to the next chapters and hope you all enjoy this. :)

Thank you.

Edit: I am so sorry, school just started, I haven't abandoned this, I've just been really busy.

# Marco and Maria

## Chapter Summary

Stiles wants to go home.

## Chapter Notes

The day before the wedding

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

Stiles hadn't been very interested in renting his tuxedo, but he had been thinking through the eyes of going to Jim's back in California. Though there was nothing remarkable about the trip or the store that they went to, doing it in the new surroundings was exciting on its own.

James, as it turned out, was more than just a greeter, he joined them as they walked in, prepared to translate when necessary.

"They're going to think that we're arrogant Americans." Stiles commented.

"Not at all, we're very welcoming to tourists, especially in these areas, and especially to you."

Stiles scented the air. "But the owners are human." He said, unable to detect

the scent of another wolf at all.

James just smirked at him, and before too long an elderly man and who Stiles assumed to be his wife came out, both grinning wide when they saw Stiles.

*“Il famoso Omega!”* The woman cried, moving forward and kissing both of Stiles’ cheeks before he could even react. He didn’t need to speak Italian to know what she had said, and he blushed.

*“Il modesto Omega.”* James said, smiling. *“Questo è pacchetto Alpha Stiles’. Sta sempre domani sposarsi e chiede i vostri servizi in lui trovare un smoking.”*

*“Naturalmente. Digli che è il benvenuto.”*

“They say welcome to their shop, they seem most happy to help you, Alpha Stiles, even if you are an American.” James said with the same smirk.

*“Che colori ti interessano?”* The woman asked

“What color?”

“Oh...I thought we could go traditional, you know...black and white?” Stiles said, waiting for James to translate.

The woman spoke very quickly and moved towards the racks, once James had nodded, Stiles followed her.

“She would like to get the measurements for everyone before we go through actually picking the tuxes.”

“Can I go first, daddy?” Henry asked, and Stiles nodded.

“Of course, kiddo.”

The woman (who had still not introduced herself) fawned over Henry.

*“Che un bel bambino. Sembri tuo padre. Scommetto che sei la persona più importante del mondo per lui.”*

“I don’t understand you.” Henry replied, making the woman chuckle.

“She said you’re very handsome, that you look like your father, and that you’re the apple of his eye.”

Once James had translated, a big grin came over Henry’s face.

“Thank you.”

Measuring wasn’t as boring as Stiles had expected it to be. The owners of the shop (Marco and Maria Balducci) though human, had led interesting lives, and through James Stiles listen to it all with interest.

“And then we moved here to live our dreams.” James said at the end of their story.

Stiles found it odd that owning a tuxedo rental shop was a couple’s dream, but didn’t say anything. It must have shown on his face though, because Maria spoke in a soft voice, taking Marco’s hand.

“She says her dream was to live a simple life with her husband, they’ve achieved that.”

Stiles looked over at Derek straightening Henry’s bowtie in the corner and felt an understanding with Maria’s wish. It was still an option, he could relocate the entire pack to the country somewhere in America or even Italy, and they could just withdraw from the world, make wine, and live their lives in peace and solitude.

Henry looked adorable in his little tux, and when he strutted over to Stiles to show it off, he made sure to tell him.

“Do I have to dress like this all the time, daddy? I like it, but it’s tight on my neck.”

“Nah, kiddo. Go to Otets, he’ll take it off, and you won’t have to wear it again after tomorrow.”

“Until your inauguration into the Council.” Peter said clapping him on the back.

“I still don’t know if I’m going to take it. I mean...politics? It’s so frakking boring.”

“You’d be making a difference for your fellow Omegas. Look at James, do you really think that he deserves to be treated as a second class citizen forever?”

“I’m not a poster child, Peter. I just...it’s a little overwhelming, you know?”

“I’m not your Alpha, I’m just...your soon to be uncle-in-law, but I think you’d make a really great addition.”

“You’re sweet.” Stiles said with a smirk. “I’ll just...”

“I shouldn’t press it, and I apologize, we can talk about it after you talk to your co-Alpha and after the wedding.” Peter said with a wink.

“Besides, suits are more of an inauguration outfit.”

Henry looked between the two of them. “Does that mean I can take it off now, daddy?”

Stiles sighed and nodded to Henry, who ran to Derek, demanding that the tux come off.

“I won’t be able to feed the twins in this thing.” Stiles said, poking at his nipples through the fabric.

“And *that* is information that I really didn’t need to know.”

“Crystal is pregnant, you’re going to have to deal with it, eventually.”



“Is it really that bad?”

“Oh it’s the worst. A hungry child screaming for milk in the middle of the night when you just got to sleep after being awake for three days straight. Diaper duty, aiming pee on your last pair of clean clothes, which girls can do, too, by the way...” Stiles paused and let out a chuckle, looking at Henry. “It’s also the very best, best, though. As Tuvok said on *Star Trek: Voyager*: ‘Offspring can be disturbingly illogical, yet profoundly fulfilling. You should anticipate paradox.’”

“What’s a Tuvok?” Peter asked, cocking his head.

“Peter, if you’re going to live with us, you’re going to have to learn what a TV is, and watch it.”

“I know what a TV is, I grew up with you “civilized” people.”

“Why did you...you know, run from the world?”

“I wasn’t running. I...” Peter sighed. “I’ve always felt a closer bond with my wolf, and I never felt like that was a bad thing. I embraced that and found others like me. We may not be set up in a house with a pack that we don’t have carnal knowledge of, but we’re a family, Stiles, just like you and yours.”

“I was just asking a question, I wasn’t trying to imply badness or disapproval.” Stiles said, holding his hands up in surrender.

“I know, it’s just...you should hear how my sister...your mom speaks to me.”

“Hey, I like unorthodox family members. My great uncle had purple eyes when he shifted.”

“I bet he also shifted into a smaller than average wolf.”

Stiles nodded, raising his eyebrows. “How...”

“Kristoff-Handberg Syndrome. I had a friend growing up who had it, too. You know, I find it amazing that at our core, we’re no different than humans. We can have genetic flaws that completely fuck us over. Like Mathis Disorder, which causes a wolf not to have a healing factor-.”

“Peter...what does this have to do with anything?”

“I just...I’m not an idiot, okay? I know the way we live is weird, but, Stiles we’re all-.”

“Family. Peter, I wasn’t making fun of you or anything.” Peter nodded, but Stiles took his hand. “You *saved* me, Peter. Because of you, I have a family, so please, never think that I have anything but respect for you.”

Peter eyed him for a moment. “You’re a decent man, Stiles. I’m glad that we’re staying with you, you make a good Alpha, and a good father, and tomorrow, you’re going to make a great husband.” Peter said after a moment, scenting Stiles’ neck. Scenting among those outside the pack wasn’t a common occurrence, but Stiles accepted it because Peter was family.

After the fittings and Stiles giving a true and honest hug to the Balduccis, they headed back to the hotel to pick up everyone else for lunch.

“So, we have tuxes, thank you for inviting me by the way, the girls have their dresses, but you still need rings and a place.” James said.

“We’re close to Florence, right? Doesn’t Florence have rings and temples?” Lydia asked.

“There are some beautiful temples here, but we could go to Florence, if you want.”

“Just...I trust you, James. Find me a place so I can marry my mate. Your country is beautiful, and it could be outside, right there on that hilltop.” Stiles said, pointing to the top of a hill where a lone tree stood.

“So, why isn’t it?” Derek asked, looking where Stiles was pointing. “The

gods aren't bound to their temples, where we are, they are, and we can be blessed anywhere."

Lydia looked crestfallen at the words, but Stiles smiled.

"Scott...Isaac, could you do me a favor?" Stiles asked.

"Uh...yeah?"

"Let Lydia, Danny, and Allison do your wedding. They had already picked out a lot of nice things for ours, and then we came here, and...I'm getting married right there."

## Isaac

"Isaac, wait up." Stiles said, walking up to him, Teddy feeding from his bared chest.

"Yeah, Alpha?"

"Thank you...you know, I know you, you're not big on being in the spotlight, but...I saw that hilltop, and it just looks perfect."

"I don't mind. My mom always thought I'd have a big wedding when I was little. She might have thought I was straight back then, but I forgive her." Isaac said with a sad smile, turning to head into his room.

"There was actually one more thing, if you can bear seeing me feed Teddy for a few seconds longer."

"Stiles, I was there when Henry grew up, I've seen you shirtless." Isaac said with a chuckle. "There was even that time that you-."

"Be my best man?" Stiles asked, rather suddenly, before flinching. "Sorry, didn't mean to interrupt."

"It's okay...do you...do you mean it, though?"

Stiles nodded. “Look, they’re all my family. Scott’s like a brother, he’s always been there for me, but you...you’re something else, Isaac. I love you, man, and I would really like for you to be there on my special day.”

Isaac felt this throat tighten. He loved Stiles, too, but had never expected anything to happen like that.

“Of course, I mean...yeah. That’s...thank you.” Stiles said, pulling him in for an awkward hug.

“I know you’re supposed to get the best man a gift, but-.”

“You’re my Alpha, and even if you don’t take that spot on the Council, you’re going to make a difference in the world. That’s all I need, man. You know what environment I grew up in, you shared it for three fuck-bloody years. We got out, and we’re here starting our own families. I have everything I ever could have asked for, and I don’t think my mother could have wished me to a better Alpha.”

## Chapter End Notes

So, please try not to kill me, school just started, and I had a really busy time prepping for that, so I think I need to extend my expectations by a week. I know I usually update every other day or so, but while I'm in school, expect once a week. IF it comes earlier, yay!, but if not, please don't be mad?

# Vows

## Chapter Summary

The wedding.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

The breeze blew softly, bringing with it the scent of honeysuckle blossoms and happy tears.

Stiles was thoroughly impressed with James. Despite having no more than twelve hours' notice, he had made the field a veritable Eden for them to be married in. Gilded benches had been brought up to the hill, covered in flowers and garlands, bordering the silk aisle in a flawless white. A dais had been set up with gilded flowers and ribbons lining the walkway where in less than an hour, he, Derek, and the priestess would be standing.

“You ready for this, kiddo?” John asked, making Stiles jump.

“Ready to enter into the last legal form of slavery with my mate? Of course. I’m still nervous, though. I wonder what the fuck that is about.”

“Claudia...your mother and I were both nervous, too. You should have seen the temple that day; our nervousness made everyone else on edge, the entire place was full of glowing eyes, wolves ready to dart. Your mother and I loved each other very, very much, though, just like you and Derek.”

“All that provides me is reassurance, not an explanation.” Stiles said, looking up at his father. He had a large grin on his face, either at the country, what Stiles had said, or that he was about to marry his son off to the one person that was perfect for him.

“Maybe there are some questions in life that do not come with answers. What do the gods really look like? Why are we here? Why is Stiles nervous on his wedding day?”

“If only Plato was here to ponder such queries.” Stiles said, laughing a little.

“You’re going to do fine, that man back there,” John pointed to the tent, where Derek was no doubt, getting dressed, “he loves you with his entire being.”

Stiles nodded. “He saw me through the worst moments in my life. I mean... you all helped, of course, but...”

“It’s different when it’s your mate, it always is.” John said, nodding in understanding. “If it wasn’t, you’d be having a mass wedding.”

“And that would certainly be a weird thing.”

“If Peter were the type to be married, he’d do it.”

Stiles walked with his father to his tent, John might have been already dressed, but Stiles was waiting until the last moment so that he could feed the twins before they went out.

“You could have just...pumped something for them.” Danny said as he handed Teddy over.

“It’s not...it’s weird, and the kids don’t like it. Wolves like to suckle in the cocoon of their parent’s scent. I promise, when they move onto solid food, you can feed them as much as you like.”

“How long before that happens?”

Stiles shrugged. “Henry was on solids at this point, but he matured really fast, like...really fast. I bet I could send a paper on the effects of stress on werewolf development.”

“But they have teeth.”

“They have one *tooth*, each, and those are post-natal, they could fall out at any moment. I could...” Stiles paused and bit his lip in thought. “Maybe... Maybe I’ve been avoiding it because of what happened. It still kills me when I have to leave them, and...”

“You’re scared to let them grow up?” Danny asked and Stiles nodded.

“I’ll...when we get back, we can try them on solids.”

“There’s nothing wrong with loving your children, Stiles.” John said, quietly.

“Not until it becomes an impediment to their development. I mean...there’s those human moms that will breastfeed until the kid is way too grown up for such things. I’m here, I’m not going anywhere, and letting them grow up is something that needs to happen.”

“You’re not dressed, yet?” Isaac asked, incredulously as he walked into the tent.

“I’m feeding my kids, I still have...forty-five minutes.” Stiles said, checking his phone.

“There’s three members of the Council out there.” Isaac said, conversationally, making Stiles’ jaw drop.

“There’s *what*?”

“Yeah...sorry, guess I should have led with that. They want to talk to you before the wedding.”

“Impatient...I thought I didn’t have to make a decision until after we got back.”

“You shouldn’t have to, even then. This is your decision, son, and you make it when you’re good and ready.”

Stiles sighed and turned to Isaac. “Tel them to come in here if they want to speak to me, I’m a little busy, and then I have to get dressed. I’m not a dog to be summoned.”

“Nor did any one of us think that you were.” A man’s voice came from the front of the tent, when he stepped in, Stiles could practically feel the hackles of his pack rise in response.

The speaker was a man of modest height with more than a little pudge around his belly proving that not all werewolves were in perfect shape. He was followed by two women, one of them, nearly ancient, her hair completely white, and the other was Shelly.

“Hi, Alpha Stiles!” She said, waving to him, which Stiles mirrored, before performing a complex juggling maneuver to keep both his infants as close as possible.

“Uh...so...sorry about this, kids get hungry, you know?” He said, motioning with his head to the twins.

“We all get hungry, Alpha Stillinski. I fed my children, myself.” The elderly woman said, making Stiles raise an eyebrow. He was still a little uncomfortable with being called ‘Alpha Stiles’, but her using his last name was stranger still.

“Is there some sort of problem?” John asked, standing next to Stiles’ chair is a display of protection, but not in such a way as to diminish Stiles’ own



Alphahood.

“There is not, we just wanted to come wish your son good luck in his wedding, and to provide... further protection if he is willing.”

“Protection from...?” Stiles asked, wincing in spite of himself when Claudia’s tooth found his nipple.

“Oh, please don’t worry. It’s not like we got any threats or anything, but you are, for the moment, a very public figure, and we wanted to ensure that no one took this opportunity to attack you or your family.” The male werewolf said.

“I...uh...I’m a little wary of accepting protection from...forgive me, outsiders, and also people whose names I don’t even know.”

“Of course, how rude of us, my deepest apologies. I am Dorin Gabor, envoy of the Romanian packs, I think you know Shelly, and this charming young woman is Martha Novak of the Washington Pack.”

Martha snorted. “When I was young, we played with dinosaurs. Don’t let my age fool you, though, I could take down a pack on my own.” She said, her eyes burning bright red.

Stiles was unsure if he was being tested or not. Packs offering protection to one another wasn’t unheard of, it was a sign of solidarity and unity, but at the same time, it could be seen as him being unable to protect his family.

The only thing that made him nod was the presence of Shelly. He couldn’t imagine that there was some nefarious reason behind their visit if she was there. She seemed genuinely pleased that Stiles was thinking about being on the Council.

“I am grateful to welcome your assistance...in case something happens.” Stiles said, narrowing his eyes a little.

“I will admit that a large reason for my presence was that I wanted to meet you.” Martha said.

“And do I live up to the hype?”

Martha cocked her head. “I expected you to be taller.” She finally said with a playful smirk.

“Danny...” Stiles said, holding Claudia out to his Beta. Danny took her and Stiles wiped his chest before moving to where his clothes were hung up.

“I do apologize if we...clash with your colors.”

“I’m not that gay. I mean...for a while, that’s what I wanted. A big wedding, lots of planning, blowing half the family fortune, but...that’s not what’s important. That, tonight, I’ll be his husband is what’s important.”

“Vanity is something to be avoided when one is an Alpha, you play modest well.” Dorin said, making Stiles blush.

“Stiles, it’s about time.” Jackson said, sticking his head in. “You should see Henry, he’s trying to be responsible by holding the pillow very carefully.”

Stiles smiled as he buttoned up his shirt with shaking hands. This was it.

“We shall see you outside, Alpha.” Dorin said, heading outside with everyone else but Jackson.

“You ready for this, Alpha?”

“Everyone really has to stop doing that. I see myself as more your brother than your Alpha. I mean if the outsiders want to do it, that’s one thing, but you’re family, just call me...”

“Brother.” Jackson said, nodding, making Stiles smile. “But,” Jackson continued, “you *are* my Alpha, even if I don’t say it. Now, let’s go get you married.” Jackson reached out and tied Stiles’ bowtie for him.

“Thanks, I’ve never been...the fancy type, you know? Never learned how to tie one of these things.”

“It doesn’t help that your hands are shaking, either. He loves you, Stiles, he’s going to say yes.”

The breeze still blew, this time carrying the sound of music on it. Stiles didn’t know the name of the song playing, but when he arrived at the end of the aisle, he tried to count the rhythm so he could walk to it.

John took his arm, smiling the whole time.

“I kind of get what you were talking about earlier, son. Nothing’s changing, but I still kind of feel like I’m not going to see you for a while after this.”

“I’ll be around, dad. I mean...maybe for the next few days Derek and I will want to...” John raised his eyebrows and Stiles ducked his head and chuckled. “Have alone time.” He amended.

“Working on more kids?”

“No, are you crazy? Three is enough for a few years...decades...centuries. The others are having kids, and it’s just...”

“Stiles it’s alright, you don’t have to explain yourself. You gave me Henry, which was more than enough, and then Claudia and Teddy. If there was ever a duty for one to provide ones father with grandchildren, you’ve lived up to it.”

“I love you, dad.” Stiles said, smiling, once they had reached the dais.

“And I, you, son.” John said, kissing his forehead.

Stiles turned to look down the aisle, feeling as though the world slowed as he watched Derek approach. Dashing handsome, as always, Derek’s eyes sparkled as he spoke to his mother. They slid up to Stiles’ soon enough, however, and when he smiled, it seemed to dim the sunlight.

Henry followed, looking adorably pompous in his tiny suit with the pillow holding their rings on it.

‘I love you.’ He mouthed as he walked up to join Stiles.

“Ladies and gentlemen, Alphas, Betas, and Omegas, we are gathered here today to witness the marriage of these two souls, Stiles Stillinski and Derek Hale in sacred matrimony. Before we begin, if there are any who wish to speak a reason that these two should not be joined together, speak now, or forever hold your peace.”

There was silence for a moment before the priestess continued, taking one hand each from Stiles and Derek.

“Marriage, like being mates is a bond that is not to be taken lightly. A husband is a rock that one can find shelter in, in any storm. Stiles and Derek will now be each other’s shelter and refuge. Stiles and Derek have chosen to write their own vows-.” Which wasn’t exactly true, Stiles had been too nervous trying to come up with the words, and had decided to follow his heart. “Derek.” The priestess continued.

“Stiles. You’re perfect. I know that I’ve said that before, but you are. I’m not complete without you. You *are* my heart and soul. I’ve known for as long as I can remember and every day just gets better. You gave me three children, you hold our pack together, and I am proud and lucky to call you Alpha. I swear,” He said, taking the ring from Henry and slipping on Stiles’ finger, “to love, honor, and cherish you for the rest of my life.”

Stiles sighed, and though he had not practiced, the words came just like he knew it would when he looked in Derek’s eyes.

“I love you.” Stiles said. “You saved me, Der. I mean...more than anyone, you’ve saved me and I love you for that. I love you for the way you look at me and the way that you make me feel. There are times when I just...feel everything stop because with our children and the way you love me makes me want nothing else. You are not only my mate, you’re my everything. I swear,” like Derek, Stiles took the ring from Henry and placed it on Derek’s finger. “to be all that I am, which is all that you’ve ever asked of me. I promise to love, honor, and obey you, when you’re looking out for my safety. I love you, Der.”

The priestess smiled at them, and joined their hands together.

“Then, by the power vested in me by the gods and the province of Arezzo, I now pronounce you husbands, joined in marriage, never to be parted. You may now-.”

But Stiles had already pulled Derek to him, pressing their lips together.

## Chapter End Notes

Found some free time, and managed to get this out early so yay! (Told you.)

I hope you all enjoyed it, and I will see you all next time!

Thank you.

# Decision.

## Chapter Summary

Honeymoon and curious Henry.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

Sex was great. There was a time when Stiles had abhorred it, but considering his recent healing, he thoroughly enjoyed it once again. Derek had brought Allison's Christmas gift with them, and had, consequently, brought Stiles to orgasm five time in one night.

It wasn't enough to be close to Derek, it never was. He tried to bring himself closer, and if he was loud, he could rest safe with the knowledge that Danny had taken the pack out of the hotel for Stiles and Derek to enjoy their time together. There had been the barest interruption, during which Stiles had had to pump his chest for milk for the twins, something he had done with great distaste.

It was twenty-four hours after their vows that Derek was riding Stiles' cock, making Stiles writhe in pleasure as he struggled to contain his orgasm.

“Fuck, Der, just like that. Keep going.” Stiles moaned, surrounded by the heat of Derek’s body.

“I love you, babe. I want you, just like this, every night.” Derek said, dropping his sweat soaked body down to Stiles, his deliciously musky scent flowing over Stiles’ body. In his passion, Stiles bit down on Derek neck, making him spasm for a moment, before Stiles felt the warmth of his seed spreading across his stomach. The scent and Derek’s hole clenching brought him to orgasm soon after.

“That was pretty...awesome.” Stiles panted.

Derek chuffed a laugh and kissed the side of Stiles’ head. “*You’re* pretty awesome, and I’m glad we got to spend this time together.”

“Just because I invited the pack to stay doesn’t mean that I was going to give up on at least one night of a proper honeymoon with you.”

“And what a honeymoon it was.” Derek said, a grin on his face as he rolled over to cuddle into Stiles’ side.

“Dinner, check, kissing, check, being debauched by my new husband, check. Yep, all in all I’d say that we completely fulfilled out newlywed duties.”

“Well...technically, by the laws of our ancestors, we’re supposed to get pregnant this weekend, too.” Stiles sent him a hard look, and Derek chuckled as he quickly retracted. “I was just kidding, babe. You’ve given me three, and I’m very grateful.”

Stiles sighed. “Do you want more? I mean...later?”

Derek shook his head. “No, let’s get our pack to have more kids. Isaac and Scott is a good starting point, but-.”

“You want our pack to have fifty members by the time we’re through?” Stiles asked with a laugh.

“You bring me joy, and a lot of our pack can understand that type of love, but...dammit, Stiles, the kids give me so much, too, and I want them to know what that’s like. Having Henry and the twins, and now Katyusha around showed me that they all have these...parental instincts that they’re burying. Lydia...when we were growing up, I would have bet everything that I owned that she would never be a mother, but in these past few months...gods, she’s going to be great at it.”

“Peter got Crystal pregnant...or maybe Matt did, that’s such a weird arrangement.”

“Yeah, but Peter’s not pack, he’s family. He’s his own Alpha.”

“He said that he wants to stay for a while, we’re going to be there for his kid’s life. Does that bother you?”

Derek smiled softly, running his fingers over Stiles’ back. “When we were little, it was just us. Just you and me, and mom and dad. And now we’re almost thirty members and I couldn’t be happier. After what happened to my dad and your mom, I realized how important pack and family is, and I wanted us to have a big pack, and look what we got.”

“Some of the baddest motherfuckers any Alphas could ask for.”

“Language.” Derek said, a lascivious look taking over his face. “Watch your tongue.”

“Watch it for me.” Stiles said, laughing when Derek moved close for another round.

## Isaac

“Uncle Isaac, what’s a council?” Henry asked on the bus back to the hotel, the entire pack exhausted after a day of sightseeing. Even though it had been necessary to give Stiles and Derek some time to themselves, it wasn’t any less tiring, and Isaac was ready for a good sleep.



“Uh...a grouping of people that usually make decisions.”

“And why do the councils want daddy on them? Won’t he be busy...too busy for me and Teddy and Claudia?”

Isaac chuckled, softly. “First off, Henry. Your father will never be too busy for his children. Secondly, it’s not all the councils, it’s just one: the Council of Alphas, and they want your daddy because-.”

“He’s the best.” James said, interrupting. “Your father has shown us Omegas that the status quo we’ve been living for a millennia is outdated and flawed.”

Isaac swiveled his eye to Henry. There were a lot of big words in that sentence, and sure enough, a moment later, Henry cocked his head. “He meant that your daddy saving you was a really big and important thing, and it’s made him something of a hero.” Isaac explained before Henry could ask. He knew Kathryn must have been curious, too, because she was not to slyly listening from her seat in front of his.

When explained in simpler terms, Henry nodded, confidently.

“Of course Daddy’s a hero. I think the world must be stupid, Uncle Isaac, because I’ve known that for a very long time.”

The pack laughed, and Isaac joined in, but in a way, Henry was right. Isaac was glad that the world was finally seeing his Alpha the way that he did.

Henry turned to James.

“You promise that they won’t take my daddy from me?”

“I promise. He’ll go to meetings, sometimes, but he’ll always come back home to you, your brother, and your sister.”

“Can I go to the meetings, too?”

“I’m not too sure, Henry, but maybe we can make an exception.”

Henry smiled widely. "I can wear a suit and tie, and help daddy with his speech."

Isaac didn't want to pop Henry's bubble, and apparently, neither did James.

"I'm sure that you'll be a lot of help."

"Did you like the city?" Allison asked, giving Isaac a significant look, and Isaac nodded. It was best to distract Henry before they got back. Stiles still seemed a little uncomfortable with the prospect.

"Daddy and papa once told me about the Romans, did they really live there?"

"Well, that wasn't Rome, but yes, the Romans once lived here a long time ago."

"Daddy told me that the Romans were very smart and they were never afraid of anything..." Henry paused and thought for a moment. "I think I'm a Roman." He finally said, eliciting a chuckle from the pack.

"Yeah?" Danny asked.

Henry nodded. "Well, daddy's smart and isn't afraid of anything, so he *must* be a Roman, and if daddy's a Roman, so am I." He reasoned.

"The kid's logic is airtight."

## Derek

Derek loved Stiles more than anything, but that didn't stop him from picking up his daughter like she was a life line when the pack returned to the hotel. He eyes flashed while she gurgled a laugh, and while Stiles fed Teddy, Derek sat on the bed and bounced her on his knee.

*"You're beautiful and perfect. There are no women on this planet that can compare, daughter of mine."* Derek sang. It wasn't really a song, but

Claudia seemed to enjoy the soothing tone of his voice.

“And to think that you had worries.” Stiles said. Derek turned to find a smile on his mate’s face.

“Alright, no need to rub it in. We’re good parents, and I can accept that with all the quiet grace of a werewolf.”

Stiles rolled his eyes and traded Teddy for Claudia. Claudia squirmed and made a few discontent noises.

“I’m the one with the food.” Stiles balked, pointing to his chest. Claudia let out a burp.

“You’re still my favorite daughter.” Stiles said with a smile, before turning his head back to Derek.

“I’m going to attempt solids with them when we get back home.”

Derek nodded. He trusted Stiles to know when it was time for such things.

“I was talking to Danny about it, and...I think the whole attempted kidnapping thing made me want to keep them closer, but...Henry was feeding at this age.”

“Henry’s also a prodigy, Stiles.”

“Claudia and Teddy are smart enough to differentiate between us.” Stiles remarked, smirking when Teddy kicked his legs out of the onesie Derek was trying to slide on him.

“Pups are weird.” Derek agreed, nodding. “I’m sure that she’ll warm up to you in time.”

“And one day, Teddy will let you dress him.”

“I’m not a big fan of parents choosing their children’s paths, but I was thinking...maybe we could try putting Henry into some sports, drama, and

some kind of young science program? Give him the tools he'll need when he decides what he wants to do with his life?"

"I'm not kidding, our son could lead the Alpha's Council one day, or even become president. I mean...if I open the doors for him, if they allow an Omega, why wouldn't they allow a Beta?"

"If...does that mean you've made a decision?" Derek said, looking up.

Stiles nodded. "When I was a kid I frakking hated it. Being treated like a doll, and if it was only me, it'd be one thing, but...we're everywhere, maybe not as populous as Alphas and Betas. And if I can make a difference in our world for the better, I have the responsibility to do so."

Derek smiled, feeling a sense of pride wash through him. Only several months earlier, he had been on the verge of strangling Scott because Stiles was gone, missing, and being raped and beaten by Aiden. Derek had been dead to the world, and life seemed to be so bleak.

But now...he had his mate, three children, and his Omega mate was about to take a spot on the most prestigious institution in the werewolf world.

Pride didn't even begin to cover it.

"I'm not going without my mate or my children, though." Stiles warned.

"And you won't." Because there was no way in hell Derek was going to let his mate go for too long.

"I couldn't do this without you, Der. I wouldn't be *here* without you. It's only fair that you go with me."

"You're going to wait until we get back, right?"

"Of course. This is family time...well...*now*, it's family time, this morning was alone time for us."

"We can go to Rome, and after you made me play *Assassin's Creed*, I want

to see Florence.”

Stiles snorted. “Made you, my ass. You loved it.”

“I did, and now I want to see the city, is that a bad thing?”

“Only if you try to climb the buildings and stab innocent people.”

## Chapter End Notes

So, it's not taking a week, but it is taking awhile. I'm taking 5 400 level courses, so already this semester is crazy. I won't abandon this fic, and as soon as this one is done, we'll be moving into the Beauty and the Beast fic. I really appreciate your patience, and hope that everyone likes where we're moving.

I know these chapters sometimes seem like empty filler, but I'm really just trying to capture domestic life with our favorite wolves.

Thank you.

# Speech

## Chapter Summary

Time moves on for the Stillinski pack

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Stiles

“Alpha Stiles, this is marvelous news.” James said, grinning widely when Stiles told the pack about his decision to join the Council.

“I thought so.” Derek said, wrapping an arm around Stiles’ waist, a look of fierce pride on his face.

“You’re going to be amazing.” Isaac said, his smile not as big as anyone else’s, but still more sincere.

“Thank you.”

“You took the job, daddy?”

“I sure did, kiddo.”

“Does that mean that I get to help you, sometimes?”

“I can’t imagine going there without my family by my side.” Stiles said with a smile, making Henry’s own face light up with a grin.

“Told you.” Isaac said with a knowing smirk.

“I will inform the Council of your decision, and make sure to let them know that they shouldn’t bother you until your vacation is finished.”

“Thank you. I’d rather wait for the...hoopla until we get back.”

“Hoopla?” Lydia asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Leave my awesome vocabulary alone.”

Lydia rolled her eyes, but commented no further.

“Uh...Alpha Stiles?” Kathryn asked, raising her hand as though she was in a classroom.

“Yes, sweetie?”

“When you say family...?” She began, before Stiles took over.

“I mean that if the Council is willing, I see no reason why you can’t go with me, but I really should ask them before I make any concrete promises.”

“I dare any wolf, Alpha or not, to try and separate you from your family, Alpha.” James said with a smirk.

“Well, obviously not by force.” Stiles said, flashing his eyes. “But, I’m not trying to turn the boat over. I already rocked it, that’s more than enough. If the Council has rules against it, I’m not going to go to war over it.” Stiles said, not wanting to be the newcomer that comes in and throws an entire system into chaos. As far as he knew, the Alpha’s Council was one of the most solid institutions in the world, mortal or otherwise, and he didn’t want to try to change too much.

“Yeah, but-.” James began, but Derek shook his head and interrupted.

“No. James, we can discuss this later, for the time being...let’s just let it rest.”

James nodded and gave Stiles guilty look.

“Sorry, Alpha.”

“It’s alright, I just...want to enjoy Italy, nay?” Lydia raised her eyebrow, again. “Derek brought up Florence, and I will literally die if I don’t get to go to Rome.”

“Florence and Rome, check. Venice?” James asked.

“Of course, we’re going to Venice!” Allison said, quickly, making Stiles chuckle.

“And James...thank you.” Stiles said, smiling at the young Omega. James really had been the turning point for him. Omegas were too rare for Stiles to have thought of the impact of his decision on his own. It took James to make him see.

“I live to help, Alpha.”

Later that evening, when they had planned the rest of their vacation, Stiles sat on the bed next to Derek, both of them paying with the twins, making them dance to nonsensical beats.

“We did it, babe.” Derek said, moving Claudia’s arms to his words, making her giggle.

“We did what?”

“Made life, found happiness, secured a pack that is, in my opinion, the best.”

Stiles smiled, because they had, they really had.



One year later.

## Derek

“I’m not even kidding, Scott, I saw it.” Peter insisted, softly, a smirk playing on his lips.

“Are you sure this is appropriate conversation in front of my thirteen month old?” Derek asked, sternly, while Claudia bounced in her highchair.

“Sca Sca Sca.” She gurgled, trying to pronounce ‘Scott’.

“Maybe not, but it doesn’t matter, because we’re going to get the video and watch it, and when I’m right, I’ll just chuckle, knowingly.” Peter said, bouncing his own daughter, Myra, on his lap.

Derek was glad that Peter and his pack had integrated into his own, ever growing his family, but still had problems with inciting small conflicts by speaking about them calmly.

Scott, ever convinced that he was right, stomped over to the case where the DVDs were kept to get the one that had recorded his spectacular wedding. In all honesty, Derek was a little jealous. He loved Stiles and their wedding in Italy had been more than beautiful, but Lydia had pulled out all of the stops for Isaac and Scott’s wedding.

The video started, the volume not so loud, it was a visual confirmation that they needed.

“How’s my little princess?” Crystal asked, coming in from the bathroom to pick Myra up.

“Probably hungry, she’s a daughter of wild wolves, after all.” Peter said, tickling the infant’s stomach.

Derek respected Peter for how much he cared for his daughter, and the acceptance that both he and Matt gave her. Though he had originally wanted to have her tested, just to know, he ended up deciding against it. Whether Matt or Peter, the biological father didn't matter, and Derek fully understood that concept.

Any moment, now, Stiles was due to return home, a year having lessened his fear of going off on his own. He had taken both his sons with him to the latest Council meeting, Derek missed all three of them, dearly.

Stiles had been sending updates of how his meeting had been going, which seemed to be much better than his first one.

*Eleven months earlier.*

*"Uh...hi." Stiles said, shaking in his nervousness, the glare of the lights making him squint. Derek watched, Henry in his lap, and his twins in Danny and Lydia's.*

*"I'm...I'm not going to pretend that I'm good at this. I didn't even have time to meet any of you before this, because my plane was late." Stiles let out a weak chuckle, and when Derek turned he could see a sea of red eyes looking up to his mate. He turned back to Stiles and tried to give a comforting smile.*

*"For those of you who don't know, my name is Stiles Stillinski. I'm the co-Alpha of the Northern Beacon Hills pack, and now the emissary of Northern California."*

*Some of the wolves in the group let out snorts or snarls, and in response, the entire pack returned with growls. Both Isaac and Jackson looked ready to get up to physically defend their Alpha's honor if they had to, but Allison and Ennis both quietly talked them out of it.*

*The sounds of derision had an effect on Stiles, too, though. He glared out at*

*the audience, though without as much malice as he might have been hoping to pull off. It just wasn't in Stiles to be cruel.*

*"I came here knowing that some people would be offended or staunchly opposed to me standing here, behind this microphone. I know that to some...maybe all of you, I'm just an Omega. I'm supposed to lie on my back and birth kids, or take care of my pack...That's...That's not me, though. And, unless I'm mistaken and this is a big joke, that's why I'm here.*

*"You see, stereotypes exist, we've built them up, both werewolves and humans are guilty of it, and we know it. I could consequently scorn all the Alphas here as being assholes who only think with their dicks, but that... isn't me, either. When I was little, my co-Alpha, Derek," Stiles looked down and smiled at him, "taught me something that was in direct contradiction to what I had learned in school. He..." Stiles let out a chuckle. "He tried to order me to hop in place. If I was his Beta, I would have had to obey, but I didn't, and because of that, I've lived my life knowing that Omegas can be different.*

*"We have children for you, of course we do, that's a biological imperative, and you know what? I wouldn't change that for anything." He said, smiling down at Henry, Teddy, and Claudia. He sounded surer of himself. "I love my children, and I'm extremely proud that I got to carry them, and I look forward to raising them.*

*"Why is it, though, that just because we have kids, that makes us inferior. Werewolves have, for years, flaunted the fact that we had a better track record as far as women's right, in comparison to humans, and in that respect, we're so hypocritical. Humans learned, long ago that birth should not dictate one's worth.*

*"I'm not here to gloat, because everyone here should be familiar with my story, whether it makes them happy or not, but what I did to save my son, should show everyone here that we Omegas can lead packs. The gods gave us red eyes for a reason, and though for a long time, I was unsure of myself, seeing my pack, how perfect and cohesive it is, is all the proof that I need that we can be allowed to be leaders.*

*“I’m not asking everyone to uproot their packs, or change the structure, that’s not what I’m here for, but, I do hope to further Omega rights while I’m here, and all I ask is that you listen and keep an open mind. Thank you.”*

*Most of the audience had clapped, some didn’t, some only once or twice, and some with an unhealthy level of enthusiasm, but getting a group of a thousand Alphas to agree with anything, especially Omega’s rights had been too much of a long shot. The important thing had been that most seemed open to change, and that’s all Stiles needed.*

“Dada! Dada!” Claudia screamed, bouncing with much more enthusiasm. Derek cocked his head, and a small grin passed his lips. Sure enough, Derek could hear the sound of Stiles’ jeep rolling up the street.

Derek stood by the door waiting anxiously for the moment when his mate would walk through, though when he did, it was at a humorous moment.

“Told you little Scott was at full attention.” Peter said, quietly, making Stiles furrow his eyebrows.

“And here I thought that I was having all the fun. Playing with...’little Scott?’” He asked.

Derek didn’t answer, he pulled Stiles to his chest, kissing him deeply, making Stiles moan.

“I missed you, too.” Stiles said, muffled by Derek’s lips.

The pack assembled themselves in the living room by the time that Derek returned, hand in hand with his mate, while John and Talia brought Teddy and Henry inside.

Stiles was immediately barraged with questions and happy wishes.

“How did it go?”

“How boring is Texas?”

“I missed you, Alpha.”

“Welcome home.”

“*Guys.*” Derek stressed. “Chill a little.”

“Says the Alpha sucking on his mate’s neck.”

Derek blushed, because it was the truth. It had started as scenting while Stiles tried to take in the questions, but had quickly devolved into full blown hickey making.

“Alright, let’s make a deal. Someone get dinner started, change Teddy and Claudia, let me go up for a quick shower, and when I get back down, I will explain everything that happened.” Stiles offered, and the pack nodded in return. Stiles moved to Claudia, who was giggling and clapping. Both the twins attitudes towards Stiles and Derek had more or less corrected themselves, and Derek smiled as Stiles scented his daughter, holding her to his chest for a moment, before John came forth, and took her.

Naturally, Derek was going to follow his mate, but first he stopped to see Henry, who was asleep in his grandmother’s arms.

“He should wake up, soon. He slept the entire plane ride. Come on.” Stiles said, motioning with his head.

“You need me for a shower, now?”

Stiles raised an eyebrow, a lascivious grin on his face.

“Do you really think that I need a shower? I showered this morning before the flight.” Stiles explained, shutting the bedroom door behind him. Taking a moment to eye Derek over, before tackling him.

Derek ended up showering Stiles in something white, and not at all cleansing, but Stiles didn't seem to mind, though he did insist on taking a real shower before going back downstairs.

Stiles sighed when they got back to the living room. The pack was furiously tearing at various bags.

"You know, the thing about presents, is that I'm supposed to give them to you." He said, sternly.

Scott looked up with perfect puppy eyes. "But...presents."

"Pressies!" Teddy and Claudia mimicked him.

"Fine." Stiles said, relenting with a smile, like Derek knew he would.

"So...since we all know what you went up there to do, why'd you use the cover of 'a shower'?"

Jackson asked with a smirk, making Stiles and Derek both blush.

"So, how did it go?" Lydia asked, spreading some of the fancy concealer Stiles had bought her on her hand, but more importantly, changing the subject.

"Oh, it went. In a feat only capable of me, I've now split the group into factions. There's about ten percent that absolutely loathe me."

"I don't want you going alone, anymore." Derek said, immediately.

"Derek, I left you here to look after the pack for me, I had our parents there, and I can fight, if I have to."

Derek shook his head but Stiles simply kissed him on the temple.

"Der, you can go next time if you want, but I'm safe. I swear, eighty percent of the wolves there would kill to protect me. I'm like..." He smiled. "Famous or something, it's still so weird."

“Well...I just worry.”

“I know you do, and it’s very sweet, but I’m safe. I can kick ass when I have to.” Stiles said, lengthening his claws and grinning. Isaac very carefully, chose this moment to move closer to Stiles, folding himself in the Omega’s lap, and scenting him.

“I missed you, too, man.” Stiles said, smiling.

“So...anyway...” Jackson said, prodding Stiles for more information.

“So...anyway, we talked about the right of Alphas to impregnate Omegas, and tried to overturn the law, but we didn’t really get too far with that, because one of the ones who hates me kept filibustering, talking about stupid cack that didn’t matter.”

“Daddy, what’s cack?” Henry asked.

“A word that you shouldn’t use. Remember what I talked to you about after Alpha Swanson got on stage?”

Henry nodded, but everyone else, Derek included, were confused.

Stiles sighed. “So, there’s this Alpha, honestly the most awesome person there. He’s eight feet tall, like a million pounds of pure muscle, but he speaks with such a soft voice. He’s the emissary from Catalonia. He calls me Sparky, because he says I sparked something great. Anyway, he swears up and down, even when he’s on stage, speaking in an official capacity.”

“He said ‘fuck’ a lot, Otets.” Henry said, giggling in his hand.

“Henry!” Stiles said, reproachfully.

Henry ducked his head. “Sorry, daddy.” He whispered.

“Just watch your language.”

## Chapter End Notes

Sad news time: I'm ending this in one more chapter, I simply must move on to another fic, I think I've wrung this pretty dry, and if I stay, I'll just get lost in tangents, again. It's one of the longest fics for Teen Wolf here, though, and I really appreciate everyone staying with me through it. One more chapter, and then we'll be done.

Beauty and the Beast fic, next, and this is the last chance to give me any requests for it, before I lay out the story and characters, so make sure you comment.

P.S. Peter isn't a full member of Stiles' pack, he's just...around a lot.

Thank you all.



# Mate

## Chapter Summary

Henry has a date.

## Chapter Notes

MTV owns everything

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ten years later.

## Stiles

“Dad, Teddy keeps running into the bathroom, I’m trying to get ready!”  
Henry griped, making Stiles sigh.

“Teddy, leave your brother alone!” Stiles shouted up the stairs.

With a wicked cackle, Stiles’ eleven year-old son came bounding down the stairs.

“I wasn’t doing anything, daddy. I just told him that his perfume was stinky.”

“Henry is wearing cologne, and *you* need to let him get ready for his date.”  
Stiles said, picking his son up, making him scream with laughter.

“Why can’t I go on a date, daddy?”

Stiles shuddered at the thought of his youngest two leaving to go find dates of their own. It had been hard enough when Henry had brought home Julio, then Marsha, then Stephanie, before settling on Rick...for the time being. Stiles had not yet met the boy, but he knew it was only a matter of time before Henry brought him home for dinner.

“You can go on a date when you’re thirteen.” Stiles said. Eleven years, and he still hurt at the thought of his children leaving him.

“Otets said that you and him dated from the time you were little.” Teddy argued.

“Derek is my mate, and if you find yours, then you can date them, right now.”

“Will my mate be a boy or a girl?”

“Well...it’s different for everyone, the important thing is that you’ll love them, and they’ll love you.”

“And if the person you dates hurts you, you make sure to tell me so I can decorate the house with their entrails.” Isaac said, making Stiles sigh.

“Can we not...with the violence?” Stiles pleaded.

Isaac just grinned. “Tell me that you wouldn’t...for any of our kids.”

Stiles had to concede that point. The pack was now up to seven underage children, and Stiles would kill to protect all of them.

Especially Terry; Allison and Ennis’ son, who had presented as an Omega. Of course, Stiles would always love his children the most, but he felt a kinship with the six year old, who was already having to go to separate classes to learn how to be an Omega. It was pointless, as the pack naturally overturned everything he was taught in school, just as John, Talia, and Derek had done for Stiles when he was little.

“Well, I would, but I don’t go around talking about it.” Stiles said, making Isaac chuckle.

“Dad! I need your help!” Henry shouted from upstairs.

Stiles missed being called ‘daddy’, especially since Derek still got to be called ‘Otets’, but wasn’t going to argue with his son over it. Henry was growing up, something that was proved to Stiles, as he walked into Henry’s bathroom and saw him in a suit with his tie hanging around his neck, undone.

“You look so grown up.” Stiles said, trying to hold back the impulse within him to cry. Henry had grown up to become a handsome young man. In the midst of puberty, strong traces of Aiden had begun to display themselves, something that a few humans noticed whenever they were out with Ethan. Stiles didn’t care, though. Henry was his son, and he loved him, no matter what.

“I kind of am grown up, dad.”

“Yeah, but I don’t have to like it. Your tie?” He asked, to which Henry nodded.

“I still can’t figure it out.”

Stiles motioned for Henry to get up on the counter, before beginning to fasten the tie.

“That’s alright, as long as it stays on, all night. I don’t want this ‘Rick’ to take advantage of you.”

“Well...I don’t think that will happen, dad.”

Stiles cocked his head. “Why not?”

“Well...I didn’t want to tell you, but Rick is an Omega, and he’s...” Henry sighed, avoiding Stiles’ eyes.

“He’s what? Omegas can be forceful, too.” Stiles said, surprised that his son had found an Omega to date.

“Well, yeah, I know, but...dad, I think Rick might be my mate.” Henry whispered.

“Because...wait, what?” Stiles was hesitant, in case his son was merely confused, but was bordering on ecstasy that Henry might have found the love that he found in Derek.

“Dad, his scent is...it’s so wonderful, I mean, I remember when I was little, and your scent helped me calm down, this is the same, but it’s also...” Henry blushed.

“Henry, I went through the same thing.”

“Yeah, but it’s weird talking about this to you. You’re my dad.”

“Okay, let’s just...let’s just say that he makes you feel...happy.” Stiles said, nodding.

“Okay, well his scent makes me feel happy...really happy. He kissed me, last week at school, and...for a moment, I forgot about everything in the world, except his lips and his scent. He makes my heart beat faster and slower, dad. He’s...I feel the need the instinct to protect him and love him.”

And, yep. Henry was almost certainly mated. Stiles grinned widely at his son before pulling him into a hug.

“Why didn’t you tell me or Derek?” Derek certainly would have told Stiles.

“Because I wasn’t sure, and I wasn’t sure if you’d let me date him if you knew.”

Stiles shook his head. “I just told your little brother the same thing. If Rick is truly your mate, then who am I to stand in your way? Just...remember what I do for a living and treat him right.”

“Even though I feel like I want to protect him, he’s my Alpha, dad.” Henry said with a chuckle.

“Well, then my warning still bears weight. Don’t let him control you, son, but...if he’s really your mate, he won’t. I’m...I’m so fucking happy for you.” Stiles said, knowing mates were rare.

“So, you can cuss?” Henry asked with a chuckle.

“I’m...I’m thirty five...gods, I’m old, but...tell you what, in celebration of you meeting your mate, you can have five cuss words.” Stiles said, his voice thick with tears.

Henry cracked a smile, instead. “I love you, dad. And...if this is my mate, I’m not...I know you’re afraid to lose me.”

Stiles nodded. “I’m not going to lie. I feared losing you to your father when you were little, and since then, I’ve worried about losing you to the world.”

“When I got into high school early, I thought your eyes were going to pop out of your head, but... what I never told you is that I’m not going far. I know I’m a few years away from a degree, but no matter what job I get, or whether or not Rick is my mate...I’m not leaving you, daddy. I’ll always be your son, and I’ll always be close. We survived papa together, and we’ll face the world, together.”

Stiles was crying, but he shook his head.

“Only if that’s what you truly want, Henry. You’re...you’re brilliant, so smart, and every day you just get smarter. I love you, and in a way, I wish you would never leave, but, this is life. Children grow up, and move out, living their lives. You need dreams and plans of your own, son. If they happen to be here in Beacon Hills, then, I’ll be happy, but don’t feel like you’re obligated to stay. I’ll always love you, and I’ll always support you.”

Henry nodded and sniffled, pulling Stiles in for another hug.

“I’m still a kid, though, right? I don’t have...have to go, right?”

“Of course not, Henry. Take time in making your decisions. If you want to go off and do amazing things when you’re eighteen, or forty, I don’t care, as long as you’re happy. Everything that I’ve done in my life has been to make you happy.”

“And I am, dad. I have a mate...I have a pack that loves and supports me, and I have you and Otets.”

Stiles nodded. “And you always will.”

“So, do we get to meet this...Rick?” Derek asked, later that evening when Henry was getting ready to depart.

“If you want to...” Henry said, looking nervous. Stiles sided with his son, ten years had not in any way diminished Derek, who maintained the same level of muscles and intimidation as the day Henry had been introduced to his adoptive father.

“I do. If this man is your mate, I have to ensure that he knows to treat you right.”

Henry’s eyes widened. “Otets! I’m...Rick is nice, I don’t want you scaring him.”

“If he’s your mate, he won’t be scared.” Derek said with a smirk.

“Der, play nice.” Stiles warned.

“I am nice, I’m like...the poster boy for nice, I just want to make sure that our son is treated right.”

“Good cop, bad cop?” Stiles offered, smirking at Henry’s look of horror, though in reality, they would both play bad cop if they had to. No one fucked with his son.

“Dad...please?” Henry begged, quietly, and Stiles nodded, because he had to include himself on the list of people that didn’t fuck with his son.

Rick was a contradiction. He was built like Derek, all corded muscles and scruff. It was something that should have provided an intimidating air, but the scent coming from him was pure fear and submission. His eyes flashed red in terror, and Stiles wondered if Henry had spread one too many stories.

It was Henry's own scent, though that made Stiles decide to trust and give Rick a chance. Henry immediately gave off the scent of one content and happy with life, his eyes glimmering as he stared at the man. When Stiles peeked a glance at Derek, he saw the same acceptance on his husband's face.

"Hello, Alpha Stiles and Alpha Derek." Rick said, his voice deep, but also quiet, his neck bared in submission.

"Rick, welcome to our den." Stiles said, smiling as warmly as he could.

"Thank you...it's very nice. Big."

"Our pack is big, we need a big den. Would you like to come in?" Stiles asked.

"Thank you." Rick said, nodding.

"So, what do you think of my son?" Derek asked, wasting no time in interrogating. Stiles allowed the question, but was standing by to intervene if necessary. He handed Rick a bottle of water, who accepted it with a nod of thanks.

"What do you think of Alpha Stiles, Alpha Derek? What does the Earth think of the sun? I knew, from the moment that we first held hands that your son was my mate, I belong to him, heart and soul."

Stiles was impressed to say the least.

Derek opened his mouth, but before he could speak, Rick interjected.

"Before I ask your permission, though, I wanted to say thank you to Alpha Stiles."

“For what?” Stiles asked.

“Well, you recently had the Council pass the Equal Partners law, meaning that in our relationship, Henry and I are equals, which means when I give him my heart it’s fully because I love him, and not a legal obligation.”

“Good answer, and you’re welcome. I never thought that Henry would date an Omega, since we’re so rare, but...I’m glad that my son’s mate benefited.”

Rick nodded. “I’m sorry, Alpha Derek, you were going to say something.”

Derek looked gobsmacked for a moment, before recovering himself.

“Yes...please just call me Derek. Omegas are just Alphas that can bear children.” Henry beamed at him.

“Thank you, Sir.” Rick said.

“How do your parents feel about this?”

Rick’s face fell a little. “Well, my father died a year ago, genetic heart defect, too pronounced to be cured by the wolf gene, but my mother approves with the caveat that I never harm Henry. She’s...a little afraid of you.”

“Who me? I’m mostly harmless.” Stiles said with a grin.

“I know. Henry’s told me so much about the two of you, but...my mom still knows that you two are the most powerful Alphas around for miles, so, *naturally* she’s a little wary.”

He placed a particular emphases on the word ‘naturally’, a protective streak for his mother flaring up, which Stiles could respect.

“Well, by all means, invite her over for tea, I don’t want your mother to be estranged by fear. As long as my son remain safe with you, you will be safe with us.”



Rick nodded and opened his mouth, but was interrupted by Claudia who was dressed in full princess regalia, no doubt having been playing with Katyusha. Isaac and Scott's daughter was a little old to be doing it on her own, but she continued doing so for the sake of Claudia.

"Who is this commoner who dares to enter my land?"

Stiles opened his mouth to tell his daughter not to bother Henry's date, when Rick himself spoke up.

"I am Sir Rick from the land of Rabbitfield, Your Highness, asking the honor of dating your older brother, Prince Henry."

Henry blushed and Stiles smiled, while Isaac was chuckling to himself, and shaking his head fondly.

"Well...maybe. Were you nice to my daddies?"

"Sir Rick has displayed nothing but kindness." Derek said, playing along.

"Be nice to my brother or I will have you hung for treason." Claudia warned, making Stiles snort guiltily.

"Clauds, that's not nice to say." Stiles reprimanded.

"It's alright, Alpha Stiles. She wants to protect Henry, and I fully understand that." Rick said, smiling at him.

He seemed to open up more once he realized that Stiles and Derek weren't going to rip his throat out.

"I have decided to let you take my brother out, tonight, but I must defibrillate with Queen Katyusha to be sure." Claudia said.

"Deliberate." Stiles corrected.

"Who's Katyusha?"

“Our daughter, she’s seventeen.” Scott explained, coming into the room.  
“Hi, I’m Scott.”

“Rick.” Rick said, holding out his hand.

Once Rick had met most of the pack, Stiles walked him and Henry to the door, trying once again to hold back tears as he watched his firstborn go on a date with his mate.

“Are you sad?” Derek asked, knowing Stiles well enough.

Stiles shook his head. “Just...the end of one era and the beginning of another.”

“Well, we still have two more, including one daughter who wants tea time.” Derek said, snuggling himself into Stiles’ shoulder.

A familiar theme blared from the T.V.

“And a son who is going to want one of us to game with him.”

“You go gaming, I’ll suffer the brunt of makeup and braids.” Derek said with a light laugh.

Stiles turned and kissed Derek on the lips, before closing the door and heading towards his second son. His pack and family gathered around him.

And he was content.

## Chapter End Notes

So, it seems like at the end of every fic, I forget something, so if you have any questions, please let me know.

I'm done with it! Thank you to everyone who stayed here with me

through this long and seemingly never ending fic. next up, we have a Beauty and the Beast based fic, the first chapter of which should be done, soon.

I know you guys are probably burning with curiosity at the idea of every member of the pack, but since the fic started with Henry being the primary child, I kind of wanted to book end that, and show his life more than anyone else. IF that makes you disappointed, I apologize.

I made Henry bisexual, because I rarely have bisexual characters, and Rick is also an Omega, because at least in theory (even if I didn't add it in the fic), I thought it would be nice to have Stiles have the other side of what his father had gone through when he was growing up.

Allison and Ennis had their own Omega child, but considering how light their relationship was, I didn't picture this verse's Lydia and Jackson doing the same.

Like I said, if you have any questions or I left anything out, let me know.

The next fic will MENTION mpreg, but it won't actually have it, so those of you who are uncomfortable with that should find it more...bearable.

Thank you, again, make sure to comment and let me know what you thought.

## End Notes

Alright, so here we go. I'm guessing that this fic will end up being really long like some of my others. I was going to do a dystopian one, but I'm saving that for later, and I very much apologize for not doing the Movie prequel, but my computer decided to delete it, and I was so

crushed that I decided to wait before working on it again.

As always, I love comments.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!